MEMORIES OF SIXTY YEARS

AT ETON, CAMBRIDGE AND ELSEWHERE

BY OSCAR BROWNING, M.A.

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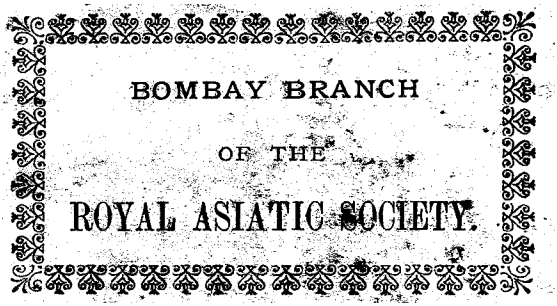

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AT ETON CAMBRIDGE & ELSEWHERE

MEMORIES OF SIXTY YEARS

AT ETON CAMBRIDGE : : AND ELSEWHERE : :

BY OSCAR BROWNING, M.A.

SENIOR FELLOW AND SOME TIME HISTORY TUTOR OF KING'S COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE AND FORMERLY ASSISTANT MASTER AT ETON COLLEGE

WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE AND NUMEROUS OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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PLYMOUTH: WM. BRENDON AND SON, LTD., PRINTERS

TO

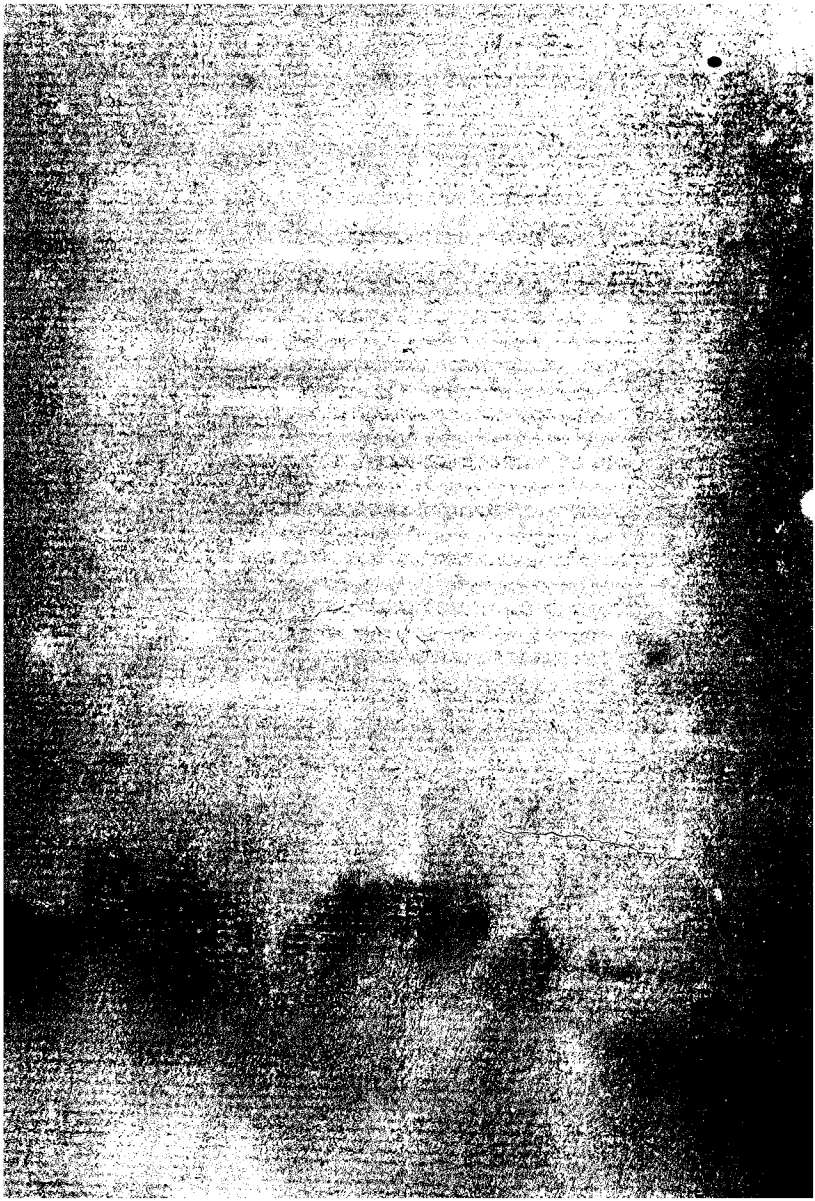
F. W. CORNISH

VICE-PROVOST OF ETON COLLEGE

In youth we roamed, a merry band,
Through mead and desert, hand in hand,
With Dick and Henry, Charles and George,
The fetters of our life to forge,
We strove and quarrelled, fought and kissed,
And not a fount of joy was missed.
But George and Charles are grey and old,
And Jermyn's loving heart is cold;
And Henry's name is on his tomb,
And Dick has met the common doom;
And we, whose friendship stood the strain
Of driving storm and surging main,
Whate'er we seem in other's eyes
Are young, at least, in memories.
The last, the dearest of the crew,
I dedicate this book to you.

OSCAR BROWNING

January 9, 1910



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From a drawing by Simeon Solomon.

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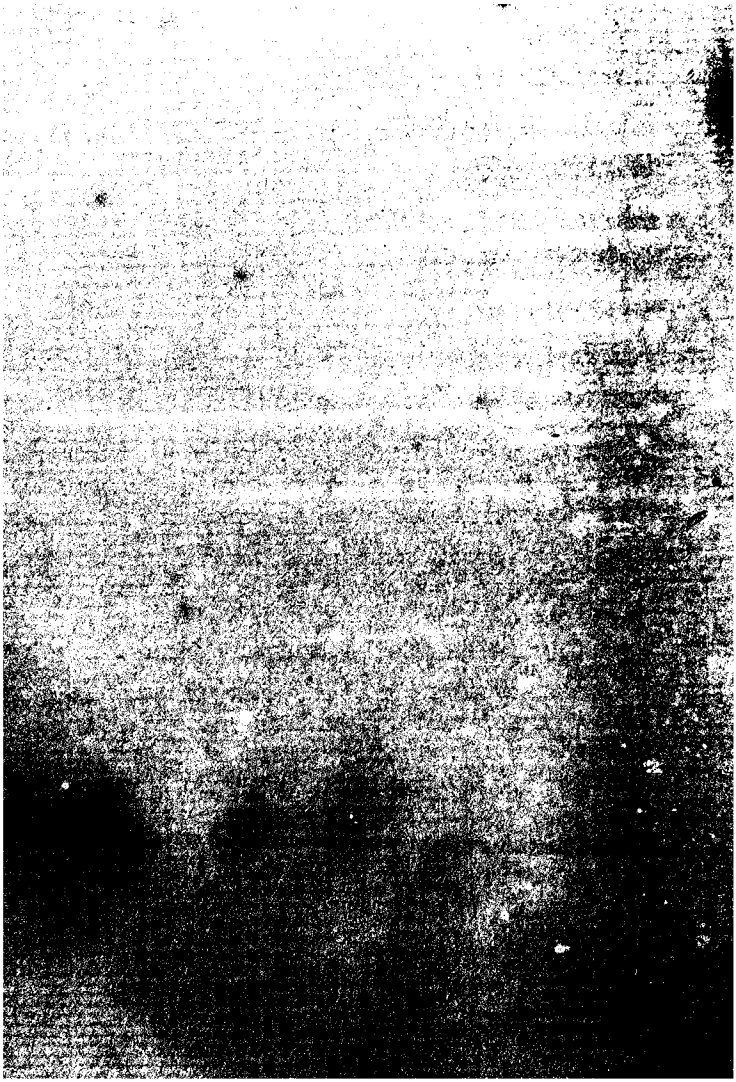
Milan, 1878.



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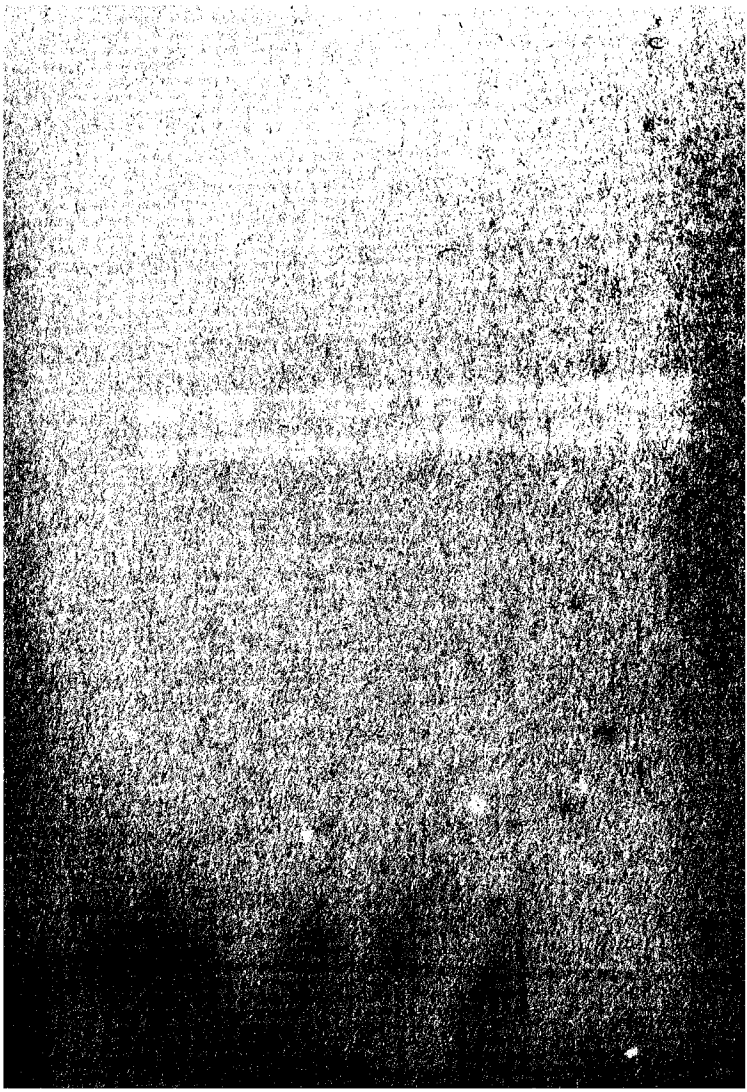

MEMORIES OF SIXTY YEARS

CHAPTER I

WINDSOR AND LANGLEY

ON January 17, 1837, the day of my birth, there was one of the blackest fogs ever known in London. It was impossible to find your way about the streets. My birth was premature and unexpected, my mother lay insensible and nearly dying. The doctor had arrived but the nurse was absent, and my brother, an Eton boy of fifteen, was sent in a hackney coach to fetch her. Before she arrived my twin brother was born, and the doctor, occupied with my unconscious mother, and seeing no sign of life in the child, put it aside without attempting to revive it. When I appeared on the scene some time later the doctor was about to treat me in the same manner. But the nurse, who was then present, cried, "That child is not dead, give it to me," and with a hearty blow she made me squeal, and to this treatment I owe the fact that I am able to write these memoirs at the age of seventy-two.

I have heard many things about my infancy. I was ridiculously small, scarcely a human being; when I was a month old my nurse's wedding ring could pass over my

hand on to my wrist. I was extremely passionate and very difficult to manage or even to feed, but I showed a strong sensibility to musical sounds. I suppose that I was a very nervous child, certainly delicate and subject to many illnesses. These febrile weaknesses continued through childhood and early manhood, and it is scarcely a paradox to say that, speaking now as a septuagenarian, I have felt healthier and stronger every year I have lived.

The family to which I belong is one of the oldest in England. The Brownings came originally from Friesland, at some time I suppose between the fifth and ninth centuries after Christ, and there are Brownings in Friesland at the present day. The branch with which I am connected settled in Gloucestershire and held many manors there, serving public offices such as High Sheriff and Member of Parliament, intermarrying with noble families, but never ennobled themselves. The year 1399 was a memorable one for them. In that year John Browning married Alianora Fitznichol, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Nicholas Harding, a descendant of Harding the Dane, if such a person ever existed, and a kinsman of the Hardings of Berkeley Castle. By this marriage he obtained the manor of Cowley, now called Coaley, situated in a fold of the Cotswold Hills, held, by a tenure of frankalmoign, from the Abbey of Gloucester. Alianora's sister married a Poyntz; the present representative of that family is Earl Spencer, who has told me that he frequently receives letters from America asking for information about the Poyntz family. The year 1399 witnessed a civil war, if it can be so termed, between Richard II and Henry Bolingbroke, for the possession of the Crown, and the Duke of York, Richard's brother, was sent down into Gloucestershire to raise forces for the King. John Browning was that year High Sheriff of

Gloucestershire and declared for Richard, receiving as a reward an augmentation to his crest, in the shape of a cap of maintenance on which the crest might be borne, together with the motto "Pour le roi et la loi." As is well known, the Duke of York deserted his brother and went over to Bolingbroke, but the Brownings retained the crest and the augmentation, and the chancel of the parish church of Coaley is paved with many examples of it. The crest is a pair of wings, such as the Frisians used to wear in their helmets and ladies now wear in their hats, which look very well on a cap of maintenance. The arms are barry wavy of six argent and azure, emblematic I suppose of the sea, but also, according to Guillim, the arms given to Reuben by his father the patriarch Jacob, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." A seal with these arms is preserved in the British Museum, the legend "Sigillum Johannis Brounynge," dated 1415, and a copy of it now lies before me.

During the Civil War one Thomas Browning, born at Cowley in 1620, left his home, and after a certain number of vicissitudes, settled at Burton Latimer in Northamptonshire, where he died in the year 1700. One of his sons, William, went to London and established himself at Bermondsey as a woolstapler, became High Sheriff of Surrey in 1740, and was patron of the living of Bermondsey. He is buried in the large church at Bermondsey and his marble tomb bears the Browning arms. Another son Stephen settled at North Hallaton, near Market Harborough, and from him I am descended. His son William, my great-grandfather, came to London and married in Westminster Abbey on November 3, 1747, Elizabeth Shipton, of Watford, whom the *Gentleman's Magazine* describes "as a very pretty heiress." His son, my grandfather, whom I perfectly well remember, removed from Bermondsey to Smithfield Bars, where he was a

distiller, taking my father into partnership, and in that house my father died.

I have dwelt upon these family details because the name of Browning became famous in the last century, and I frequently discussed with Robert Browning, who made it famous, whether there was any connection between our families. He was fond of tracing his family history, which he did with more zeal than knowledge, and he believed himself to be descended from a legendary Browning who commanded the ship which took Henry V over to France, and from Micaiah Browning, captain of the *Mountjoy*, which broke the boom across the Foyle at the Siege of Londonderry. He, however, never used the Browning arms, but those of a Roman Catholic family of Bryning, settled in Hampshire—gules two bands wavy or and argent, a most beautiful coat. When I saw Pen Browning's gondoliers at the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice, with their red tunics and the wavy bands of gold and silver on their arms, I wished that I could display anything so striking. But Dr. Furnivall assures me that it is impossible to trace the pedigree of Robert Browning further than an ancestor who in the middle of the eighteenth century was resident in the family of Mr. Nugent Bankes, of Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire. A branch of the Cowley Brownings was settled in Dorsetshire in the sixteenth century. Melbury belonged to them, and the present Earl of Ilchester holds that property from the marriage of a Strangways with a Browning. But this is no evidence to show that the family of Robert Browning was in any way connected with that branch, and I am reluctantly brought to the conclusion that there is probably no connection between the poet and myself, except the connection of friendship, which is often stronger than that of blood.

While the London Brownings prospered as woolstaplers and distillers the old stock in Gloucestershire fell into

decay, as will be seen by the pathetic letter addressed by the last of them to George II.

"SIR,

"May it please your most sacred Majesty to permit one of your most dutiful subjects to prostrate himself at your Majesty's royal feet, humbly imploring your Royal and Paternal assistance.

"I am the last of an ancient gentleman's family of the County of Gloster, whose father and ancestors have often held the office of High Sheriff and have been justices of the peace for many ages past. The paternal estate descended to me very much in debt, since which a series of misfortunes, not to be avoided, have fallen on me, which hath rendered me incapable of supporting myself and family with any tolerable decency and must in a very short time be reduced to very great disgrace and poverty, unless assisted by your Royal bounty and favour. I am a very large and corpulent man, which renders my misfortune the more sensible as well as insupportable. It is very well in my power faithfully to discharge any office or employment that may be entrusted to my care where the business may be done within a convenient compass, and an employment where the lowest annual income would support me and my family with decency, or any other relief your Majesty in your great wisdom should think convenient would transport my present miserable situation to a state of comfort and happiness.

"I am in great concern whether the method I have taken of representing my unhappy circumstances may not be thought to be both impertinent and indecent. Necessity forced it from me, having neither friend nor acquaintance that I will make use of on this occasion, but why should I be so uneasie when I consider your Most sacred Majesty, as the kind and tender father of all his subjects, who feels

their joys and pains, their disquiet and satisfaction in every occurrence, as a Patron to the deserving, a support to the Feeble, a relief to the wretched, and a general Benefactor to Mankind.

"May you long live and continue to reign over a happy people and that your throne may remain to the latest posterity in your Royal Family, is the sincere prayer of him who is with all sincerity and devotion

"May it please your Majesty
"Your Majesty's most dutiful
"and obedient subject
"and Servant
"JOHN BROWNING."

"BARTON HILL, NEAR BRISTOL,
"25 *October*, 1747."

I well remember the beautiful old house at Smithfield Bars in which my father's distillery was placed. I wandered as a child among the huge vats, seeing the pure spirit flow from the spout of the still, clear and open, not enclosed in the modern scientific fashion, or in the granary with its scent of juniper and angelica. The old house had a noble staircase and spacious rooms, but my father also rented 72 Smithfield, an ordinary unassuming house looking straight upon Smithfield Market, defended by an iron wicket from attacks of beeves, the view from the windows stretching over the waste of pens, bounded by the spires of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The noise was deafening and the smell sickening, and I often wondered how a wealthy merchant could put up with such discomfort. But the days had not passed when merchants lived on the site of their business.

I was born in Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, but when I was six months old my father removed to Windsor, and in that neighbourhood and at Cambridge the greater part of my life has been passed. At Windsor my father

occupied the house of one of the Canons, which gave him the right of access to the North Terrace with a private key, and afterwards a small tenement called Binfield's Cottage, by the side of the Castle end of the Long Walk, not far from where the present lodge stands. From this point of vantage the life of the Castle was always visible to me. The Queen passed our windows in her almost daily ride up the Long Walk, a joyous and distinguished cavalcade, consisting of the most eminent ministers and public men of the day; faces which naturally became familiar to us. The earliest date I can remember is the night of February 10, 1840, the day of the Queen's wedding, when I was just past three years old. We children walked out with our nurses in the evening to see the fireworks let off before the Castle. A nurse said, "Look at those rockets, how high they do go, they go quite up to heaven." I asked, "What is heaven?" and the nurse replied, "That is where God lives." I then asked, "Who is God?" but I do not remember any answer being given. I think I may infer that I was not born with any innate idea of the existence of the divinity. Another date fixed in my mind is the day when I was four years old, January 17, 1841. I was lying in bed recovering from an attack of what was then called "low fever," and my mother and father came to see me, standing at the foot of my bed. I said, "I feel such a strange prickling in my leg." My father remarked, "That's pins and needles." It immediately occurred to me, "What a rash old gentleman it is. How can he possibly tell that what he feels when he has pins and needles is what I am feeling at the present moment?" Thus the doctrine of the relativity of sensation was perfectly clear to me, although I had no words to express it, and I often think that grown-up people would be amazed at what is passing in the minds of children whom they regard as little more than babies. Indeed, I often doubt whether there is any

essential growth or even change in human faculty from the cradle to the grave. Does not the growth lie in the power of communicating with others, not in the faculty itself?

After leaving Binfield's Cottage we moved to another small house in what was then known as Frying Pan Walk, a road leading from Windsor to Datchet. It has now been absorbed in the private grounds of the Castle. From this place we went to a lovely old mansion about two miles off, called Upton Court. It was built in the fifteenth century and belonged to Lord Harewood. The house was divided into two parts by a baronial hall, which we used as a dining-room, and our breakfast-room was an oak-panelled chamber of the same date. Close by, separated only by a paling, was Old Upton Church, then a ruin, now restored, one of the many churches in the neighbourhood which are credited with being the scene of Gray's elegy. There was a lake in front of the house, which perhaps was a reason for its being infested with rats. They once devoured my brother's buckskin breeches, which he had put out for hunting next day, leaving only the buttons. Our next move was to the Priory, Langley Marish, as the village was called, although I never could discover a marsh in it, any more than I could a morass in Slough.

While we were in Upton Park, being a weak and sickly child, I was sent for my health to Yarmouth, to be under the charge of a doctor. This romantic old town seized upon my imagination as it seized on the imagination of David Copperfield. For many years it was the subject of my dreams; it was vividly present to me, and I could have delineated the greater part of it from memory. There is, indeed, no town in England with a stronger individuality. There are few towns about which a book could be written, giving an account of every house in it and the history of their inhabitants, as has been done in *The Perlustration of Great Yarmouth.* These romantic memories con-

tinued with me till past middle life, indeed until I revisited the town with my mother in the late seventies. I found the reality different to the recollection; everything appeared to me small, petty, and uninteresting, and the vision has haunted me no more.

I had always been destined for Eton, where my elder brothers had been educated, and my name appears in a school list of 1845, entered in the Lower School at the age of eight. I remember well being admitted by that pompous gentleman Dr. Okes, then Lower Master, afterwards Provost of King's. However, the arrangement fell through and I did not join the school till six years later. My education was somewhat desultory. I went to a small boarding-school in Upton Park, the head of which was a Dr. Robertson, who was managing it for the widow of the late principal. He was a learned and pious Scotsman, an excellent teacher, but I was not there long enough to learn much. I remember my first lessons in Greek at the age of eight, having begun Latin at four, and I have a distinct recollection of a terrific struggle to learn to construe, without dictionary, notes, or assistance, the first ode of Horace, "Macenas atavis edite regibus," which I thought then, as I think it now, a very poor poem. That is how we were taught in those days. On Sundays, Dr. Robertson used to read out to us a translation of d'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, and I can still feel something of the thrill which passed through me on hearing of the death of Zwingli beneath the oak of Cappel. When we moved to Langley I used to walk into Slough, three miles each way, to be taught by the Rev. George Frewer, a very able and energetic man, though somewhat wanting in temper and judgment. He was a lecturer at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where he preached admirable sermons, and was for many years a colleague of mine at Eton as a mathematical master.

All this work was very desultory, and I got no really good teaching until I went to be the pupil of my brother, who was curate of Everdon, in Northamptonshire. I was endeavouring to get on the foundation of Eton College, and year after year in the last week of July I used to present myself in the school yard for examination. Oh! the dreary hours wasted in the musty cloisters and under the Clock Tower! The examination was conducted by the Provosts of Eton and King's, the Fellows of Eton, and two representatives of the Fellows of King's called Posers, either because they posed you with questions you could not answer, or because they placed you in the list. I cannot remember how many years I tried and failed. I believe that I showed signs of ability, because a pedagogue who kept a school in our neighbourhood offered to take me for nothing, thinking I should do him credit. My parents, hearing of his flogging propensities, luckily refused, and I went instead to my brother, with whom I spent a very happy time, in what I think is the loveliest county in England. What can be more exquisite, more characteristic of the best qualities of English scenery, than the village of Everdon itself, with its noble church, its cottages all built of sandstone with thatched roofs, and the winding brook, whose banks were to me the scene of many a childish dream. Everdon Wood was a place of delight, even when I rode through it in the night, afraid of Puck and the fairies, who inhabit the Midlands, and of the fallen trees lying across the road, which were likely to upset me. Fawsley is the model of an old English mansion, as Sir Charles Knightly was the model of an old English gentleman. Badby Wood and Newnham, leading up the hill to Daventry, which we always called Daintry, have ever been to me a test of loveliness. My brother was an admirable teacher, and before he died made for himself a distinguished name

as a schoolmaster. I doubt whether any preparatory school in England of the same size has turned out so many distinguished scholars as the school which he conducted for so many years at Thorpe Mandeville.

My brother's rector was Mr. Green, a Fellow of Eton College, who had been for many years a master there. The two families lived together as one, and my brother eventually married Mr. Green's daughter. When we were passing our evenings at the Rectory Mr. Green would call me into his study and give me a lesson in writing Latin verse. I never knew a more skilful teacher, excepting only William Johnson, who was afterwards my tutor at Eton. The book Mr. Green most favoured was the poems of Heber, who, scholar himself, produced English verse easily convertible into Latin. We did the exercises viva voce, without writing down, and child as I was I could admire the marvellous art by which my teacher made the Latin express with the most perfect fidelity every turn and shade of the original. These were very pleasant evenings diversified by reading aloud and music. My future sister-in-law sang and played well, and I well remember the songs of those days: how she had dropped her earrings in the well and what to say to Musa she couldn't, couldn't tell; how, if she were King of France, or still better Pope of Rome, there would be no wars abroad, no weeping maids at home, all the world should be at peace and only those should fight who had made the quarrel. She often sang a beautiful song of Schubert's now far too rarely heard, "My hawk is tired of perch and hood," and there was a German march to the sounds of which, as I was reading Keightley's *Roman History* sleepily in an arm-chair, the Roman triumphs used to climb majestically to the Capitol. Those were also the days in which the Oxford movement first began to make itself felt. Everdon Church was a noble and spacious edifice. But the zeal

of Protestant churchwardens had covered it over with whitewash, had filled it with plain deal pews, and had built a deal gallery across the western arch. There on Sundays an orchestra consisting of a clarionet and a bassoon used to accompany the hymns, sometimes "with variations" which made the wonderful still more wonderful. In the church there were remains of what I was told were a piscina and sedilia, and my brother and his young curate friends used to pick out the plaster with their umbrellas and threaten restoration, to the great disapproval of the Rector, who was a man of peace and tranquillity. The country was splendid for riding and hunting; it cannot be so good now. The road ran through fields with a hedge on one side and open grass in furrows on the other. The gates were easily opened with a hunting-crop, and your steed bounded on to the turf, sometimes with a bucking jump which seated you on the ground looking him in the face. Badby Wood was Pytchley country, but we usually hunted with Lord Southampton's pack, and, as his lordship never took a jump and knew all the gaps, I had little difficulty in following, not being a Nimrod like my brother.

These are pleasant recollections to look back upon, and the consequence of my brother's excellent teaching was that I was elected for College in the summer of 1850. I could not, however, enter the school till there was a vacancy, and a vacancy at Eton was caused by a vacancy at King's, which might come at any time in the year. It came at the beginning of 1851, and in January of that year, when I was just fourteen, I became an Eton Colleger, and was conducted by Mr. Marriott, then master in College, to my place in Long Chamber.

CHAPTER II

ETON

WHEN I went to Eton in 1851 the Eton Collegers consisted, as they still consist, of seventy boys living by themselves, wearing a gown of coarse black cloth to distinguish them from the rest of the school. They formed the nucleus of the school under the foundation of Henry VI; and to them the Oppidans, or town boys, came as an accretion, although they now form the larger part of the establishment. Eton College is one foundation with King's College, Cambridge, which then numbered seventy members, partly Fellows and partly scholars, varying inversely with each other. It was a magnificent system for the endowment of research. An Eton Colleger went in due time to King's, if there was a vacancy for him, became a Fellow, took his degree without examination, and remained till the end of his days with increasing income and dignity unless he married or took a living. The Collegers were supposed to be boarded and lodged gratuitously, but the food was so poor and the accommodation so insufficient that additional arrangements had to be made at the expense of the parents. The life in College was so coarse and brutal that, notwithstanding these advantages, parents would not send their sons there, and for many years it was not full. Before my time reforms had taken place. New buildings had been erected, a master resided in College to look after the boys,

so that the position became more desirable and was given by a competitive examination, an examination which, as I have already said, I found it difficult to pass. At the same time things were still very bad, and when I was a house master, at a later period, my principal desire was that every pupil of mine should have an experience as different as possible from what my own had been when dependent on the bounty of King Henry VI.

I will say nothing about the moral and social aspects of the place, because the less said about them the better. But I may, without offence, describe the way in which we washed and what we had to eat. Every boy had, standing next to his bed in Long Chamber, a bureau, a very useful article of furniture, made up, like a chimæra, of three parts, a bookcase above, a chest of drawers below, and a writing-desk in the middle. The writing-desk contained four drawers, one of which, the lower one on the right-hand side, was called a "tosh-drawer." It held materials for washing: a piece of soap, a sponge, a toothbrush, and possibly a piece of flannel. As it was never cleaned out, it naturally got into a terrible mess. When the time for washing came, about 7 a.m., we put on a pair of trousers and, otherwise naked, ran upstairs to the washing-room with our "tosh-drawer" in our hand. Here we found a trough with enamelled iron basins fitted round it. At each end was a tap with cold water; our towels hung round the room on wooden rails. There were two windows in the tower with the panes all broken, so that the wintry air had free circulation. As the first comers had used the water-taps for drenching each other rather than for any other purpose, the towels were wet through; and under these untoward circumstances delicate boys had to wash themselves. What wonder if little washing was done and less drying, if their hands were begrimed with dirt and seamed with bleeding cracks! How often was I kicked at

my tutor's for being a "dirty tug," when my want of cleanliness was due entirely to the absence of the ordinary appliances of civilized life.

Our food was not much better. We went into school at 7.30 a.m. and came out hungry. Breakfast was not served till nine, and we were obliged to stay our craving by drinking coffee and eating buttered buns at Joe Brown's, where we speedily ran up a larger bill than we could afford to pay. Breakfast consisted of half a fair-sized loaf and a large round of butter, good enough, but presented in a form unattractive and almost impossible for a small boy to manage. Tea, paid for by the parents, was sent in from the grocer's at the rate of two ounces a week, but it was subject to the raids of the bigger boys. As the fags had to attend to their masters' breakfasts at nine o'clock and to be at their tutors' at half-past, even if their breakfast had been eatable, they would have had no time to eat it. The day's work went on. Dinner was at two. About one o'clock the pangs of irresistible hunger began to be felt, which were checked by more refreshments at Joe Brown's, generally lemonade and brandysnaps. This was not a good preparation for dinner, which consisted of mutton and small beer. A whole sheep had to be consumed, and the legs and shoulders were consecrated to the seniors. The juniors had to content themselves with "cabobed breast," a dish I never saw on any other table. It was composed of bones, a thin layer of flesh and a thick layer of "cabob," which looked to the uninitiated like boiled chickweed. There was not much nourishment in this, nor in the small beer, commonly called "swipes," which was often flavoured with salt by waggish bullies, while, if the viands had been sufficient, there were not enough plates to go round, and knives, forks and glasses had to be struggled for. One left the table as hungry as one had approached

it, and with a much worse temper. I have no doubt that if I had been better fed at Eton I should have been some inches taller than I am now, and my body would not retain the scars of the boils and blains which were the consequence of this insanitary treatment. Nor were we happy. Whatever my contemporaries may say about their school life, I, individually, never remember receiving from them a kind word or a kindly action in the lower part of the school, and, if this is put down to my own fault, I am quite willing to bear the accusation. If love be the foundation of morality, morality was entirely absent from our society.

A strong contrast to this existence was found in the paradise of my tutor's pupil-room. My tutor, William Johnson, was one of the ablest men who ever devoted his great powers to the service of education. He was very distinguished at Cambridge, an intimate friend of Henry Hallam and Sir Henry Maine. He was a first-rate scholar, an exquisite poet. His prose writings were spoiled by his desire to be forcible, to avoid the commonplace, and also by the fact that, having given himself up to the society of boys, he had impaired his power of addressing men. His range of knowledge and attainments were very large; he had a wide acquaintance with history, especially modern political history, and he specialized in political economy, with what merit or success I am not competent to judge. He set before himself the ideal of training statesmen, an ideal which, having learnt from him, I have endeavoured to realize at Eton and at Cambridge. He allowed himself to be absorbed by his pupils; all the strength, the passion, the genius which he possessed was immolated on their altar. It is impossible to exaggerate his personal influence. The school division of which I was a member was under his tuition for a year, an unusually long period, and I can ascribe to that year's teaching the

direction of their after life, beneficent work in many spheres, and especially the reform and reconstruction of King's. Henry Bradshaw used to date "New King's" from the scholars who came up in 1856, and they had all been in that division under Johnson's tutelage. His manner was brusque and his speech trenchant, but these very qualities were the kernel of his influence and gave it point. He lived in two small rooms, one a pupil-room, the other a study, in the stableyard of the old Christopher Inn, just opposite "Pop," the school debating society. His study was always accessible to his pupils, and the wealth of his mind lay open for them to grasp. There he taught me my first mathematics, my first French, my first art. He was one of the earliest subscribers to the Arundel Society, of which I afterwards became a director. His personality dominated all who came under his influence; they not only thought like him, but wrote like him, a great advantage, for he wrote a beautiful hand, generally with a crow-quill. How can I reconstruct an evanescent individuality? Those who have felt it will never forget it.

Let me describe a scene in his pupil-room. Some dozen fourth-form boys are seated at the desks doing their weekly copy of Latin verses. He has allowed them each to choose a different subject, which, with their co-operation, he elaborates as they proceed. He knows precisely what each subject is, and how far they have progressed in it, what line is to come next. He calls out to each in turn, stimulating their invention and their humours. Each copy of verse when completed is a gem, full of fancy and wit and supreme in scholarship. While he is driving a not always very orderly team, a task I should imagine more difficult than playing as many games of chess blindfold, he is seated at his desk correcting with perfect ease copies of sixth-form Greek Iambics, translated from Shakespeare, and whistling in a tone very sweet and low

an air from "Lucia," or something like his own Eton boating song. I learnt from him to admire Keats, Matthew Arnold and Meredith, also Turner and Ruskin. *The Shaving of Shagpat, Empedocles on Etna*, and the *Pathetic Fallacy* were known to us as soon as they were known to the world, not by pompous didactic, but by suggestive, if sometimes caustic sympathy. He held an examination in conjunction with two other tutors, called the "Newcastle-under-Lyne," to encourage the reading of books by ourselves without assistance. I had a struggle for the first place with my old friend Sir George Young, and beat him. My prize was a splendidly bound copy of Mill's *Logic and Political Economy*, which, however, I did not read for many years. It is a mistake to give a boy a well-bound book if you wish him to read it. I eventually studied my Mill in a cheap edition. It is impossible for me to say what I owe to Johnson. I owe everything to him, and there are many living, far more distinguished and successful than myself, who would say the same.

I remained at Eton for something more than five years. When I left, Johnson gave me as a leaving book three volumes of Macaulay's *Essays* bound in russia, with an inscription saying that he was "one of those who helped to make him a really well-educated man." I suppose that I more or less deserved the compliment, if he gave it.

I will try to remember something of my intellectual life. I went to Eton a fairly good scholar, but we were all good scholars in those days. My first Latin verses were four stanzas of Alcaics on Apollo, composed in my head as I walked up the Slough Road. My first Greek Iambics, on Blondel finding King Richard at Dürrenstein, were sent up for good. They were written without much difficulty, and without any previous practice; but we all knew how to write Greek Iambics as if we had learnt the art in our cradles. In my first trials for fifth form we had to take

up Algebra, and I had never learnt any. Johnson, discovering this the night before the examination, said, "I'll teach you. Do you know how to do an equation?" He then taught me an equation by a very clumsy method, and with that small amount of preparation I did the whole of the Algebra paper next day, excepting the quadratic equation which he had not taught me. Stephen Hawtrey, when he next met my mother, seized her hands and said, "Madam, your son is a genius!" a remark which I can repeat without conceit because my ignorance of mathematics since that epoch has been notorious amongst my friends. In those days it seemed that we were always expected to know things without being taught them, to begin in the middle to pierce the line of the enemy. Now, alas! we all begin at the beginning.

All the education worth having which I received at Eton was imparted in William Johnson's pupil-room or in his division as a master, until I reached the Head Master's division, where Goodford was an admirable teacher, who carefully prepared his lessons. In a voluntary evening class we used to translate unseen passages of Plato which was a great delight, and I was extremely sorry when the meetings were given up. Tutors should be careful not to underrate the interest which their pupils feel in work which may appear too difficult for them. It is easier to underrate than to overrate the intelligence of a boy. Johnson also read with us much Thucydides and Tacitus. I found it excellent practice to translate Thucydides at sight, and Tacitus was full of political lessons. When I read in him that no government could be lasting which was founded on fraud, I thought the statement was contradicted by the Empire of Napoleon III, which at that time dominated Europe. But eighteen years later the judgment of the historian was vindicated.

In June, 1854, when I was seventeen years of age,

I was chosen to speak an address before the Prince Consort, who came to the June speeches accompanied by the present King and Prince Alfred, as well as by the King of Portugal and his brother the Duke of Oporto. The Crimean War was just beginning, and I sang in childish numbers how "when sweet peace had spread her silver wings and fled affrighted from the strife of Kings" we hailed security and peace in his Royal Highness, and saw his presence amongst us with heartfelt joy. I had been ordered to make an allusion to the calumnies then current that the Prince was too favourably disposed to Russia, and I did so, although I thought it would have been better taste to say nothing about them. I naturally pointed to the busts of the statesmen which decorated the Upper School in which the speeches were delivered, and declared that "first beneath Etona's gentle sway" they had "learnt the commander's lesson, to obey." I suppose that being distinguished in this manner, when I was comparatively low in the school, gave me a certain literary reputation, and secured my election to "Pop," the fashionable debating society. "Pop," which is apt to become a mere collection of athletes, had in those days a decidedly literary character. Not only were young boys elected who had a talent for speaking, but athletes were not chosen unless they could speak. The annual football match between "Pop" and "No-Pop" made it desirable to secure competent champions on the "Pop" side. Great efforts were made on behalf of "Beaky" Field, a footballer with a large nose, but little eloquence, and we were assured, in extenuation, that although not naturally gifted as an orator he would "sweat awfully," a recommendation which in the crowded condition of the "Pop" benches hardly appealed to us. The best speakers of my time were Willie Gladstone, Charley Wood, now Lord Halifax, and Butler Johnstone.

The College debating society, called of course "College Pop," was founded in my time, John Witt, afterwards a famous barrister, being its first President and Bosanquet, now Common Serjeant, and myself being prominent members. Our first debate was on the Ballot, then a burning question, which only a determined Radical could support. This being also the age of the Crimean War, important despatches, sent to us from I know not where, were read out to us by the Captain of the School from the top of the staircase. The name of General Bosquet often occurred in them, and my name being Oscar, the nickname of Bosky or Bosque, was a natural transition. Commissions in the army were offered to those who liked to accept them. My cousin, Montague Browning, of the same age as myself, being then in the sixth form, took advantage of the opportunity, and served in the Crimean trenches. He died a Colonel of a Militia regiment and a C.B.

I was very fond of miscellaneous reading in literature, keeping up in this way a tradition which has always existed at Eton, but which has often been ignored by critics of the school. My favourite authors were Byron and Gibbon. I had a great admiration for Byron's poetry, which has never left me, and I may say that I knew his letters nearly by heart. Whatever may be thought of their moral tone, they are certainly admirable specimens of English prose, and I should recommend any one who desires to write good forcible English to give his days and nights to the study of Byron's letters. Byron says himself that he learnt his prose style from Barrow, but of Barrow I have no knowledge. I read Gibbon's History through before I left Eton, but his diaries were my favourite study, and I found them as stimulating to my own diligence as Byron was to my imagination. As an Eton master I never considered a pupil of mine completely

educated until he had read through all the volumes of Gibbon.

My favourite place of study was the school library, the creation of Hawtrey, a really great schoolmaster, whose talents have not been acknowledged as they deserve. You entered it from Weston's yard. The thick, gently closing doors gave access to a vestibule from which another pair of carved massive portals admitted you to your paradise. How well I remember that happy home of peace, a sanctuary for a studious youth: the stained-glass windows, bright with regal heraldry, the Dying Gladiator, the Apollo Belvedere, the fire-place crowned with the Eton arms supported by angels. Everything spoke of the exquisite taste of the founder, and the student soon discovered how much the library owed to his munificence. Many an afternoon did I spend in that enchanted room, when a modern boy would have been in the playing fields or on the river. I knew it so well that I could have found any book in it blindfold, which I cannot say of any library which I have possessed myself. My unrestricted familiarity with that library gave me a literary habit which has been to me through life an incalculable benefit, whether it has brought success or reputation to me or not. How I have hated the Vandalism which destroyed that room, and what harm its destruction has done to the literary character of the school! Even before it was destroyed it had been desecrated. The Newcastle examination was held in it as a special honour, but when it came to be used for ordinary school purposes, the mystery which pervaded it was broken, and the exiled Muse might have cried as she departed: "Great Pan is dead!"

I lost my father by sudden death on Easter Day, 1853, and in the summer of that year I went abroad with my mother. It was my first experience of foreign travel, and I can hardly account for the rapture with which I devoured

the foreign soil as if every inch of it was soaked with historical reminiscences. In the following year my mother took up her residence at Brussels for the education of my sisters and for her own improvement. I spent the vacations with her and enjoyed the life very much. We were surrounded by a very intellectual society, M. Couvreur, afterwards a celebrated liberal politician, was our German master, M. Flor, a distinguished man of letters, taught us French, and M. Fischer, the organist of S. Gudule, was our friend. The city was full of Spanish refugees, adherents of Queen Cristina, who came to our house plastered with orders. Our evenings were spent in the Park, where the orchestra of the Monnaie Theatre discoursed sweet music, and largely added to my store of musical knowledge. The overture to Auber's "Crown Diamonds," exquisitely played, was my favourite piece, but it is now seldom heard. It was also given at the opera, as well as the "Domino Noir" and Rossini's "Le Comte Ory," old favourites now extinct.

In the summer of 1854 I had the opportunity of going, in the suite of the King of the Belgians, to pay a visit to the new Emperor of the French at Calais. It was a very interesting occasion. The King was accompanied by his two sons, the King of the Belgians who has just died and the Count of Flanders. The Emperor said to the King: "Sire, I meet you with great embarrassment," alluding to their last meeting just after one of Louis Napoleon's attempts on the throne of the King's father-in-law. The King did not take the suggestion, but merely replied: "I have the honour to present to you my sons." For two days I saw the Emperor constantly in close proximity. He had not a trace of the Napoleon physiognomy, but was short, ill-made and awkward, with no dignity, perpetually fingering his sword-knot, or twisting his waxed moustache. He reviewed a regiment in the courtyard of the Hotel Dessin,

trying to talk to the men after the manner of his uncle, but with little success. Whilst he was thus engaged the Belgian friend, who accompanied me, was shouting at the top of his voice: "Assassin," "Scoundrel," and other flowers of speech, which sent me into fits of laughter, but apparently did not affect the man to whom they were addressed. From Calais we went to Boulogne and returned to Ostend in the King's yacht, the Count of Flanders being violently sick on the way.

My last two years at Eton were more civilized than the others had been, and were spent in the most delightful room in College, the large room at the end of Upper Passage, looking over the playing fields. How sweetly, during the studious evenings, the merry sounds of Gray's "little victims" playing, "unconscious of their doom," came from the fields below! The increased happiness of these last years was due mainly to the presence as master in College of Kegan Paul, then an English clergyman, afterwards a publisher and a Roman Catholic. With admirable tact and kindness he got to know every individual boy, he probed their failings and their vices, but never scolded and never punished. With the help of his sister and the sweet lady whom he afterwards married he created the atmosphere of a cultivated home, in which impurity was unthinkable, and from which the tamed and tempered guest found it impossible to return to his accustomed baseness. How few schoolmasters know the magic force of sympathy or have wisely exercised it! How many of my contemporaries in College date an epoch in their lives from their intercourse with Kegan Paul!

But the time came for leaving. The manner of election to King's was peculiar. As I said before, the foundation at King's consisted of seventy members, and each vacancy as it occurred was filled up from Eton. The candidates for King's underwent an examination at Eton, conducted

by the two Provosts, some of the Fellows, and two Posers from King's. The examination was entirely in writing, but the candidates were summoned into Election Chamber to read out a selection of their answers. In the New Testament Paper we had been examined in St. Paul's travels, and the question of undergirding the ship naturally came up. In order to give life and point to my answer I stated that the practice of undergirding the ship in a storm had been tried by Captain Grimes of the Royal Navy in the year 1826. Whether this was pure invention or was called up for the purpose from the depths of my sub-consciousness I am not able to say, but my school-fellows did not believe in it, and Captain Grimes remained a subject of chaff at that time and for long afterwards. When I was summoned before the Sanhedrin I prayed that I might not have to read my New Testament paper, but it was put into my hand. I was told where to begin, and I saw Captain Grimes ahead. I thought of leaving him out, but I plucked up my courage and read the passage like a man. "What is that?" said Hawtrey "would you mind repeating it?" I sang out Captain Grimes. Hawtrey said "very interesting anecdote," and, taking his gold pencil-case out of his flowered waistcoat, gave me a good mark. I have never dared to investigate whether Captain Grimes really existed or was a pure product of my imagination.

I was placed fourth on the list, the first being John Witt, who died a well-known K.C., the second Canon Churton, whose memory still lives among all those who care for learning, for missions, or for a saintly life. My old friend Bosanquet was third, and then came my unworthy self. We waited anxiously for vacancies at King's. Witt and Churton went up, but there was a danger lest Bosanquet and myself should be left behind. But a Fellow of King's resigned before the proper time,

which secured the admission of Bosanquet and myself as scholars. In July, 1856, our gowns, first sewn up, were duly "ripped" by the Provost of Eton, and we went up to the elder foundation of the pious Henry, being admitted on July 29, the day on which the Universities Act received the Royal Assent.

CHAPTER III

CAMBRIDGE

WHEN I drove up to the gate of King's I was struck by the magnificence of the screen. That a community should spend its thousands in building a carved stone screen, stretching athwart the front of the College, uniting the Chapel with the New Buildings, merely for the purpose of shutting in the court and preventing unlawful egress, speaks much for the imagination of the architect and for the magnanimity of the Fellows. When I returned to King's as a Don, in 1876, a scheme was on foot for pulling down the screen and building on the site. I fought manfully against it, and it was defeated. Admitted on July 20, 1856, I came into residence in October, and found myself one of the nine undergraduates, all scholars. The College Hall, which combines in a remarkable degree the qualities of comfort and magnificence, held four tables, one, on the dais, for the Senior Fellows, one for the Masters of Arts, one for the Bachelors, and one for ourselves. Each table had a certain allowance of money from the college, the members ordered their own dinner and kept a book. It was rumoured that the Senior Fellows never spoke to each other, having by long familiarity arrived at the condition of the monks in Browning's "Spanish Cloister," but of course were all Etonians. Up to the year 1850, only six years before my arrival in the College, Kingsmen, by a special arrangement with the University,

had been allowed to take degrees without examination, and, even in my own time, the practice of reading for high honours in the schools had hardly taken root. Three years after entrance, on the very anniversary of his admission to the College, the scholar became an undergraduate Fellow, unless grave objections were taken to his elevation, which never were taken. A scholar was therefore a probationary Fellow, an integral part of the College, who considered himself as such. He had an absolute right to his rooms, and might reside in them at any time. Indeed, the theory was that Scholars and Fellows should always be in residence, and that permission was required not for presence but for absence.

As I have before said, the men of our year came up to King's with the consciousness of beginning a new era. We had no respect for those who preceded us, and I am bound to say that they did not deserve respect. Their morals were loose, but better than those of an earlier generation; they had little care for intellectual pursuits, their talk was of the sport, in which they imagined, or tried to make others imagine, they had spent the vacation. I confess that I was a conceited prig. Whether Bosanquet or Hodgson, the only survivors of our generation, will make the same admission I do not know. The by-laws of our society were peculiar. Although we were all Etonians, any mention of Eton at the dinner-table was forbidden, and was punished by social ostracism. I was naturally ambitious, was anxious to make my mark in the University, especially at the Union, this wounded my fellow-students in their tenderest part; I was solemnly warned that if I continued to speak at the Union I should be sent to Coventry. I did continue to speak, and the penalty was inflicted.

Discipline in the College maintained itself, so far as it was maintained. There was no Tutor, no one in *loco*

parentis. Many of the Dons set an example of conduct more to be avoided than to be imitated, and they were more likely to rejoice over a sinner who did not repent than over any number of just undergraduates who needed no repentance. But let bygones be bygones, let the dead bury their dead. The Provost was good to us, asked us to dinner and to supper, where we were regaled with excellent oysters and execrable hock. The Vice-Provost, George Williams, generally known as "Jerusalem Williams," brother of the Eton bookseller, did his best for us, and struggled hard for the reform of the institution. But his manner was unfortunate, and he was not popular. One of the Deans, Witts, afterwards a master at Uppingham, a golden soul, full of piety and love, irradiated our gloom with his kindness and sympathy, and redeemed the reputation of our society. No praise can be too great for Henry Bradshaw, afterwards so famous as the University Librarian. His rooms were open to us, and his friendship was priceless. But he was young and a man of peace, and was not of that complexion which a reformer must assume if he will make his mark.

The education of those days was very different to that of the present time. There were only two Triposes, the Mathematical and the Classical, both of them dominated by coaches, the Mathematical Tripos by Hopkins, the Classical by Shilleto. Kingsmen did not affect the Mathematical Tripos, so it does not concern us. Our lectures went on independently of Triposes, and the practice of specialization, now exaggerated, did not exist. We had three lecturers, each first-rate in his own line, Shilleto in Classics, Harvey Goodwin, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, in Mathematics, and Hardwick, afterwards Archdeacon, in Theology. Shilleto lectured every morning at 8 a.m. in a small dreary lecture-room on the ground floor, the students seated at a long table. We were oc-

casionally called upon to construe, and some of us took copious notes; but as we had just come from morning chapel, and had not yet had breakfast, we were apt to be sleepy and inattentive. Churton being once called up to translate a chorus of Euripides, after some moments of bewilderment, said in a despairing voice, "This chorus has got no verbs." Alcibiades, our black sheep, who generally spent the greater part of the night out of College and came home over the College walls at an early hour in the morning, had imported an arm-chair into the lecture-room, in order that he might slumber peacefully. Shilleto was generally far too nervous to pay any attention to him, but when he did summon up courage to do so Alcibiades had first to be awakened. He then demanded in a loud voice, "Will you kindly lend me a book?" "What play are we reading?" "What line?" by which time Shilleto was so thoroughly scared that he was ready to let anything pass if Alcibiades would only leave him in peace. Alcibiades, whose real name I conceal, was the most brilliant of our company, but a sad reprobate. His father, who died when he was a child, had left instructions that he was to be taught no religion until he was able to choose one for himself. In his case this proved a failure. He contracted an unhappy marriage, and went out to India, but never attained the distinction to which his abilities entitled him.

I do not know that we profited very much by Shilleto's lectures, but his private tuition was the best in the University. Does any coach work as hard nowadays? It is difficult to say. He took, I believe, twenty-four pupils, and gave each of them a full hour's tuition by himself three times a week. He read a book with you, and you did for him three pieces of composition a week. He lived in what was then called "The Red House" in Trumpington Street, now, I think, called "Kingsley House," but it should have a tablet to mark it as the abode of Richard

Shilleto. He received his pupils in a large room on the first floor. They passed through an ante-room, where there was a dish, full of English pieces to be turned into Latin and Greek, prose and verse, all in Shilleto's very clear handwriting. You chose a piece and took it away with you, bringing back your own version of it when you returned and receiving a fair copy composed by Shilleto himself. A collection of these has been printed, and remain a monument of Cambridge scholarship. He preferred to find fault if possible, and you were rarely allowed to think that you had done anything worthy of commendation; but a bad mistake was a dishonour which you felt as a wound. You did very little reading with Shilleto, and not much translation, but you imbibed the real spirit of scholarship, and he also gave you an enthusiasm for English literature. I derived from him my best knowledge of Burke. This distinguished scholar, working twelve hours a day in hard individual teaching, held no University office, and was not recognized by any public body until he became a Fellow of Peterhouse. It was always imagined that if he only had leisure he would write a great book, probably a palmary edition of Thucydides. Private munificence set him free to do this, but it proved a failure. All honour to his memory! Those who read with him were proud to be his pupils. Alas! I never knew him as a colleague. When I returned to Cambridge, in 1876, the first public function which I attended was the funeral of my old friend.

Harvey Goodwin was an original, trenchant, and forcible teacher of Mathematics, and under his tuition I worked all through what were then called the first three days' subjects of the Mathematical Tripos. Very little came of it, I fear, and the only fragment that remains is some idea of the principle of virtual velocities. In order to interest us, he introduced experiments, and persuaded

the College to purchase an air-pump. I remember one ridiculous failure, which was got over without any serious loss of dignity. I believe that there is an experiment, at any rate there used to be in my day, by which if water is placed under an air-pump and the air is exhausted, it freezes, but it is convenient that the saucer which contains the water should rest in another vessel filled with sulphuric acid. These arrangements were completed, and Harvey Goodwin pumped away with all his might, twitching his head as he did when he preached a sermon, the sweat pouring from his brow. My friends, optimistic or astute, declared that they saw the ice forming, and our teacher saw it himself and pointed it out to us. I was severely sceptical, and eventually remarked, "Did you not pour in the lubricating oil instead of the sulphuric acid?" I was nearly slaughtered by the devotees of science, but my suspicion proved to be true nevertheless. The ice existed only in imagination, and the experiment was never repeated. Harvey Goodwin's sermons at St. Edward's and in the University pulpit were admirable, and fully justified his eventual promotion to a bishopric.

Hardwick, our theological lecturer, deserves more reputation than has fallen to his lot, although he has been praised by Lord Acton and edited by Stubbs. In his three terms' lectures, he dealt consecutively with a part of the New Testament, a writing of the Fathers, and a period of Church History. He made the study of the New Testament as interesting as it could be made. He roused my enthusiasm for Codex A and Codex B, and made me feel that a lifetime would not be wasted in determining whether the sagitta of a certain epsilon really existed or was a stain in the manuscript which had soaked through from the other side. Through him we acquired a first-hand acquaintance with Cyprian and Bede, but the crown was given to his work by his lectures on Ecclesiasti-

cal History. Nominalists and Realists, Scotists and Thomists, Benedictines and Franciscans became alive to us, and I owe to his tuition a great part of the interest which I have since felt in historical study and teaching. His manner was especially charming and his personal interest sincere. Every year we were invited to take wine with him in his rooms at St. Catherine's, where the excellent ices were no insignificant part of the entertainment. It was a terrible shock to us to hear that he had perished during a summer holiday in the Pyrenees. He was crossing a pass in the neighbourhood of the Maladetta, descending a stony slope, when his foot slipped, and his skull was broken against a rock. I never heard his name mentioned during my thirty years' residence at Cambridge, and I do not know whether his reputation survives amongst modern theologians, but his memory is green in the heart of at least one grateful pupil.

Every year there was an examination in the subjects of our lectures. So far as I remember I did fairly well in Classics, nothing in Mathematics, but distinguished myself in Theology, which was another and a very attractive form of History. Such College prizes as I possess were gained by this. We ordered our own books, they were gorgeously bound and stamped with the College arms. Our Society was peculiar in many ways; we consorted with no other College except Jesus, then a small College like ourselves, and our friendship was celebrated by an annual cricket match. We were great in breakfast-parties, given at nine a.m., after chapel and Shilleto's lecture, so that we were very hungry. Our bill of fare was elaborate, fish, solid meat, and game. The cook brought us every morning a long list of available game, which contained many items from the fens, now difficult to obtain, ruffs and reeves and similar rarities. We always ended up with beer, perhaps a relic of the time when beer was the

only liquid consumed on such occasions. These breakfast-parties lingered on for a couple of hours or more, and they gave the best opportunity for seeing one's chosen friends. College breakfast-parties, once famous as intellectual banquets, have now died out, but they lasted till the time of George Eliot's visit to Cambridge. Another time for meeting was tea, which was taken after dinner, the hour for dinner being four at Trinity and five at King's. At Trinity it was limited by Chapel, which was at six. After Chapel the studious worked till midnight. Howard Elphinstone of Trinity used to hold Sunday tea-parties, delightful entertainments, the forerunners of the Sunday-at-homes which are now so universal at Cambridge. A constant guest was a young Scotchman named Campbell, afterwards known as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. One evening Elphinstone was exhibiting a new microscope which he had just bought, and was anxious to try it. He called upon us to shed our blood in the cause, but no one responded except Campbell, who bared his arm and supplied the microscope with the necessary object. I often told C.-B. that I should relate the story on a platform as evidence that he was always ready to shed his blood in the cause of duty, but the opportunity for this has never arrived. When Elphinstone left Cambridge we made him a present of a tea-service, and my friend Humphreys Owen, afterwards a distinguished member of Parliament, and myself were deputed to choose it in London. At King's suppers were not unknown, especially on Saturday nights, when the feast might turn into an orgy. But at whatever time or in whatever condition we had sought our couches on Saturday evening, we always made our appearance at the monthly celebration in Chapel after the morning service. In this service we had a peculiar use. The altar rails were thick and massive, and entirely surrounded

the altar except at the back. We knelt all round, and remained there till the end of the service, always standing up at the Gloria in Excelsis. This solemn monthly gathering of our whole community seemed to me very touching, and no doubt it had its good effect.

Another peculiarity was that we all presented ourselves as candidates for the University Scholarships, although we had to come up for the examination a week before the actual beginning of the Lent Term. It was natural for Kingsmen to distinguish themselves in this competition, as they had been so long excluded from the Tripos. Hodgson won a University Scholarship in his second year. In my third year a peculiar incident occurred. The paper in Greek Translation had been lost by one of the examiners, and a fresh paper had to be set. The four best candidates were selected to do this paper, and I was greatly astonished to find myself amongst the number. Then, as now, at Cambridge, it was not so much the knowledge of any particular subject that gave a man a reputation as the certainty of his ignorance of other subjects. My notorious polymathy always prevented me from being considered a scholar by my contemporaries, and I acquiesced in their decision. I was therefore surprised to find myself classed with such giants as Peile, Abbot, and the mighty Jebb. By the order of the Vice-Chancellor Bateson, we assembled in the study of Thompson, the Greek Professor, afterwards Master of Trinity, and as we wrote, the smoke of the Professor's hookah penetrated to our nostrils. The result was that Peile won the first scholarship and Jebb the second. I was told by the Provost of King's, who was one of the examiners, that I only lost the first scholarship by a single vote, that I had beaten Peile in this particular paper, but that my shortcomings in the other papers had told against me. I will not vouch

for the truth of this. The Master of Christ's told me not long ago that I never had a chance, and that I was only included in the invitation because I happened to be in the number of the select. Certainly I did not receive a "proxime accessit." But I prefer clinging to the delusion that I only missed the scholarship by an ace.

A favourite amusement of ours was riding, and we often scampered over the fields, a merry cavalcade. But walks with chosen friends were our main resource, either the Granchester Grind, or the lovely walk to Madingley, or to Cherry Hinton, across the meadows, scarcely less beautiful, but now entirely destroyed. The King's College Boat Club was also founded in my time, when we only numbered nine undergraduates. I rowed two in the boat, with more skill than knowledge, Edward Austen-Leigh, the late Lower Master of Eton being bow. We read a large amount of Classics either by ourselves or with friends. Edward Austen-Leigh had rooms next door to mine, and we read together the whole of Aristophanes, not omitting a single play. So far as I remember we translated it out loud with the help of a dictionary, and did not use a translation. Nowadays, I believe, the practice is to place the "crib" before you and to compare it with the original. If it corresponds, you infer that you understand the text. I spent a very happy time at Cambridge, a great contrast to the years at Eton. But the climate did not agree with me, my teeth decayed and my hair fell off. The study of Natural Science has certainly conferred the benefit that young men know more about their bodies, that they are not ashamed to talk about their ailments, or to receive advice from doctors or from their friends.

After all, the best education given at the University is that derived from fellow-students and not from books or lectures. It is the clash of mind upon mind, the free

intercourse of young natures eager to know the truth about the world in which they have to live, and ardent to spend their lives in redressing wrong that gives its real value to an academical training. Instruction I received at King's, education was given me at Trinity. Here I found a cultivated society, devoted to intellectual aims, respecting each other and themselves, courteous, affectionate, and dignified. At King's we were all Etonians, at Trinity the dominant force was Rugby. The spirit of Arnold still survived, but we were given to understand that the strongest influence in that school was that of Bradley, afterwards Dean of Westminster. In the society of Trinity I found all my aspirations realized. At Eton, though I was no better than the rest, the world seemed out of joint, bad was too often good, and right was wrong. I aimed at principles of action in life, which were hard to carry out in practice. In this respect King's was a continuation of Eton, but at Trinity I met with friends who seemed to be living without effort the life which I had always desired to live, but had hitherto found impossible. I remember one evening in my first term passing under the clock-tower of Great St. Mary's when this feeling came upon me with overmastering force. I called out aloud, "Then I am not wrong after all," and often in the many years I have spent at Cambridge the recollection of this moment has come back to me, and I have known that it was an epoch in my life.

I cannot precisely remember who my first friend at Trinity was, but I think it must have been Cowell, and that I first came to know him at the Union. John Jermyn Cowell died so young that he has not left a name in the world, except as a distinguished Secretary of the Alpine Club. But there was none of our set who had a greater capacity for friendship, or who had more influence in our small circle. He was the son of an Etonian who had been

tipped at school by Byron with a five-pound note, which the poet could probably ill afford, had been an intimate friend of King Joseph in America, had lived much with the Empress Eugénie and her mother at Clifton, and had been one of the earliest of English Economists, a founder, I believe, of the Political Economy Club. He was something of a Gradgrind, but he was very kind to us boys and we often enjoyed his hospitality. Jermyn was the soul of honour, and a paragon of self-sacrifice. He seemed to live for his friends, and he shortened his life by labouring to redress the injustice of his father's will.

Another contemporary was Charles Tawney, the brightest and most fascinating of the human race, a young prince, as Sidgwick used to call him. He came up from Rugby with a brilliant record, and was University Scholar and Senior Classic. But between the Tripos and his degree a terrible misfortune happened. He broke a blood-vessel, and I well remember his pale face in the Senate House, and the dismay felt by all of us at the change. But Henry Sidgwick was probably the most intimate friend I have ever had in my life. During the examination for the University Scholarship in 1857, I saw a man, whom I believed to be Sidgwick, gazing at his Latin verse paper and doing nothing. For two hours and three-quarters he sat absorbed, without writing a word, burying his face in his hands and making other gestures. I thought he must be unwell, and prevented myself with great difficulty from going up to him and asking if I could assist him. However, during the last quarter of an hour he wrote down all the verses we had to do and showed them up. It is needless to say that he won the Scholarship; but it must have required extraordinary force of mind to compose these verses entirely in his head, with the certainty that he could remember them all in time to deliver them to the examiners. Shortly after this I got to

know him, and we became inseparable and devoted friends. Not a shade of difference came between us from the first moment of our friendship till the fatal morning, in 1900, when he came to bid me a last farewell, and told me that he was going to London to have an operation and to die. He was the ruler of our society, the intellect before whom we all bowed our heads.

Sidgwick's life has been admirably written by his wife, and his career is therefore public property. I can, however, speak of his intensity in friendship. During the fifteen years that I spent as a master at Eton, he was my constant adviser and friend, visiting me at first every term and then at longer intervals. He knew all my secrets, and if I ever did anything wrong at Eton he is as much responsible for it as myself. Afterwards, at Cambridge, I consulted him on every important matter, and never failed to follow his counsel. In pursuance of a solemn pledge made to him, I remained for eighteen years Principal of the University Training College. Friendships such as these are only met with at the University, and are the best products of those institutions.

In October, 1857, our society was enriched by the arrival of Cornish and Trevelyan. Cornish had been an intimate friend of mine at Eton. Intercourse with that pure and faultless spirit was to me like plunging into a cool refreshing pool on a hot and sultry day. At King's we were inseparable, perhaps more by my choice than his. We read together, played music together, made friends together. We were so closely united that Tawney invented for us the soubriquet of "we." As an Eton master and as Vice-Provost of that famous school, Cornish has always been the same, a delight to all those who have been brought under his influence. I well remember the Avatar of Trevelyan. One evening, towards the close of a dull Union debate, a dark man with flashing eyes, large whiskers, and

a voice that arrested attention, made a brilliant speech, which made us feel that a new power had arisen amongst us. Francis Storr, a tall handsome youth with fair hair, walked across the floor to congratulate his schoolfellow on his triumph, and he expressed the feeling of all of us. More striking speeches followed, until want of preparation and care produced for a time the usual collapse. Few of our contemporaries have forgotten the private business meeting held in Swan's Auction Rooms, the Union itself not being large enough, to discuss the burning question whether there should be a smoking-room at the Union or not. The Committee and the Treasurer, Trotter, opposed the proposal, mainly on financial grounds, but Trevelyan was the champion of nicotine. His speech, bitter and to some degree unfair, was delivered with a force and vigour rare in youthful debating societies. At the end he drew a piece of red tape out of one of his pockets, crying "This is the banner under which they fight," while from the other pocket he took a short clay pipe and said, "This is the banner under which we fight." I believe that, notwithstanding this eloquence, the motion was lost for the smokers, there being neither money nor space to provide accommodation for the purpose. Trevelyan concentrated in himself the quintessence of everything that could be called brilliant in a young man. His conversation was entrancing, made more so by the infectious laughter which he lavished upon his own jokes. His youthful indiscretions, the *Bear*, the *Cambridge Dionysia*, the *Ladies in Parliament*, have taken their place in permanent literature. His essays, read at our discussion society, were crystals of wit and wisdom. He was an admirable scholar, with an unusual knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, gaining the second place in the Classical Tripos, Abbot being first and Cornish third. We predicted for him a career in practical politics which was certainly fulfilled, so

long as he permitted it to last. But his ardent temperament could not observe the golden mean, and he alternated rapidly between a summit of fame and glory and a trough of obloquy, from which however he soon emerged. A peacemaker in those days, I was often called in to mediate between him and some common friend who felt offended with him, and perhaps he does not now remember how intimate we used to be.

In October, 1858, Richard Claverhouse Jebb came up to Cambridge, a purely Celtic genius, like a flame of fire. We became friends immediately, and our friendship lasted through his life. The very last time he left his home was to dine at a feast in our College Hall, where he sat next to me. We talked intimately of old times and old travels, and I certainly did not realize that I should never see him again. He was a marvellous scholar, in some respects the best that our country has ever produced. His faculty lay in a perfect manipulation of the Greek, Latin and English languages, so that he could turn any English into faultless Greek or Latin, and any Latin or Greek into eloquent and forcible English. In these exploits Monro stands near him, but does not surpass him. It is said that when he took his first Latin verses to Shilleto, the great coach reluctantly admitted that Jebb could write Latin verses, but he wished to see his prose. When the prose arrived, equally good, he said, "He can write Latin, but let us see his Greek." When Jebb's Greek came, still better than the Latin, Shilleto knew not what to say, but he never praised him, he preferred pupils whose faults he was able to correct. With all these qualities Jebb recoiled from being bookish. He had a number of friends entirely outside our own set, whom he never introduced to us, with whom he used to spend a commonplace, jocular, and rather fashionable existence. He was very particular about his dress, in the worst-dressed collection of gentle-

men in the world. He used to tell me that his great ambition was to be a cavalry officer. It was a great misfortune for me that our intercourse was interrupted by my departure for Eton, where I became a master in 1860. He was not a very good correspondent, and I do not remember that he ever paid me a visit. But our relations remained unchanged, and I never in my life received a letter from him which was not signed "Yours affectionately," or with some stronger expression of feeling. We travelled together in the Alps in 1873, and in Italy in the spring of 1874, and we spent the summer of 1877 together at Ischl. Jebb was a most laborious worker. He once remarked to me that it was not knowledge or originality which was needed to make a great literary reputation, so much as strength of will and the capacity for self-denying labour. When he was Greek Professor at Glasgow, and returned for his summer vacation at Cambridge, I was certain to find him in the afternoon in his spacious library writing his edition of Sophocles, always with a pencil, the portrait of his beautiful wife looking down upon him with encouragement. He took great pains with his lectures. When I knew him they were prepared so that they might be published, with a complete translation, critical, exegetical and illustrative notes all arranged in separate columns. Both he and Sidgwick were similarly gifted in the capacity for enduring sedentary labour. Other commoner spirits cannot live without the companionship of their kind, a large part of their lives must be spent in serving tables, they are Marthas and not Marys.

But behind these present celebrities there towered the great name of Montagu Butler, who had left behind him a reputation not only for eloquence, but for every other remarkable quality, which threw all our existing experience into the shade. We heard that he was abroad, Trevelyan brought us news of him, and at last we were told

that he was coming back. We were all anxious to see him, but how were we to recognize him or to know him if we met him? Sir George Young brought us the first information, and described him to us as a man with happiness running out of every corner of his face. He soon became one of us and naturally dominated our society. Many things I could report of him, but I do not wish to partition an intimate friendship, which after a trial of fifty years remains as firm as ever. The farewell dinner which he gave us, on his appointment to the Headmastership of Harrow, in 1859, was coincident with the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and of George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, a fact which illustrates the antiquity of the events which I am recounting.

Such were my Cambridge friends, Jermyn Cowell, Henry Sidgwick, Charles Tawney, Frank Cornish, Richard Jebb, George Trevelyan and Montagu Butler. Four of these still survive, but the dead are to me as though they were alive. The world knows them well. I wonder what they would write of me, would they feel, as I do, that I was not worthy of them? I am not sure whether such intimate, indeed such passionate relations exist nowadays between bodies of young men; they certainly do exist between individuals. I have taken pains to find out, and my conclusion, a doubtful one of course, is that the heart of the University does not now send out these companies of comradeship, bound by a sacred, inviolable and life-long tie, with the same regularity as was the case fifty years ago.

CHAPTER IV

DEGREE AND MONT ISERAN

I HAVE always been fond of travelling. My first journey abroad was with my mother in 1853, after my father's death, and for some years after that my holidays were generally spent with her, in Belgium, Germany, or Switzerland.

In the summer of 1856, in the interval between Eton and the University, I travelled in Switzerland with my brother and his wife, and her brother, W. C. Green, then a Fellow of King's, who had taken a high classical degree the year before. He afterwards became a master at Rugby, and is well known as a Classical scholar. Our tour, made under the direction of a so-called guide, was of the regulation type. We arrived at a town in the evening and left it next morning, having seen very little of it. We traversed the paths immortalised in Byron's diary, the Wengern Alp, the Scheideck, the Häsli Thal. We crossed the St. Gothard, and had our first taste of Italy at Lugano. Green and myself began to tire of the beaten track, and we determined to strike out a new line by ourselves. By diligent study of Murray we found that it was possible to cross the heads of the Italian valleys south of Monte Rosa, to reach Aosta, and, by way of the St. Bernard, to join our brother and sister at Geneva. We traversed a region of exceeding loveliness, now fairly well known, then entirely unexplored, for King, who revealed the country to Englishmen, made his first journey there in

the same year as ourselves. It is needless to describe the beauties of the Val Sesia and the Val de Gressonay. The Val Mastalone, the most lovely of them all, with its pure green stream flowing into marble basins, its women clad in skirts and leggings of red and blue, its men the best cooks in Europe, only became known to me at a later period. A notable experience was the Monte Sacro at Varallo, a marvellous marriage of art and piety. There were few inns, and we generally slept in cottages. We lived upon grissini, now a fashionable adjunct to London dinner-tables, washed down with a mixture of Birra and Gazzoza, which made excellent shandygaff. At last we came to the shores of Lake Leman, where I looked eagerly for the white walls of Chillon, familiar to me from my study of Byron, and joined our party at the Ecu at Geneva. It was a spirited expedition, and we deserved more credit for it than we claimed for ourselves at the time. The remainder of the holidays were spent with my mother, at Oberwesel, on the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of the magic Lorelei. This tour gave me a passion for Switzerland which determined the course of my vacations for many years afterwards.

Two years later I made a walking tour with Cornish, which ended in Milan, seeing it then for the first time. It was then a comparatively small city of terra-cotta, occupied by large numbers of Austrian troops. Milan, situated in a perfectly flat plain, has the power of contracting and expanding itself, according to the changes in its fortunes. Frederick Barbarossa wiped it out, and sowed salt over its site, but it is now the virtual capital of Italy. I recrossed the Alps by the Simplon in a return carriage, which I hired at a ridiculously low price, and spent the rest of the summer at Montreux, then a country village, now a city of caravansaries. I have never been a lover of nature by herself, I have indeed always preferred her with a book. I

must confess that the charm of that exquisite corner of the world's surface was, in my case, greatly due to its connection with Rousseau, with Byron, and with Gibbon. I made an expedition to the Cantonal Library at Lausanne, with the object of seeing some relics of Gibbon's wonderful library which are stored there. The rules of the library were against me, the librarian was unsympathetic, and only with great difficulty and pertinacity did I compass the sight of a few volumes all magnificently bound. The dispersion of that library is, in my opinion, an irreparable loss. This was the year of the great comet, and the sight of that strange phenomenon, flaming over the autumn sky, reflected in the lake and backed by the mountains, is a marvel which can scarcely be realized by those who never saw it.

The Christmas of this year was passed very pleasantly. As my mother was still abroad, Sidgwick invited me to spend some of the vacation with his mother at Rugby. Here I found his two brothers, William and Arthur, his sister, and Edward Benson, a cousin. Benson was then a Rugby master, but had just been appointed Head Master of Wellington College, a new foundation much favoured by Royalty. He became, at a later period, Bishop of Truro and Archbishop of Canterbury. I was told, as a great secret, that he was engaged to be married to Miss Sidgwick, a marriage which has produced children well worthy of their parents.

The languid scholar of the present day has little idea of the stress which lay upon his predecessors of an earlier time. When Sidgwick and myself returned to Cambridge, in January, 1859, he had to look forward to a series of examinations, lasting over nearly the whole of the Lent term, first the Mathematical Tripos, then the Classical Tripos, and then the Chancellor's medals. Sidgwick came out Senior Classic, beating Arthur Holmes, the pet candi-

date from Shrewsbury, who had gained the University Scholarship the year before him. He was also a Wrangler. Indeed, the mathematicians said that he was a Senior Wrangler spoiled. When he went up to the University he read mathematics with Hopkins. The great coach asked him whether he was contemplating the attainment of a high place in the Classical Tripos, and he admitted that he was. "That is a pity," replied Hopkins, "for you might be Senior Wrangler." One day, when I was talking to him about his chances, he wrote out the answer to a problem on his thumb-nail, and told me that it was the best piece of work he had done in the examination. While he was pursuing this victorious career I was competing for the University Scholarship with the results above narrated.

The Long Vacation of 1859 was spent at Cambridge, a much more important affair than it is at present. As I before said, the only subjects studied by us were classics and mathematics, and these were mainly learnt from coaches. The coaches began their work in the first week of July and continued for eight solid weeks till the end of August, so that all studious men came up for the whole period, and not for snippets of it as they do now. It was an admirable occasion for making new friendships, and for tightening the bonds of such as existed already. Lord Justice Denman told me that when he was an undergraduate he read Classics with Munro, also an undergraduate, during the whole of the Long Vacation. Shakespeare societies were formed, an excellent means of bringing together persons of kindred tastes. Any serious student, in those days, would attribute a large share of his intellectual advance to the Long Vacation he had spent at Cambridge. There was also a further advantage. Men now go in for their Tripos in June, in those days we did not enter for examination till the

January of our fourth year, so that we had one more Long Vacation at our disposal than any one has now. During the last term of their third year undergraduates were called Questionists, and they were at liberty to devote the whole of their energies to their impending degree. Having done so well in the University Scholarships, and being thought to have a chance of being Senior Classic, I naturally came up in the Long, to read with Shilleto. The weather was terribly hot, as it often is at Cambridge. One of our favourite exercises was racquets, which I often used to play with Calverley, the well-known poet C.S.C. Calverley was a very pleasant and hearty companion, short, sturdy, and active, but there was nothing in his conversation to distinguish him from other young men of the same age, and it is possible that, like most men of letters, he kept his best "copy" to himself. Indeed, his principal escapades are connected with his residence at Oxford, where he bore the name of Blaydes. Every one knows how the Dean of Balliol gave him the warning, "This motto in your meerschaum put, the sharpest blades will soonest cut": upon which Calverley replied to the Dean, "If they wish their blades to cut, they first must find a handle." He was chiefly celebrated at Cambridge for the brilliant examination paper on Pickwick, which he set at Christ's, the winners of the prize being Professors Skeat and Hales. Seeley also, a great friend of his, told me a story about him, connected with Cambridge, which is, perhaps, new. Walking one day on the sacred lawn of King's he met the Provost, who rebuked him severely. Calverley took it very coolly, upon which the Provost exclaimed, "Do you know who I am?" "No," said Calverley. "Look again, sir," said the Provost, "and tell me what you see before you." Calverley quietly remarked, "I see an elderly gentleman, apparently very irascible," and the conversation ended by the intervention of the college

porter. One afternoon the Racquet Court was so hot as to be unbearable. I came home exhausted and in a fever, and sent for the doctor. My throat was much inflamed, and Humphry feared diphtheria, then a new and fashionable disease. But I was quit for a bout of scarlet fever, which spoilt my plans for reading and left me very weak. I went to Southsea with my mother for my recovery, and by the beginning of the October term was fairly strong. But whilst I was languishing at Cambridge, Peile, my most formidable rival, was reading vigorously in the bracing air of Oban. When the Tripos list came out, Hodgson, Peile, and Tawney were bracketed Senior Classics, and I was placed next to them, fourth Classic. I did not feel or show any Christian humility. As I was waiting for the result in my rooms at King's, Fellow's rooms, for I was then a Fellow, I began a letter to Cornish, and the news arrived before I had finished it. When the result was shouted to me through the window, I uttered an exclamation which shall not be recorded in these pages. I felt it hard to have missed the University Scholarship by a single vote, and the distinction of Senior Classic by a single place, and I concluded that if I had spent the Long at Oban, instead of staying at Cambridge, I might have made a better show.

I certainly never should have expected, when I left Eton, to have come so near to obtaining the highest Classical honours in the University, because, although I had been carefully trained in scholarship, and had gone through much more private reading than my contemporaries gave me credit for, yet I could not be regarded as a professional scholar. I belonged to philosophical debating societies, was President of the Union, and my real aim was to train myself not in scholarship, but in statesmanship. Early in life I had adopted the opinion that a statesman could be formed by judicious education, and

that the education of the statesman was the highest of all educations, higher than that of the divine, the scholar, or the poet. To educate statesmen, to train myself in such a way that I should be fit to educate statesmen, has been, indeed, the ruling passion of my life, and as I never met any one else who had the same ideal, it is not to be wondered at if I failed to carry it out, and if I never get the credit for the portions of it which I accomplished. I was a Liberal, even a Radical, as I am now, a great admirer of the Reform Bill of 1832, and I had the notion, how far correct I know not, that the Whigs who carried the Reform Bill of 1832 were trained by Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh. A stimulus was given to these ideas by the study of the life of Francis Horner, who is a very good representative of the Academical Whig, and has left in his diaries and correspondence a complete account of Dugald Stewart's method. I desired to be the Dugald Stewart of Cambridge. I found there a school of liberal thought, which would, some time or other, work for our country, on democratic lines, something of the same benefit that we had received from the great Reform Bill. To what extent I was eventually able to put this design into practice belongs to a later page of these memoirs, but the object was never lost sight of so long as I remained a teacher. Indeed, my admiration of "Horner's method" was a favourite subject of chaff amongst my friends. It was important that I should train myself properly for the task I had chosen, and for this purpose I decided to spend two years, after taking my degree, in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, six months in each country. I would learn something of their language, read their political history, and above all study their institutions. I imagined that, with the facility of acquisition which my work for the Tripos had taught me, six months in each country would be sufficient for my purpose. After two years thus spent,

I would go to the English Bar, study Law and Politics, and be called to the Bar, not with any view of practising, but intending to return to Cambridge as a teacher of History and Political Science. Goethe says, "Wish for good things when you are young, because when you are old they are sure to happen to you." The things which I wished for were to happen to me in a very tortuous and roundabout way, and to an extent very inferior to that which I had anticipated. I had regarded my Classical education as the foundation of an edifice which I intended to build upon it. The Tripos over, I would say good-bye to Latin and Greek, and devote myself to the Science of Government, for which I yearned. But when my friends said, "Be a schoolmaster, turn what you have so laboriously acquired to practical account," it seemed to me like living in the basement and adjourning for ever the erection of the edifice. Immediately after taking my degree I went to the Liverpool Institute to take the work of my friend, W. C. Green, who had been my travelling companion in 1856, and had now fallen ill. I had only been there a fortnight when I was offered a mastership at Eton, under circumstances which gave me nearly a thousand a year at once. My soul revolted against the abandonment of my schemes, but I was fatherless, and my mother and sisters were without a home. I therefore accepted, with some hope that I was not making my choice for life, and that an innocent telegram in the affirmative could not mean the surrender of the dream which I had cherished for years. In this manner I became a Master at Eton, but of this more at another time.

The first summer holidays gave me an opportunity of carrying out a project which had long occupied the mind of Cowell and myself. In the map of Italy contained in the Arrowsmith's Atlas of those days, which taught us geography at Eton, a mountain was represented in the

very centre of the plain of Piedmont, called Mont Iseran. We had never seen it and never read of it, but, if it existed, it must have been a marvel of nature, have commanded a matchless view, and have been, itself, from all sides, an object of admiration. We had talked about this mountain for years, and when Ruskin came to the Guildhall, and spoke of the snows of Iseran covering the legions of Hannibal, we disputed vigorously as to whether he was likely to be right or not. We determined to settle this important question in the Eton holidays of 1860. We made great preparations for our investigations. As we were going into an unknown country, we provided ourselves with instruments for determining heights. We obtained from Negretti and Zambra's, the best scientific instrument makers of those days, an apparatus for calculating altitudes by boiling water, and by it determined the height of the Hotel de Saxe at Dresden. As we passed through Switzerland by train, we estimated the heights of the mountains by triangulation. We read what literature we could find on the subject, but there was nothing that threw light on the existence of Mont Iseran. Before we started definitely for Turin I was anxious to see Sidgwick at Berlin and Cornish at Dresden, I am afraid rather a selfish proceeding. Sidgwick wrote, not unfairly, in a letter to Tawney, "Browning is travelling like an Eton Master, and dragging Cowell at the wheels of his chariot." We found Sidgwick's address at Berlin by a curious process. We applied at the Police Office, and were furnished with a complete account of all his proceedings since he entered the town some weeks before. At last we reached Turin and stayed at the Hotel Trombetta, well known in the history of the Italian Risorgimento, meeting there W. G. Clark, one of the most distinguished of Cambridge residents, Tutor of Trinity and Public Orator. I had a

letter of introduction for Sir James Hudson, the English Minister. He was kind enough to ask me to dinner, but I had no dress clothes. I was in despair, but Clark lent me a white tie, and I made shift with my morning coat. I found on arrival a motley crew, dressed in lounge suits of every conceivable colour. I was the most respectable of the number, but I could see that Hudson did not approve of my dining with a British Minister otherwise than suitably dressed. After one or two experiences of the same kind, I determined that if I were travelling with nothing but a knapsack I would carry a dress suit in it. Cavour was expected at the dinner, but he did not come. I afterwards saw Cavour in the Chamber on the day when Buoncompagni made his motion about Rome being the capital of Italy. Someone remarked that Cavour wished to go to Rome in order to be crowned like Petrarch in the Capitol, and Cavour exclaimed, "Io Petrarca!" These are the only words I ever heard him utter. Poerio was present, made pale for life by his experience of Neapolitan prisons, and I sat next to Massari, Cavour's intimate friend and future biographer. As we were at dinner, shouting was heard in the street, and one of the guests exclaimed, "Oh! it is only some of those Garibaldi fellows," Garibaldi being then engaged in the expedition of "The Thousand" to Marsala. This gave me the first suggestion that there was not complete unanimity of feeling between Cavour and Garibaldi, because our dinner-party was entirely devoted to the interests of Cavour.

When the time came for talking about our expedition, I found that Hudson did not at all approve of it. He was an extremely affable and agreeable man, the best diplomat we ever had in Italy, devoted, as we all were in those days, to the cause of Italian liberty. He was afterwards removed from his post because he was sup-

posed to be more of an Italian than an Englishman. He went by the nickname of "Hurry Hudson," which was given to him from the following circumstances. He was page to King William IV, and was believed to be his illegitimate son. When it was necessary in 1834 to recall Peel from Rome in order to assume the government with the Duke of Wellington, Hudson was sent to fetch him, carrying with him an autograph letter of King William's in his pocket. He found Peel and brought him back, but did not deliver the King's letter, and being asked the reason, replied, "Oh! I was in such a hurry." On my representing to him in glowing language all that we intended to accomplish, he remarked, "You are going into the King's private hunting country; that will never do; I cannot give you any assistance, it must be kept inviolate." This was not likely to stop us, nor has it stopped generations of Alpine Club men who have explored these districts.

In order to reconnoitre the country we ascended the Superga, the lofty height from the summit of which Prince Eugene planned the battle of Turin, and vowed to erect the church which now stands upon it. We drove there in a carriage and four, in company with Clark and his friend Ryan. The guide at the top had lost his voice, and Clark asked us in French why he was like the King of Sardinia. The answer to this riddle was, "Parcequ'il a perdu sa voix" (Savoie), which had just been surrendered by Cavour to Napoleon III. From the summit we saw the whole chain of the Alps, and we were told that a white mass in the distance was Mont Blanc. Cowell and myself did not believe this, and we eventually found that it was the Gran Paradiso, the highest mountain in Italy, which at that time had never been ascended. We saw no trace of Mont Iseran. We bought ordnance maps of the district which we

proposed to explore, but we found that after a certain height they were altogether valueless. Eventually we left for Courmayeur, where we had told our favourite guide, Michel Ambroise Payot, of Chamouni, to meet us.

Up to that time I had never done any difficult mountaineering, and I did not easily accommodate myself to the new conditions. Cowell, when he was at school, climbed with another Westminster boy to the top of the Victoria Tower, which was then building, walked out to the end of a beam projecting over London and looked down. It was therefore no wonder that he should find himself more comfortable on a knife edge between two crevasses than I felt myself. Besides, the exertion which had to be undergone proved too much for me, so that I was obliged, reluctantly, to leave Cowell to work out the problem by himself. He succeeded most triumphantly. He made the ascent of the Gran Paradiso for the first time, on September 7, the day on which Garibaldi entered Naples, and climbed it again on the following day. He also ascended the Levanna for the first time, a mountain which overlooks the Mont Cenis pass. He established the important fact that Mont Iseran has no independent existence, and it has since disappeared from our atlases.

It may be well to explain how it ever found itself there. The various passes of the Alps, leading from Italy to France, were, in the Middle Ages, called Monte, Mont or Mount, as the Mont St. Gothard, the Mont St. Bernard, the Mont Cenis and the Mont Genevre. Mont therefore signifies a region traversed by a mountain road. There is no mountain called Mont Cenis, the highest peak in the Gothard pass is called Monte Primo. Besides the passes I have enumerated, there was one which fell gradually into desuetude, Mont Iseran. While the other passages were continuously traversed, Mont Iseran became deserted. The mapmakers, finding it in books of travel, thought it

was a mountain, and placed it in an open space in the plains of Piedmont, otherwise unoccupied. Cowell completed his researches by traversing the Col d'Iseran, where he found a paved road, and climbed up the hills on either side, so that if there was a Mont Iseran he might be certain that he had ascended it. I have always thought that he made a most important geographical discovery, for which he deserved more credit than he obtained. He not only exploded a falsity, which had hitherto stained our maps, but he presented the King of Italy with the highest mountain in his dominions, previously unknown, the mountain which when seen from the summit of the Superga had always been supposed to be Mont Blanc. Cowell, with characteristic modesty, divided the narrative of this exploit into two parts, one published in "Vacation Tourists," the other in a collection of Alpine Travel, and thus the value of his exploration has never struck the imaginations of his countrymen. After I left my friend, I went back into Italy, then in the throes of revolution, gradually getting rid of its ancient rulers. I visited Parma, still full of the memories of Marie Louise, and drove across the pass between Parma and Spezia, seeing the valley of the Magra, the ancient boundary of Italy, which sheltered Dante in his exile, and Sarzana, which received Guido Cavalcanti in his banishment. Telegrams, printed on slips of paper, came in every hour with the news of Garibaldi's progress, and of other events in the liberation of the Peninsula, and I am ashamed to say these things interested me far more than the discovery or the exposure of Mont Iseran. By nature a Liberal, the Resurrection of Italy was my baptism in that faith, and, as at my advanced age I have never swerved from its principles, so I trust that I may remain faithful to them till my dying day.

I made another tour with Cowell in the following year, 1861, with consequences disastrous to both of us, but

especially to him. In those days the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's attracted but little attention. There were no stands, grand or otherwise, and we used, after paying our entrance fee, to lie about on the grass, as we pleased, and watch the game. While thus engaged, in the second week in July, I made an agreement with Cowell to meet him at Venice, at nine o'clock in the morning, on the sixth of September, between the two columns, on the Piazetta. We had neither of us been to Venice before, but we knew the place from photographs and pictures. Cowell went to make explorations in the Monte Rosa district with his friends the Buxtons, and I accompanied my family to Vienna and the Salzkammergut. No communication whatever passed between us in the interval, but we met at the appointed place, before the clock struck the quarter-past nine, a strong proof of devoted friendship and of mutual confidence. We found Venice intolerably hot. The stones of the Ducal Palace burnt our fingers as we touched them, and the water in which we washed our hands was unpleasantly warm. A *Proteus anguineus*, which I had brought with me from the caves of Adelsberg, died of a strange disease, and I concealed its body craftily in a niche of St. Mark's. The city itself was a desert, except for the Austrian garrison. Our Italian servant was afraid to speak out of doors, and looked behind him with suspicion to see if any one was watching him. From Venice we went to Padua, and regaled ourselves with the frescoes in the Arena Chapel, and the Botanical Garden, in which Goethe discovered Urpflanze, the progenitor of all plants. But the sanitary conditions of Padua were worse than those of Venice. The Bacchiglione was more mud than water, and even the tea had a morbid taste. We were both of us taken ill, and tried to cure ourselves with doses of laudanum.

Cowell's condition was made worse by a strange circum-

stance. Before he came up to Cambridge, he had fallen deeply in love with a girl about his own age, who, as they were both of them well off, would have proved a very suitable match for him. Common sense would have encouraged the intimacy and have rejoiced at it, but fifty years ago these early attachments, made spontaneously between young people, were too often supposed to be a breach of the laws of God and man. The lovers were violently separated and forbidden to correspond. During the whole of Cowell's undergraduate career, his haunting preoccupation had been to discover whether the girl still cared for him, and to this end he employed the most ingenious devices, but without success. As we were taking lunch in the Hotel Gran Bretagna at Milan, on our way from Padua to Como, the young lady entered the room, accompanied by her family. We spent the afternoon together, and at night, when we were in bed at Como, Cowell told me the story. At last we reached England and parted, I for Eton, Cowell for his house in London, where he found himself quite alone. A time of suffering followed. I was seized by a mysterious illness, which obliged me to give up my work. As I was lying helpless in my brother's house at Iver, a messenger on horseback brought a letter from Cowell, full of raging nonsense. Just before he became hopelessly delirious he had sent off three messages, one to Montagu Butler, one to me, and one to Edward Bowen, who was a master at Harrow. The last, being in the form of a telegram, was coherent. Bowen hastened to London and was able to provide doctors and nurses. I went to Brighton, and returned to Eton after about a month's absence, but Cowell never recovered from this attack. He lived for some years longer, but sank gradually from consumption, which was hereditary in his family, fighting the malady with all the energy of which he was capable. I saw him for the last time at St. Leonards,

where he was staying with his aged father, who fully expected that his son would die before him. But the contrary happened, and my friend spent his last stock of vitality in redressing, as I said before, the eccentricities of his father's will, and leaving his not inconsiderable fortune to those heirs to whom it should properly come. He left his library to Sidgwick, with the proviso that I should have a book out of it. I chose the three volumes of Seneca's *Letters*, a work which he intended to translate and to edit. The volumes are full of his manuscript notes. As a member of the Society for Psychical Research, I may be allowed to mention that he promised to appear to me, if possible, at the moment of death. He died an hour after midnight one Christmas, quite alone at St. Leonards. At that hour I was lying in bed in a hotel at Nice, wide awake, reading Austin's *Jurisprudence*, but I received no intimation. A firm believer, not only in continued existence after death, but in the reality of communication between the dead and the living, I think this fact worth recording.

CHAPTER V

UNREFORMED ETON

I HAVE said in a previous chapter that, after having marked out for myself a course of life inconsistent with my being a schoolmaster, I accepted first a mastership at the Liverpool Institute, where I remained a fortnight, and then a mastership at Eton, where I remained fifteen years. There was a great contrast between the two places, not altogether to the advantage of Eton. At Liverpool I found small classes, enthusiastic and devoted students, close friendship among the staff, careful supervision by the Head Master, Dr. Howson. The short time that I spent there is even now vivid to me. Anything that I did for the boys received its full acknowledgment, and I well remember that when my form was offered a holiday during my second week, they asked that it might be deferred till after my departure, because they did not wish to lose any of my teaching. At Eton, where I went to take the place of the Rev. W. B. Marriott, who had been master in College when I was a boy, and was now incapacitated by illness, everything was in confusion. The divisions were far too large, there was no organization, and no control. The Head Master set an excellent example of industry and conscientiousness, but each tutor was suffered to go his own way, and would probably have resented interference.

I found myself at the age of three-and-twenty, after a fortnight's experience of teaching, standing in the place of

a parent to forty pupils, some of them only a few years younger than myself, and set in charge of a division of eighty boys, many of them very unruly. Perhaps I should have been less incompetent to deal with these duties if I had felt myself more incompetent. But my assurance was complete; I was convinced, not only that I could meet these obligations, but that I could meet them better than they had ever been met before. My division work was certainly, for the time, a failure, but I succeeded with my pupils, and I believe that I have now no firmer friend than the first boy who had the courage to entrust himself to my incompetent hands, Charles Edward Buckland.

The condition of Eton in 1860 is well known to the world at large, certainly to all those who are interested in the history of English education. It was the year in which the Royal Commission on Public Schools, which reported in 1864, began its investigations. The state of Eton at that time, as represented in the cold, unsympathetic language of a Commission Report, was entirely indefensible. The education was purely classical, little mathematics were taught and no science. Modern languages did not form a part of the regular curriculum, and boys who had learnt them at home with their sisters soon forgot what they had thus acquired. The Prince Consort's Prizes, for the encouragement of these studies, were generally won by boys of fifteen who had been instructed by the family governess. Harry Tarver, the French master, when asked to describe the position which he held in the school answered in the immortal phrase: "I suppose that I am an 'objet de luxe.'" The divisions were unwieldy; there was no proper system of promotion. The condition of the College foundation was worse than that of the school. The Provost was generally an ex-Head Master, apt to interfere dangerously with the work of

his successor, the fellowships were usually given to masters after twenty years' service, unless they had made themselves obnoxious by too much zeal. Their principal duty was to attend the Chapel services, and to preach to the boys, whose nature they had lost the power of understanding. Their sermons were atrociously bad. I remember a few choice phrases: "What do you do when you receive anonymous letters? Of course you don't read them; of course you throw them into the fire." "You would have smiled, my young friends, at the maps which we used to do in those days." "What did they do in the French Revolution? They fell down and worshipped the Goddess of Reason." A little idolatry in that direction would not, in my opinion, have been altogether inopportune. Occasionally the Head Master preached, and to him the boys lent a willing ear. Hawtrey's addresses on the Catechism, delivered as Head Master, printed, but never published, attained a very high level of literary excellence. Thus Eton, when placed on the rack by a Royal Commission, had nothing to say for herself; there was no need to turn the windlass. She confessed everything, and was found in everything wanting. But really this was a great mistake. Eton in those days was a very fine educational institution; but she was out of touch with the age; her most ardent supporters did not understand her, and did not know how to defend her. When I now read over the evidence given before the Royal Commission, I am forced to the conclusion that the Public School education of that time aimed at a much higher level, and secured a far greater success than that of the present day. After fifty years, Public School Reform has resulted not in improvement but in failure.

In those days I was a violent reformer, made so, partly by the influence of William Johnson, and partly by the radicalism of Cambridge, in which I had lived. I could

see all the faults of the Eton system, but I did not fully comprehend its merits. I had too confident a faith in human nature, and did not realize that the improvement of an institution depends not so much on the perfection of organization as upon the capacity and goodwill of the men who are to work it. Nor had I then learnt the lesson that all the efforts of a reformer are useless, unless the powers of nature are on his side. A reformer should not be a mere opportunist; if he is so, he is no reformer at all. He must have his own fixed principles and a determination to carry them out, but he must have an acute insight into the signs of the times, and must call in the aid of cosmical and secular forces, which he cannot create, to effect his ends, as without them he can do nothing. There were two forces with which the educational reformers of that day had not reckoned, the advent of science and the advent of athletics. We did not know that a scientific renascence was at hand, similar to the classical renascence of the sixteenth century, which was to sweep everything before it in schools and Universities, and so to monopolize mental interests that literature would find it difficult to hold her own. Still less were we aware that the worship of the body and the cult of the open air would take such a hold on the coming generation as seriously to imperil all education, whether scientific or literary.

Eton education, in the year 1860, in its most favourable aspects, was one of the best educations that has ever existed, although it had grown up by accident, and its full excellence was not understood or appreciated by those who had to work it. For this reason, when it was attacked, it was protected by a clumsy and inadequate defence. It was of course entirely classical, resting on the foundation of the Greek and Latin languages. But education must rest upon some basis, some study must be made principal

and others subordinate, and a classical foundation is as good as any other and better than most, so long as it remains in harmony with the spirit of the age. An Eton boy's education was given to him by two sets of teachers in two different places, by the division master in school, and by the tutor in his pupil-room ; one the law, the other the equity of instruction. The school work, as it was called, was absolutely rigid, confined to certain Latin and Greek books, read again and again, until they were learnt by heart. This rigid system continued up to the Head Master's division, where it became less formal and more personal, the Head Master having no pupils of his own, and exercising, if he was a man of power, a real influence on those immediately under his control. Side by side with this school teaching was the work of the tutor, a thing difficult to explain to, or to be understood by, any one who has not personally experienced it. Every boy going to Eton was committed to a tutor, to be placed either to reside in his house or to be under his care while he resided at a dame's house. The tutor was in the place of a parent, and did more for his charge than many parents do or can do. He had complete control of the boy, body, mind, and spirit, for six years. His duty was to know him thoroughly, to understand his character, the quality of his disposition, and how he might be trained and moulded to the greatest advantage.

The first duty of a tutor would be to supervise the school work of his pupil, to see that he knew the lessons which he had to prepare for the division master, and to correct his Greek and Latin exercises, prose and verse. But besides this he supplied the deficiencies of the regular curriculum. Twice a week his pupils came to him for what was called "private business," the reading of Greek and Latin authors, apart from the ordinary course. This work took many forms. One term I read out in Eng

to my upper pupils the twenty-four books of Homer's *Iliad*, the boys following in the Greek text. We got through a whole book in a two hours' sitting, but I must admit that book Epsilon was a hard struggle. The whole of the Sunday teaching was in the tutor's hands. At Eton there was no school on Sunday, and the deficiency was supplied by the tutor. Three or four sets of "private business" held on that day were a heavy burden, indeed Sunday was to us the hardest day in the week. The Sunday teaching was of very various descriptions. I read with my upper pupils, at different times, Ewald's *History of Israel*, *St. Paul's Epistles* in Lightfoot's edition, [illegible]vener's *Textual Criticism of the New Testament*, and [illegible]te's *Divina Commedia* in the original Italian. I have [illegible]nown Eton tutors instruct their pupils in French, [illegible], Italian, History and Literature, and provide [illegible] of scientific lectures for them out of their own [illegible]. Tutors, whether clerical or lay, prepared their [illegible]or confirmation, and I always regarded this as a [illegible]luable privilege.

[illegible]es the teaching of the division master and the [illegible]here were a number of extra masters in different [illegible], whom the boys could attend. All these were [illegible]the direction of the tutor, who gave tickets to [illegible]ils to go out of the house after "lock-up," signed [illegible]nself and the teacher whom they attended. A [illegible]utor rarely punished his pupils, but no boy could [illegible]ished without his tutor knowing of it, technically, [illegible], not without his permission. There was very [illegible]t and intimate communication among the masters [illegible]he boys with whom they came into contact, and [illegible]ime, indeed too much time, was spent in these [illegible]sations. Before each lesson, the masters assembled [illegible] Head Master's Chambers an[illegible] exchanged informa- [illegible]and ideas. Theoretically, they should have met

together a quarter of an hour before the school lesson, and have gone into school punctually, but in practice the time thus spent was taken out of the lesson, and it was a curious sight to see every day a long string of black-gowned masters walking slowly into school a quarter of an hour late, the boys waiting for them in the court outside. The conversation of the masters with each other was almost exclusively about their pupils, and I often thought that, if the boys gossiped about the masters as much as the masters gossiped about the boys, there must be a superfluity of scandal in the school. These frequent meetings undoubtedly served to bring the masters together, and to encourage friendship *camaraderie* between them, a great contrast to isolation of the University Don. The tutors v the closest communication with the parents o pupils, and visits were constantly paid to the homes in the holidays. I was glad to take ad of this opportunity to know the family surro of my pupils, as I felt that it made me understa better. Also, tutors frequently took their pup them as companions in foreign travel. The Etonian parent did not object to pay for the i ment or amusement of his son in this way; University Don who takes an undergraduate has generally to pay his companion's expenses as his own, as the undergraduate, whether wea not, has an allowance, which he does not exceed.

From what I have said it will be seen tha possessed two elements, which are essential par good education, the firm and uniform course school curriculum, determining the character o training and the place of the learner in the schoo the work of the tutor's pupil-room, subtle and adap

r every kind of mind and capacity. It must upposed that the system was always accom- a performance equal to its highest level of it required good men to execute it. There e lazy tutors, and some incompetent division ut I maintain that, properly carried out, under e conditions, the old Eton education has never passed. Some further remarks should be made It exacted great devotion and untiring labour e who carried it out. There was a very high ngst the Eton tutors of my time; no one f his leisure or his comfort. So long as could be done for the advantage of their pupils, always ready to do it. My own work generally m six in the morning to half-past ten at night, only exercise I could reckon upon was three dull walking in two days. In the summer was more leisure, and a happy combination Days might give one a day's hunting in the Again, much was left to the boy himself. It is that the narrow classical school curriculum t give a liberal education by itself. Its very s forced those who received it to enlarge it own efforts, and there was, consequently, a al of private reading, not only in Classics, but branch of literature. In the present day the g feeling, both at school and University, is that can be known which is not consciously taught; nes of which I write a boy was trained to believe he wished to acquire knowledge he must gain it wn exertion. The skill of the tutor was shown, superimposing new knowledge, but in the maieutic art of the midwife as Plato calls it, of bring- birth knowledge already generated in the mind e pupil, and yearning to be born. Also, the

characteristic note of the education which had
many statesmen to England had not ceased
The tradition of interest in public affairs, o
the reputation and honour of the country hac
out. Classical studies did much to foster thes
The merit of Latin prose literature, as exl
Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, and Tacitus, is that it te
intrinsic importance of human affairs, and i
dignity of character and conduct. To men
the chance of a public career, open to so many
this is a priceless benefit, and the fact that
for so many years been governed by Etonians
Etonians hold so many important positions in
apart from the advantages given to them by t
is due, I believe, largely to the Classical educat
they received, an education which it is quite i
that mathematics or science should supply.

When I went to Eton, my mother and sis
to live with me, and I must be pardoned f
something about my mother, who was on
most remarkable women whom I have ever
Mariana Margaret Bridge was born at the
the last year of the eighteenth century, of
Essex family, which for many generations h
distinguished officers to the army and the navy.
sent head of the family is Admiral Sir Cyprian
My mother's father was a friend of Nelson's
engaged in the government packet service betw
wich and the Continent, a service of considerabl
in the Napoleonic wars. My grandfather brought
England the family of the Prince of Orange, wh
were driven out by the French in 1795, and I hav
that he ran along the beach at Schevening down to
The Prince of Orange, with a royal child under eac
the French peppering at him from above. When,

afterwards, I was presented to the Princess of Wied, aughter of Prince Ferdinand of the Netherlands, she me that she was delighted to make my acquaintance my grandfather had saved the life of her grandfather. ther's eldest uncle had been engaged in the sea-fight Rodney and de Grasse, in 1782, and was ordered o England the French Admiral's ship, *La Ville de* t it perished on the way home with all hands. ncle had been shot by order of a court martial, gn of George II, for no fault of his own, as I n assured by the most eminent authorities. His e to see him at Portsmouth and then travelled to to obtain a reprieve from the Queen. In this she d, and hastened with it to the place of execution, found that he had asked, as a special favour, execution might be expedited in order that t be spared the agony of taking leave of his in.

se traditions my mother spent her girlhood. She and educated at Yarmouth, where, reflected from , there was a high standard of culture and refine- that time. She learnt drawing from Old Crome, erwards from Cotman. She said to me, "When ome left, a young man named Cotman took ce." Her chief recollection of Crome was that l to rap her knuckles hard with a large pencil he made mistakes. She was fond of drawing the time of her death at the age of eighty- and her trees always bore the mark of Crome's ce. She was taught dancing and deportment overre, who had, I believe, taught dancing to Antoinette. When a child, she had been chosen overre to dance the minuet with him at the public bition of his pupils, and the lessons of dignity learnt hildhood continued to advanced years, so that George

Eliot used always to speak to me of her as my "duch
mother." She sang, played the piano and the harp, l
languages and had a special gift of elocution, rare n
days, so that when I read of the higher educat
women as a modern invention, I think of my mothe
a hundred and ten years ago, and wonder wheth
modern woman is as well educated as she was.
nurtured in the stirring times of European war.
me that her earliest recollections were of the hor
let down by slings into the hold of the ships at Y
in 1804, after the rupture of the Peace of Amie
of her uncles had been engaged in the Walcheren
tion, in 1809, and had to be nursed through the W
fever in her father's house at Harwich. She well
bered the severe winter of 1812, and the post-boy
ing up the streets with captured flags streaming o
carriage windows, and the shouts of "News,
news!" after an English victory.

In 1814, during the peace, my mother went to
with her father and sister, and walking with the
the Oude Doelen at the Hague, she saw advancing a
avenue a stout old lady with two attendants. The la
up, kissed my grandfather on both cheeks, and sai
Captain Brist, Captain Brist, how glad I am to s
who are those pretty girls?" The Princess of Ora
she it was, then took my mother to some stalls
square, where a fair was going on, and presented h
a parure of garnets which I have often seen her we
which I believe still exist. My mother received th
of being a maid of honour, which my grandfather
not allow her to accept; she was also sought in ma
by the Earl of Athlone, but her father was not
to sacrifice a pretty English girl of fourteen to a
Dutchman of fifty. All this training gave her a n
spirit; she had that inborn and abiding sense of pu

y which Burke attributes to his deeply mourned son; was always ready to sacrifice a present or apparent to a high ideal of conduct. It was of infinite advan- to me that she kept my house during the whole time at Eton, and I do not believe that there is a man who was pupil in my house, who does not feel some- of the love and affection for his dame that I feel for ther.

cipating matters, I may say that I succeeded to Boarding House in 1862, when I had been two t Eton, and to a large Boarding House in 1864. ther and myself worked out the plan on which the ng House was to be conducted. My first care was morality of my pupils' lives, and my chief anxiety scape the condition of things which I had myself nced in College. It seemed to me that boys had ndards of conduct and behaviour—a home morality chool morality. Boys would lead reasonable lives e, but, when they came back to school, they would bly adopt the habits of their schoolfellows and the the place, the standard being too often set by the boys. It occurred to me that if you could make arding House as much like a home as possible, and our pupils the best imitation you would produce ome life, you would avoid this change, and the home rd would be continued at school without a break. erefore deliberately set ourselves to give our boys mforts of home. We fed them exceedingly well, so s sometimes to incur the censure of my colleagues; ovided them with plenty of servants, so as to lighten urden laid upon the fags; we were very particular the neatness and tidiness of their rooms, and would no cutting and carving or rough play in the passages. ving thus established our society upon what may be led "a broad and convenient basis" of personal comfort,

we proceeded further to humanize our pupils by establis
ing something of the intimacy and affection of ho
relations. I knew that my pupils could not all like
—that was impossible; but if they had the opportu
of forming friendships with my mother and two siste
well as myself, it was probable that they would find
thing to suit them amongst the four of us. I alway
that my mother had a special affection for the n
boys—she certainly turned with sympathy to those
whom I was most severe—and each of my siste
their own favourite type. The result was that th
not a boy in my house who was not the intimate
of one of us, and that was a great safeguard
disorder and ill-behaviour. We always took our p
meals with the boys; their dinner was our din
guests were their guests. If a duchess stayed w
she had to take her dinner with the boys; this al
alive their tradition of polite manners and ration
versation. At nine o'clock every evening my mothe
down to supper with the boys—a meal at which
appeared. It lasted three-quarters of an hour;
doubtless a very good supper, but I never inquired
its character. If it transcended the limits of m
pedantry, I can only say that there was no house at
so free from illness as our own. During that tim
mother had the boys to herself, and I have little
that they learnt as much from her in that inter
as they had ever learnt from me in my more
relations. At the same hour some of the upper boy
did not care for supper, came to me in the drawing-
for music or a game of whist, and thus the circle of
traditions was completed. If my Boarding House w
all distinguished by its moral tone, it was, in my opi
entirely due to the rational system which had been adop
by my mother and myself. It was a great satisfaction

[redacted]en I left Eton, that the boys in my house presented [redacted] a silver cup, on which an inscription was engraved [redacted]that it was given to me in grateful remembrance [redacted]kindness and care to those who were members not [redacted] my house, but of my home.

CHAPTER VI

ROME, PARIS, NAPLES AND MONTE CAS

IN the Easter holidays of 1862, I made m journey to Rome, a visit often repeated i years, taking one of my pupils with me as panion. Our first stage was to cross the Cenis to Turin and Genoa. I have crossed the Cenis many times in several different ways, all but extremely disagreeable. In those early days we to train to Modane, where, after infinite formalities, we ch into a diligence, and, when we arrived at the snow what was called a sledge, but was really a box, so descending the lumpy slopes was, as one may im like being precipitated downstairs in a portmanteau a later period came the Fell railway, containing a ce line with cogs. The jolting was considerable, and descent terrifying to weak women. I have known del girls scream and nearly faint under the operation. arrival at Genoa was a delight. We found warmth sunshine. We ate our dinner under a pergola of or trees, and breathed in the scent of the Italian air with rapture of novices. From Genoa we proceeded to Ci Vecchia, then the only port of the Papal States, and the by train to Rome. On board the boat I met a sta Englishman, of advanced years, whom I knew afterwa to be General Fox, attended by his Italian serva Bernardo. General Charles Richard Fox was the eld son of the famous Lord Holland, and of the still mor

famous Lady Holland. Lady Holland had been, as all the world knows, the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey. General Fox always said that his mother had run away with his father. Proceedings for a divorce were taken in the House of Lords, but by accident, or design, probably the latter, the divorce was not complete when the eldest son was born, so that Charles Fox was illegitimate, and his younger brother Henry succeeded to the title. I have heard, but I will not vouch for the truth of the story, that General Fox was quite unaware of the circumstances of his birth until he was grown up, and that one night, at Christchurch, Charles Greville, in anger, addressed him as "You bastard," upon which Charles Fox hurried up to London, sought his mother and learnt the truth. He was a very distinguished man, had been at the head of the Ordnance Department and possessed one of the finest collections of Greek coins in the world. After the Reform Act of 1832, he was selected by Lord Lansdowne to represent Calne, his colleague being the great Macaulay. As he travelled down to Wiltshire with his fellow-candidate in a post-chaise, Macaulay repeated large portions of Napier's *Peninsular War*, then just published. Being asked if he had read the book, he replied that he had not seen it, but that he had read reviews of it. General Fox had travelled widely and spoke French, Italian, and Spanish with fluency.

On board the ship, General Fox introduced me to a large man, with curly negro hair and a dark complexion, looking like a creole. This was the famous writer, Alexander Dumas, the elder, whom I was delighted to meet. He had with him a pretty boy of fifteen, dressed with considerable taste. After we had talked together for some time, Dumas said, "Je vais mettre le jeune monsieur au lit," and went down to the cabin. General Fox then told me that the "boy" was of the female sex, and was

travelling in that dress in order to avoid gossip. Dumas went on to Naples to meet Garibaldi, who assigned to him the delightful palace of Chiatamone for a residence. Here a child was born, to whom Garibaldi stood godfather. Next morning, the morning of Easter Sunday, we anchored at Cività Vecchia, and the formalities of the Custom House had to be gone through, a very serious operation. General Fox had a "lascia passare" from the Papal government which admitted all his luggage, and he kindly offered to take charge of my young friend and myself, and to leave everything to be arranged and paid for by Bernardo. We readily accepted, but found that the searching of our baggage was a stern reality. Certain books were at that time excluded, and a large number of tracts, which one of our fellow-travellers was importing for the conversion of the Romans, was ruthlessly confiscated. We had an excellent breakfast at the hotel, of which I specially remember the large, golden, juicy omelettes and the delicate Italian wine, and at last we entered the train for Rome. When we settled up accounts, we found that my share of the expense was over £6, an enormous charge for landing, breakfast, and railway tickets. The palms of the Papal officials must have been thickly greased.

We had made no preparations for an hotel, but Lord Odo Russell, the English Minister at the Papal Court, had retained for General Fox two sets of apartments at the Albergo Europa, then indisputably the best hotel in Rome, situated in the Piazza di Spagna, at the foot of the Pincian stairs. The General offered one of these to us, and we found ourselves equipped with bedrooms, a sitting-room, and all the paraphernalia of an English Milordo. Before unpacking, we drove immediately to St. Peter's, and were just in time to hear the benediction, "Urbi et Orbi," given by Pius IX from the balcony of the Cathedral. The scene can never be forgotten. The square was crowded, mainly

by peasants from the Papal States, there was a hush of silence, broken only by the neighing and stamping of the horses in the Cardinals' carriages, and the rich melodious voice of Pope Mastai Feretti rolling over the multitude in organ tones, audible to every one. I was standing in the middle of the throng, and heard every word as if it were addressed to myself. What a misfortune it is that this scene can no longer be seen! Two elections of Popes have taken place since the death of Pio Nono, and I have often thought that if the new Pope after his election, when he mounted the staircase of the Basilica, had only possessed the courage to turn to the open square instead of to the closed cathedral, the peace, for which we all yearn, might be established through the Christian world. In the evening General Fox took us to the Palazzo Barberini, where lived William Story, the American sculptor, the most brilliant and the most versatile of men. His fine apartment, which afterwards became to me a second home, was situated on the third floor of that noble palace, and the end room, in which the family usually sat, looked out upon St. Peter's, catching the Basilica right in front, so that the view of the illuminations was unrivalled. The mighty dome was covered with pans of grease, joined together by links of greased tow. At a given signal the whole burst into flames, and the cupola of Michael Angelo blazed forth a beacon to the Campagna. The ceremonies closed by the fireworks, called the girandola, let off partly in the square of St. Peter's and partly in the Piazza del Popolo. They are certainly the best fireworks I have ever seen, their characteristics being that each phase of the fiery transformation was terminated before the next began, so that the standing pieces did not represent to the eye a developing phantasm of flame, passing from one splendour to the next, but a succession of different and unexpected manifestations of coloured light. When the

fireworks were concluded, an ingenious arrangement lit up torches all round the piazza, so that the crowd could go home in comfort.

One evening, shortly after our arrival, on entering General Fox's room, he said to me, "I want you to be my second in a duel." I said that I had no experience of duels, and that I should perform my duties very badly, but he declared that there was no help for it and that I must assist him. It appeared that in the afternoon the General had been in Mrs. Story's carriage along the Pincian drive, which in those days did not extend to the Villa Borghese, but went round the summit of the hill in a short circuit. Travelling in the opposite direction to Mrs. Story's carriage was a large brake, which every time it passed bespattered Mrs. Story with mud. General Fox, irritated at this, called out to the man inside, "Will you kindly tell your coachman not to drive so fast, as it covers the lady with mud?" The driver, as he passed the next time, called out "Rosbif," upon which General Fox stood up in the carriage and shouted "Poltroon," so that the elements were present of a very pretty quarrel. It turned out that the brake belonged to the Commandant of the French army of occupation, who drove the team himself, and late in the afternoon he sent two officers to the "Europa" to demand satisfaction. What was to be done? Happily, Odo Russell, who was a cousin of the General's, intervened, and the affair was amicably settled, but not without considerable difficulty, so that I lost my best chance of having personal experience of a duel.

In those days Cardinal Antonelli was Minister of State, a very able and striking man, of rather a worldly type, but well suited to the times in which he lived. His main object was to make Rome acceptable to foreign visitors, for which purpose he provided delightful little Victorias to drive about in, and reformed the coinage, substituting

francs for pauls, although the bajocchi still remained. Many stories were told about him, true and false—for instance, that Pio Nono offering him a cigar, Antonelli declined, saying, "Non ho quello vizio" ("I have not that vice"), upon which the Pope replied, "If it was a vice you would have it" ("Se fosse vizio l'avresti"). I believed this story until Lord Acton assured me that to his knowledge it had been current about three separate Popes and their respective Secretaries of State. It was also reported that the learned Dean Burgon, being anxious to consult the *Codex Vaticanus*, obtained a written permission from the Cardinal to inspect it. Antonelli went down to the Vatican Library early in the morning and locked up the *Codex* in his private desk, so that when the Dean appeared with his written order it could not be found.

One of the most prominent sojourners in Rome at that time was the Queen of Naples, a most beautiful woman, sister of Elizabeth Empress of Austria. Her husband, the younger Bomba, had been driven from his throne by Garibaldi, and the young couple had been shut up for some time in the fortress of Gaeta, where the Queen exercised herself with pistol-shooting. She happened to live in the same street with Cardinal Antonelli's mother, the houses standing back to back, a wall forming the frontier of their respective domains. On the top of this wall used to parade a magnificent Persian cat, the property of the Cardinal's mother. The Queen, who rose very early, saw the cat one morning, and the temptation was too strong for her. She fired and it fell. The excitement was tremendous, the Chanceries of the Holy City were overwhelmed with correspondence, but the affair was at last composed by the efforts of Odo Russell, the universal peacemaker. He told me when I met him that, up to that time, the two most difficult matters which had fallen to his lot to arrange were the embroilment of

General Fox and the murder of Cardinal Antonelli's mother's cat.

Life in Rome in those days was the perfection of delight. The weather was faultless; week after week there was not a cloud in the sky. After breakfast we used to find our carriage and pair waiting for us in the courtyard of the hotel, filled with wraps, for the morning air was biting, ready for our drive to Tivoli or some similar place. When we arrived at our destination, the noonday sun was very hot, and we sat on donkeys, holding our umbrellas, but on the return journey the air was keen again, and precautions against a chill were urgently needed. The society of Rome was cosmopolitan, but English seemed to predominate. There were receptions almost every evening, and, as I did not belong to any party or set, I found myself welcome everywhere. General Fox was universally sought after, and he gave me a full share of his popularity. I remember sitting in Gibson's studio, watching him as he moulded a bas-relief for Mr. Sandbach, of Liverpool, meeting Ampère in the Villa Ludovisi, dressed in a threadbare coat, taking notes for his *Histoire de Rome à Rome*, a work strangely neglected by English scholars, and seeing the first excavations at San Clemente, climbing down the ladders and tramping about in the slush. At last the time came for our departure; but I visited Rome thirteen times between 1862 and 1871, and there was always a bed ready for me at General Fox's house in Addison Road, and a place at his hospitable table. But more of this anon.

After the Italian occupation I gave up going to Rome, and for twenty years I left it unvisited, partly because I was assured by so many Rome-lovers that I should find it entirely altered and in every way spoiled. But since I have become acquainted with it under its new conditions, my feeling about it is exactly the opposite. In my judg-

ment the Rome of the present day is in every way superior to the Rome of Pius IX. It is cleaner, brighter, healthier, a city of abundant air and plenteous water. It is true that some things are missing, the Albani Gardens have disappeared, the iron bridge over the Tiber is unsightly, the houses which fill up the foreground between the Pincian Hill and the Vatican are in many respects squalid and unworthy of the traditions of the City, the Vatican Galleries are approached by a back entrance, the Swiss Guards cover the uniforms of Michael Angelo with the grey reach-me-downs of a military tailor, the Pope no longer drives about the streets, and the black stallions of the Cardinals no longer champ their bits and clang their hoofs in the piazza of St. Peter's. On the other hand the excavations of ancient Rome have proceeded far beyond the aspirations of the epoch of which I speak, and the interest taken in their results is far greater. There were never so many lecturers on the antiquities of Rome as there are at the present day, and their classes were never so well attended. On the other hand, there is not one of the three hundred and sixty-five churches, which Rome is credited with possessing, lying idle, and the Papacy was never so popular and influential as it is at the present time.

This tour was the prelude to many others. During the fifteen years that I held my Eton mastership, it was my practice to travel abroad in each holidays, that is three times a year. In the Easter vacation I usually went to Italy, in the winter to Paris first and then to Italy, in the summer to Switzerland, and then to Italy and Germany. I used to set off the very first day of the holidays, or sometimes before, and, if in my weariness I was reluctant to depart, my good mother used to drive me out, knowing that it was for my benefit. As I have before said, I was very delicate as a child, the climate of Cambridge did not

suit me as a young man, and the work of the Tripos was very exacting. Immediately after my degree, before I had time to recover from these fatigues, I undertook the full work of an Eton master, with forty pupils, so that at the end of each term I found myself in a state of collapse, and could only regain my energies by judiciously chosen travel. It would, I think, have been a great benefit to me, if, after the labours of my degree, I had been able to enjoy a year's complete rest. My nerves would have been better, stronger, and I should have been better able to stand the stress and conflict of life. I recommend this course to any who are in a situation similar to my own.

In these foreign tours I was able to carry out, but in a different way, the schemes of self-education, of which I have already spoken. I learnt the languages of the countries I visited, studied their institutions, and became acquainted with their leading men. For this latter purpose I had peculiar advantages. I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Layard, afterwards Sir Henry Layard, then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, at the hospitable house of Mrs. Acton Tindal, at Aylesbury, where I also met John Foster, and other distinguished personalities. Layard conceived an interest in me, and arranged that, when I went abroad, I should furnish him with a list of the places which I intended to visit, and he would send me Foreign Office introductions to Ambassadors and other officials who might assist me in my objects. In this manner I became a constant, and I hope not an unwelcome, guest in most of the Chanceries of Europe, and I am deeply grateful to all those who showed me this hospitality. I gradually acquired the faculty of conversing fluently in French, German, and Italian. I underwent the training which was to fit me at a later period for my chosen work of educating statesmen. When George Curzon, at the

outset of manhood, consulted me as to the best means of preparing himself for public life, I advised the same kind of foreign travel which I had myself indulged in, but he preferred the better method of travelling in the Far East, realizing that the political problems of our own day are not merely of European importance, but of a world significance, and are solved not merely by the opinions and capacities of European statesmen, but by forces which are difficult to estimate without a knowledge of the whole world.

The travelling of those days was, in many respects, more pleasant and delightful than that of the present day. We always began by Paris, then the World Capital, under the admirable rule of Napoleon III. Whether bound for Italy or for Switzerland, we took the P.L.M., starting at night, getting a refreshing cup of coffee at Dijon, or earlier, and a very good *déjeuner* at Mâcon, with plenty of time to eat it. How grateful was the sight of the Saône in the early morning, and, later on, the coolness of Ambérieu and Culoz, and the loveliness of the Lac de Bourget. We travel now far greater distances in a much shorter space of time, with dining-cars and other conveniences, but I am not sure that there was not something in the old travel which we have lost in the new; certainly motors and bicycles are poor substitutes for *vetturini*. It was interesting during these ten years' travel through France, between 1860 and 1870, to observe the gradual improvement of the country in happiness and prosperity, under the wise and enlightened rule of the Emperor Napoleon, a government which, founded in crime, had many faults, but which has never received the praise and the recognition which it has deserved.

In those days Public School reform, indeed educational reform of all kinds, excited a great deal of attention,

and it was natural that we should endeavour to derive assistance from the knowledge of foreign systems. It was owing to this that I was sent by the Foreign Office, at the instigation of Mr. Layard, to study French secondary education in Paris, and a very interesting experience it was. I found that no one could see anything of the working of the French schools unless he was properly accredited, but that to an accredited person everything was thrown open. Lord Cowley, the English Ambassador, invited me to dinner, and I became a frequent guest at the English Embassy. I remember the incidents of my first evening there. Among the guests was an English peer and his wife, who was a daughter of Maret, Duke of Bassano, one of the most faithful ministers of Napoleon I. She wore a magnificent necklace of diamonds and emeralds, the emeralds being large square stones of a very rich colour, and the necklace lying flat on her neck and shoulders. It was a present from Napoleon to her father, and is certainly the finest necklace I have ever seen. Count Nesselrode, another guest, son of the famous Minister of Alexander I, gave her advice as to the cleaning of the stones. Count Nesselrode seemed much interested in my educational investigations, and advised me to visit a place which he called Turic (I presume he meant Zurich), where I should find the best education in Europe. At that time Offenbach's operas were performed as they came out at the theatre of the Bouffes Parisiennes, and the appearance of the *Belle Helène*, with Schneider in the chief part, was an event of the highest importance. Lady Cowley asked Nesselrode if she could go and see these plays, and he replied, "Il faut que soyez très enfoncé dans votre loge." This was my first introduction to the English Embassy at Paris, which had so many pleasant recollections for me in after years.

I made a thorough investigation of French secondary education in Paris. I visited all the principal Lycées, the boarding-houses where the boys lived, the École Ste Barbe, and the École Normale. I was impressed by the order, the regularity, and the method; but I found everywhere an iron uniformity and, above all, a crushing surveillance, which was the very opposite to the free life of the English schools. It was not so long since M. de Fortoul, sitting at dinner next, I think, to Matthew Arnold, taking out his watch, said: "At this moment every boy in France is studying the geography of Asia." But M. Duruy, the Minister of Education at the time of my visit, was a man of a very different type. I regret that I did not see him, and that I had no conversation with the Emperor himself. It seemed to be the object of the heads of educational establishments to take care that their pupils should never be left alone for a single instant; they were followed where anyone would have thought it impossible to follow them. Even in the École Normale, the bearded young men were watched at their games by pions looking from the windows, and they were not allowed to leave the college without a servant—frequently a female servant—accompanying them. The effect of this was that their great object was to escape the supervision which perpetually attended them, and the moment they did so they were sure to do something wrong. I came away, therefore, with rather a poor idea of French secondary education. It was cheap, it was easily intelligible, it relieved the parent of responsibility, it turned out a certain article of a uniform pattern. But the essential qualities of an English Public School education —freedom, manliness, self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—were entirely absent. I was, however, much impressed with the method of teaching history, which I have always recommended, when I have had the oppor-

tunity, and which I employed, so far as I could at Eton when I taught history there. No one, also, could help being struck with the École Normale, the finest place of education in France and probably in the world, a college where the selected students were taught by the most distinguished professors, and where all studies were at their highest level. Technically, it was a training college for teachers, and all its pupils had to teach for a certain time; but the Government was quite content when they left teaching for some more prominent occupation, and the names of About, Prévost Paradol, and Taine were revered, at the time of my visit, as the glories of the school. Specimens of all the students' work were submitted to me. I found the Latin very respectable, but the Greek at a low level—indeed, almost extinct. I was much shocked at this, as I am one of those who believe that he who knows most Greek will know most of everything else. The École Normale has been, through my teaching-life, one of the standards which I have endeavoured to imitate; it influenced very largely any efforts which I may have made for the reconstruction of King's College, Cambridge, and has not been without effect on my government of the Cambridge University Day Training College.

Attempts were being made at this time by the Emperor, assisted by M. Duruy, to establish a complete system of modern education, apart from the old classical traditions, under the name of Enseignement Sécondaire Speciale. But everything had to be created. First, books had to be written, then teachers had to be trained, and lastly schools had to be founded. When I was at Paris, they had not got beyond writing the books, and I am not well informed as to the later history of the movement. But in France all State education is dominated by politics. M. Duruy was undoubtedly hampered by those who opposed the

Emperor, and the fall of the Empire probably implied the ruin of his schemes. When I returned to England I endeavoured to get the merits of M. Duruy recognized amongst my Liberal friends, but so great was the prejudice against the Emperor's Government, that I found it impossible. I made a report of my visit to the Foreign Office, where it probably reposes in some dusty pigeonhole; and at Layard's institution I wrote a letter to the *Times*, which received the honour of large print. A short time afterwards Mr. Layard asked me to make a similar report about Italian education, which I was to study at Naples, and I had an introduction to Signor Vigliani, a Piedmontese, who was then prefect of Naples, and who had married an English wife. He treated me with great kindness, asked me to dinner, and gave me his box at the Opera. On the day of the prize distribution at the chief secondary school, I drove through the crowded streets of Naples in an official carriage, very inadequately dressed for the occasion. At the ceremony we met Prince Humbert, the eldest son of Victor Emmanuel, who had taken up his residence at Naples. He looked very delicate, and appeared to be consumptive, so that I was surprised that he lived so long and grew into a strong man. I thought Italian education in some respects superior to French. I made a report to the Foreign Office, and a long letter was also published in the *Times*. My companion on this journey was my pupil, Walter Barrington, now Viscount Barrington.

After leaving Naples, we paid a most interesting visit to Monte Cassino, the great Benedictine Monastery, halfway between Rome and Naples. At this time a law abolishing religious orders was being passed through the Italian Parliament, and when I came to England I made desperate efforts, assisted by Mr. W. G. Clark and Dr. Forbes, the Bishop of Brechin, to secure immunity for this

distinguished community. I eventually wrote a letter on the subject to the *Daily News* published on February 26th, 1866, which I was afterwards told had, by an accident, produced the desired effect, and when I again visited Monte Cassino I found the monks extremely grateful for the efforts which I had made on their behalf. Curiously enough the letter was printed among the notes to Longfellow's edition of Dante, and has, therefore, been given a place in permanent literature, but as I did not sign it with my name I did not get the credit of being its author. The letter ran as follows :—

"The monastery of Monte Cassino stands exactly halfway between Rome and Naples. From the top of the Monte Cairo, which rises immediately above it, can be seen to the north the summit of Monte Cavo, so conspicuous from Rome; and to the south, the hill of the Neapolitan Camaldoli. From the terrace of the monastery the eye ranges over the richest and most beautiful valley of Italy, the

> Rura quæ Liris quietâ
> Mordet aquâ taciturnus amnis.

The river can be traced through the lands of Aquiuum and Pontecorro, till it is lost in the haze which covers the plain of Simnessa and Minturnæ; a small strip of sea is visible just beyond the mole of Gaeto.

"In this interesting but little known and uncivilised country, the monastery has been the only centre of religion and intelligence for nearly 1350 years. It was founded by St. Benedict in 529, and is the parent of all the greatest Benedictine monasteries in the world. In 589 the monks, driven out by the Lombards, took refuge in Rome and remained there for 130 years. In 884 the monastery was burned by the Saracens, but it was soon after restored. With these exceptions it has existed

without a break from its foundation till the present day.

"There is scarcely a Pope or Emperor of importance who has not been personally connected with its history. From its mountain crag it has seen Goths, Lombards, Saracens, Normans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, scour and devastate the land, which, through all modern history, has attracted every invader.

"It is hard that, after it has escaped the storms of war and rapine, it should be destroyed by peaceful and enlightened legislation.

"I do not, however, wish to plead its cause on sentimental grounds. The monastery contains a library which, in spite of the pilfering of the Popes and the wanton burnings of Championnet, is still one of the richest in Italy; while its archives are, I believe, unequalled in the world. Letters of the Lombard kings who reigned at Pavia, of Hildebrand and the Countess Matilda, of Gregory and Charlemagne are here no rarities. Since the days of Paulus Diaconus in the eighth century, it has contained a succession of monks devoted to literature. His mantle has descended in these later days to Abate Tosti, one of the most accomplished of contemporary Italian writers. In the Easter of last year I found twenty monks in the monastery: they worked harder than any body of Oxford or Cambridge Fellows I am acquainted with; they educated two hundred boys and fifty novices; they kept up all the services of their cathedral; the care of the archives included a laborious correspondence with literary men of all nations; they entertained hospitably any visitors who came to them; besides this, they had just completed a facsimile of the splendid manuscript of Dante, in a large folio volume, which was edited and printed by their own unassisted labour. This was intended as an offering to the kingdom of Italy in its new

capital, and the rumour says that they have incurred the displeasure of the Pope by their liberal opinions. On every ground of respect for prescription and civilisation, it would be a gross injustice to destroy this monastery.

"'If we are saved,' one of the monks said to me, 'it will be by the public opinion of Europe.' It is the most enlightened part of that opinion which I am anxious to rouse in their behalf."

CHAPTER VII

ALPINE TRAVEL AND DRESDEN

IN the summer of 1863, I went to Chamouni with my brother and his wife. One Sunday afternoon in August, we were walking across the Glacier des Bossons, when, in the centre of the glacier, I saw lying upon the surface the twisted iron of a lantern, a piece of a broken alpenstock, the fragment of a shin of a sheep and a piece of newspaper still legible. These had evidently belonged to some Alpine travellers, and it occurred to me at once that they were the remains of Du Hamel's party which had been lost in the ascent of Mont Blanc on Sunday, August 20, 1820. Their relics were found by me on Sunday, August 7, 1863. Other fragments were found later: they were identified by survivors and are now in the rooms of the Alpine Club, with an inscription in Cowell's handwriting. It is curious that I should at once have recognised what they were, but, as a boy, I had frequently attended in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the lectures of Albert Smith on Mont Blanc, and, therefore, the story of the mountain was familiar to me. Du Hamel's party had, if I remember, been swept away by an avalanche in the Corridor about two hours from the summit, and Albert Smith gave a picture of it. I was elected a member of the Alpine Club, at Cowell's earnest request, in the year 1864, and I continued climbing till 1878. Before this time arrived, the guides used occasionally to say, with an engaging

frankness, "Sie sind zu dick" "(You are too fat"), which was perfectly true. When you reach a certain number of stones weight, it is hardly fair to endanger the lives of others by attaching yourself to their rope, and a portly outline is not favourable for ascending a perpendicular ice wall, in which steps have to be cut. Alpine climbing, like life in general, has long stretches of dullness interspersed with moments of rapture. James Bryce once said to me, at the Riffel, when I was preparing for the ascent of Monte Rosa, "When you reach the *arrête*, you will wish that you had never been born," and his prediction was fully justified. On the other hand, I have always maintained that the three most exciting emotions I have ever experienced have been fox-hunting, mountaineering, and standing for Parliament, and I do not know which is the most exciting of the three. My chief motive for Alpine travel was health, and as to its beneficial results in that respect there can be no doubt. I could not have got through my work at Eton without it.

Alpine travel in my day was particularly exciting, because the Alps were being explored for the first time. We followed the conquest of new peaks and passes as we now follow Shackleton at the South Pole, or Nansen at the North. The conquest of the High Level Route round Monte Rosa was a matter of surpassing interest, but our chief excitement was centred in the Matterhorn. Would that summit ever be climbed and by what route? I remember a lovely summer Sunday at Zermatt (we had summers in those days), when Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, was preaching to us in the dining-room of the Hotel Mont Cervin, and spoke of the Matterhorn as a yet untrodden peak. We all knew that Whymper was, that very day, making one of his attacks upon the mountain, and I am afraid that bets were freely offered and taken as to whether the Bishop was correct. It happened that

I was one of the earliest to learn the true details of the first ascent and of the catastrophe which accompanied it. When Whymper returned to London he went straight to Cowell, the Secretary of the Alpine Club, and told him the story. I was in London that day, and Cowell repeated the story to me. The next morning Whymper's narrative appeared in the *Times*, omitting some things which he had told to Cowell. The first ascent of the Matterhorn was the Waterloo of Alpine conquests, a marvellous victory gained by serious loss of life. It was extraordinary that the mountain should have been ascended, with comparative ease, from the side which had always been regarded as impossible, and that the summit, instead of being a peak, should have been a not inconsiderable plateau. The cause of the disaster was the too hasty joining of two forces, without sufficient knowledge of each other's powers. Whymper could certainly have accomplished the feat alone with Douglas, and perhaps Hudson alone with Hadow, although Hadow was not very competent, but there was great danger in the united party. When the accident occurred, Croz, who was going first, was actually placing Hadow's feet in the steps which he had cut, having laid down his axe for the purpose, when Hadow's feet slipped out of the steps and struck Croz on the back as he turned to go down. He fell forward on his back, without his axe, and the position was hopeless. The rope between Douglas and the younger Taugwalder was broken and not cut. When Whymper was alone with the Taugwalders and was nearing the Hörnli *arrête*, they said to him, "Our master is dead, how shall we be paid?" Whymper replied that of course he would see to that, upon which they remarked that perhaps it would be more to their interest not to be paid, as they would gain more money by a public subscription. Thinking that it might be for their interest to get rid of him

altogether, Whymper kept his knife ready to cut the rope, if necessary, during the descent of the *arrête*. In their case, however, there was no treachery, only stupidity and want of imagination.

During the years in which I climbed I made nearly all my expeditions alone, with a guide and a porter. I frequently refused companionship at the risk of giving offence, and, on one occasion, the fact that we were a joint party nearly cost the lives of all of us. As I was quite an inferior mountaineer, I do not propose to give a detailed account of my exploits, but some incidents may be interesting. I crossed the Col du Geant from Chamouni with the view of qualifying for the Alpine Club. It is a magnificent pass, with good icework on one side and good rockwork on the other. The southern side requires care, as the path is narrow and a slip might land you in a gully, which would lead to certain death. I was at Courmayeur where an accident of this kind occurred. Croz was one of my guides over the Col du Geant, and this made me feel more acutely his loss on the Matterhorn. After leaving Chamouni I made my way eastward to the Engadine, to meet my mother and sisters, who were at St. Moritz. The Engadine was, at that time, entirely unknown, and the accommodation and the food were very poor. Even four years later, at Pontresina, the only manner in which I could obtain sufficient nourishment was by attending two tables d'hôte, one after the other. I found my mother in the St. Moritz Kurhaus, then opened for the first time. It was bitterly cold and my mother seemed shrivelled up. My sister and myself made an excursion to Pontresina, and walked over the Diavolezza Pass, a perfectly easy expedition, which was, however, accepted as one of my qualifications for the Alpine Club. I remember that, on the drive back, you felt as if you had no clothes and no flesh, and the wind was whistling through your bare bones.

As soon as I could, I carried my mother off, by way of the Maloia, to Bellagio.

Among the incidents of Alpine travel which I remember, the following are the most memorable. One night, in 1865, I slept with my old pupil, Sir Archibald Lambe, at the head of the Evolena Valley, in a hole in the ground covered with some stones, where there was hardly room for two, the guides finding a lodging somewhere outside. A shepherd's cloak lay in the corner of our hole, but we were strictly enjoined not to touch it, lest the animals which infested it should take the opportunity of seeking new pastures. We started at daybreak for the Col d'Érin, and on arriving at the summit were met by a blinding snowstorm. We managed to cross the difficult Bergschrund, and when we were safely over it, Michael Payot, our guide, tied his handkerchief round his hat and led us down to Zermatt without a mistake, although the snow was falling so thickly that each of us on the rope could scarcely see the man in front of him. A little before this we had slept, accompanied by Tournier as guide and a porter, in the hotel at the Pierre Pointue, and left at two o'clock in the morning to walk as far as we could manage up Mont Blanc. The weather was perfect, and we made such rapid progress that we crossed the Grand Plateau and reached the Corridor only two hours from the summit. We ought, of course, to have gone on, but on looking down I saw a great commotion on the Grand Plateau beneath me. I determined to descend and see what was the matter, to the great indignation of my guide, who exclaimed, "*Mais Monsieur n'a pas vomi, Monsieur n'a pas les lèvres noires, Monsieur n'a rien!*" as if it were cowardice to give up until your lips had turned black and you had been sick. I found that the Plateau was occupied by two Austrian archdukes, with a large number of guides and porters, that one of the party had fallen down a

crevasse, and that all the others refused to look for him, and sat upon the ground calling out, "*Il est mort, il est mort!*" the archdukes apparently acquiescing in their indifference. I represented to them strongly the absolute duty of discovering whether the man was dead or not, and as their guides refused to move I sent forward my own. Approaching the edge of the crevasse, they let down a bottle, which came up covered with human hair, showing that the victim had been shattered in his descent, and that there was no hope. He was a young man of nineteen, who had joined the party against his mother's wish, for it was his first great ascent. Excited at the conquest of Mont Blanc, he loosened himself from the rope, and ran down to the Grand Plateau, but was engulfed by a crevasse on the way. His body was never found, and his mother, when she heard of his death, became a raving maniac. It is curious that two circumstances, which both happened to myself, the finding of the remains of the Du Hamel party and the loss of the young porter on the Grand Plateau, should find a prominent place in Mark Twain's *Tramp Abroad*, told in his own inimitable but unhistoric fashion, with large additions from his own imagination. I reached Chamouni at 10 p.m. after eighteen hours' incessant walking.

Another day, starting from Aosta with Michel Payot, I rode up the Val Pellina, on the last day of August, uncertain as to whether or not we should find the shepherds in the châlets at the head of the valley. Arriving there at dusk, we found the châlets deserted and the doors locked. We left our man and his horse there terribly alarmed as to what might happen to him, and Payot led me alone up to the Châlets de Collon. It was a perfectly dark night, Payot had only been there once, ten years before, but yet with unerring instinct he led me right up the mountain and found the little châlets. We slept there

for a few hours and started for one of the most interesting expeditions which I have ever made, right through the heart of the Pennine Chain. We crossed three first-class passes, the Col de Collon, celebrated by Forbes, the Col de Mont Brulé and the Col de La Tête Blanche, arriving at Zermatt, at the sunset of a cloudless day, after sixteen hours' walking.

On another occasion, I set out, with a couple of young Englishmen, whom I met at the Eggischorn Hotel, to cross the Mönch Joch. We had been detained at least a week by bad weather, and eagerly seized a seeming opportunity to make our expedition. We slept in a hole on the side of the glacier, the present hut not having been built. During the night the sky was covered, there was no radiation, and the weather looked threatening, so that we delayed our departure till 5 a.m. We had scarcely left the hut when one of the party fell into a crevasse, from the softness of the snow, but climbed out easily. We, however, proceeded, and at 8 a.m. had our breakfast at the usual place. It took us two hours and a half to cross what is called the Everlasting Snow Field, from the softness of the snow, in which we sank up to our knees. Soon snow began to fall, quietly and irresistibly, as Dante describes snow falling in the Alps on a windless day. Rubi, our guide, lost his way in the storm, and after much wandering in a circle we returned upon our steps. We reached the summit of the pass at 3 p.m. and drank a glass of wine, having no time or inclination to eat. When we arrived at the rocks of the Eiger, Payot declared it would be impossible to descend them, as with the heavy snow falling we should never find our way. The only alternative was to descend by a *couloir* on the left. On the top of this was a glacier, fragments of which, detached by the heat, were continually falling down, while at the bottom was a *bergschrund*, which might have engulfed a

hamlet. I asked if there was danger, and Rubi replied "*Il y a grand danger pour tout le monde.*" The descent occupied half an hour, the method of proceeding being that we drove our alpenstocks into the snow, plunged our arms in the soft snow, on the left, up to our armpits, and then made a step forward. Twice the whole mass of snow which was supporting me slipped away, but I was held up by the rope. We all of us knew, during this half-hour, that every moment might be our last. Rubi was much depressed, and our porter from the Grimsel was weeping and wringing his hands, saying that he should never see his wife and children again. The *bergschrund* once crossed, the danger was over, but the snowstorm had turned into heavy rain. We reached Grindelwald at eleven o'clock at night, after eighteen hours' walking, having eaten nothing since our breakfast at eight o'clock. I took a hot bath, ate the greater part of a roast fowl, which had become the worse for keeping, and went to bed. Some years afterwards, I crossed the same pass in nine hours instead of eighteen, and walked over the Everlasting Snow Field in twenty minutes without being roped.

Another expedition was the crossing of the Passo di Forno in the Santa Caterina country, which had been traversed for the first time some years before by Freshfield and Tuckett, but had never been attempted since. A fellow-traveller, who had two energetic daughters, was very anxious that they should join the expedition, but I firmly refused. "Why," he said, "they are much better mountaineers than you are!" I admitted the fact, but replied that in crossing a practically unknown pass it was much safer to go alone, and the event showed that I was right. In order to reach the summit, we had to ascend a steep ice slope, in which steps had to be cut in very hard ice, which caused considerable difficulty. When we reached the top we found a magnificent view. The

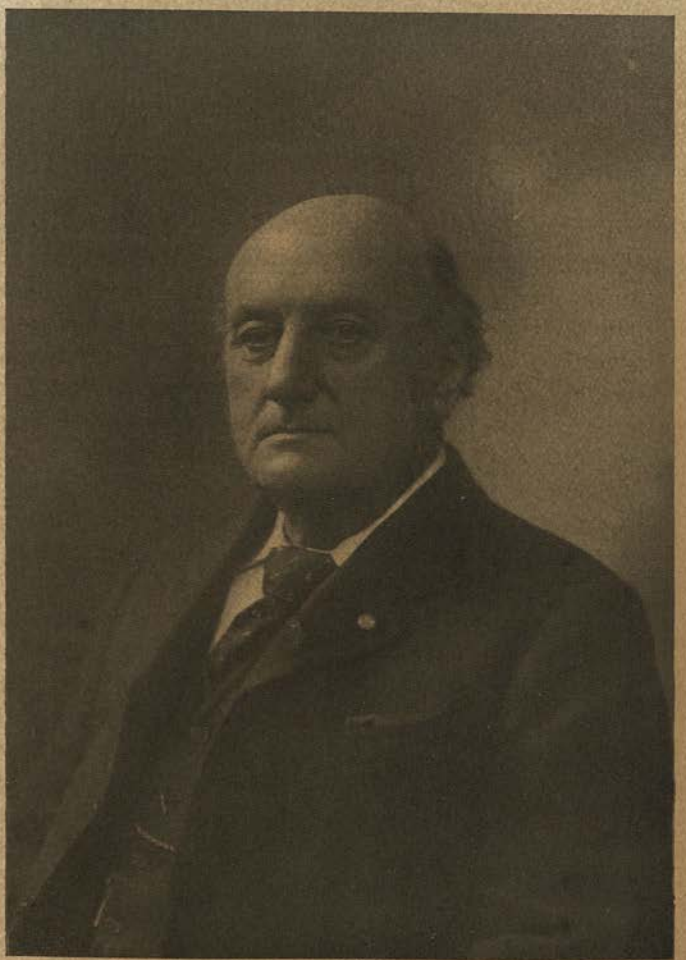

Photo. *J. Palmer Clarke*

OSCAR BROWNING, 1900

plains of Italy lay beneath us, with the peaks of the Adamello Group shining in the midday sun. The glacier extended two thousand feet below us, but, in order to reach it, we had to descend a snow wall, which was at first entirely perpendicular, and only very gradually assumed a reasonable angle. Overhanging this was a heavy cornice of snow. All this was quite unexpected. Freshfield and Tuckett had descended to the Pejo Glacier by a delightful snow slope which presented no difficulties, but offered facilities for exhilarating glissades. We had to negotiate a snow wall, luckily free from ice, much higher and steeper than that of the Strahleck. The reason of the change was that Freshfield and Tuckett crossed in June, when the snow had not melted, whereas I crossed in September, when the Italian sun had produced its full effect upon a pass facing due south. Payot was quite equal to the occasion. We first cut a huge gap in the overhanging cornice and sent the snow masses thundering down the steep. We then planted an ice-axe firmly in the snow, tied a rope round it, and let down our local guide to make steps. These had to be very large and roomy, placed exactly underneath each other, as the slightest divergence from the perpendicular would expose us, on our descent, to the falling of the cornice. When this was done, the guide cautiously descended, we letting out the rope from above, which was luckily of considerable length. I followed, held up by Payot at the top. I could not help laughing to find myself in such a ridiculous position, and my two thoughts were, first, what would my mother think if she could see me, and, secondly, how grateful I was that the young ladies were not with us, because the steps, rapidly melting under the southern sun, would not bear the weight of more than three. At last, Payot had to descend, and we were all three of us on this exceptionally steep incline. Soon, however, the forces of

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nature asserted themselves, the angle of the slope became less acute, and at length we reached the glacier. The hole in the cornice was very conspicuous above us, and Payot said that it was made by the canon of Garibaldi at Nice. We reached the hotel at Pejo early in the afternoon, a curious rectangular box of a house, with the cubic contents of a moderate-sized room. Our treatment was peculiar. Next morning a sheep was slaughtered under our windows, and portions of its flesh were brought for us to eat half an hour afterwards. The bill was a curiosity, consisting of three pages, and amounting to more than thirty Italian lire. Pepper, salt, and mustard were all put down as separate items. I paid the landlord ten francs, and expostulated with him on his extortion, telling him that no one would come to his hotel if he charged like that. He replied that he had carefully reflected upon the matter, and had come to the conclusion that no one would ever come in any case, and that, therefore, he had better charge when he had the opportunity.

For several years I spent the month of August in Switzerland, hiring Michel Ambroise Payot as my personal guide for that time. The charges for guides were in those days very moderate. Payot was as good as any guide in Switzerland and carried a heavy pack. I paid him six francs for ordinary days, eight for glacier days, and twelve for peaks, so that the whole expense for the month did not much exceed ten pounds. He was very good in new excursions, as he had a complete knowledge of the ice-world. He frequently extricated me from difficulties into which the local guides, whom I engaged on the spot, would have led me. He became an intimate friend of mine, and I am godfather to one of his children. One of the reasons which I had for giving up mountaineering was its growing cost. My second passage of the Mönch Joch, which took, as I said above, nine hours, cost me £6 for guides

alone, exclusive of food, fuel, porters and other things. What the expense now is I do not know, but I presume that the increase of cost has brought in the habit of climbing with a single guide or with no guide at all. In the days of which I speak, it would have been thought an act of insane folly to cross a crevassed *névé* less than three in number. One man cannot reckon upon pulling another man out of a crevasse, whereas with two companions the third man is generally safe.

These expeditions were enjoyable, and were certainly good for my health, but they were not an unalloyed pleasure. One became tired of living upon a knapsack and never being absolutely clean, of seldom sleeping in a decent room or enjoying wholesome food, and when September arrived I began to long for the flesh-pots of civilization. These I generally found at Dresden. In that city there was a *pension* kept by Frau von Schüschen and Fräulein Kretzschmer, which deserves to hold a distinguished position in the history of English education. In 1860 it was situated in the Prager Strasse, whence it soon removed to the Räcknitzer Strasse, where it remained as long as I knew it. I believe it is now entirely extinct, but its history ought to be written. Going to the *pension* in the months of August or September, or indeed at other times in the year, one was quite certain to meet a number of distinguished Oxford and Cambridge men, who were taking their continuation University course at Dresden, just as Horace and Cicero took theirs at Athens. I do not know if the custom still exists, I rather imagine that it does not, but in my time every Oxford and Cambridge man who had an ambition to be something more than a mere hall-marked scholar, thought it his duty to learn the German language immediately after his degree, if he did not know it already, and to drink of those fountains of culture in

music and art which Germany offered to the thirsty soul. I ought to mention names, but names are difficult to remember. Henry Sidgwick, who also lodged with Benfey at Göttingen and read Hebrew with Ewald, went to the Kretzschmer's and left behind him a tradition of the ease and completeness with which he had learnt German, so that he was able to write Goethe or Schiller prose at will. Arthur Sidgwick was there more than once with myself. Sir George Trevelyan and Sir George Young were guests of the *pension*, and it was long remembered how Trevelyan used to tease Frau von Schüschen about her fondness for the *particule*. "Where have you been this morning?" asked Fräulein Kretzschmer. "I spent a long time in the shop of Herr von Arnold, the bookseller," said Trevelyan. "*Er ist nicht von*," sounded a shrill voice at the end of the table, and the fun continued by Trevelyan calling everyone *von*, and Frau von Schüschen correcting his socialistic rebukes of the fountain of honour. Thomas Hill Green, John Addington Symonds, and Albert Rutson were there together, a very notable triumvirate. Our lives were simple and well spent, we enjoyed our cold baths in the morning *à l'anglaise*, at breakfast we looked eagerly for the *Tageblatt*, which gave us daily information about theatres and concerts. Concerts were given in three places, the Brühlsche Terasse, the Linkesches Bad, and the Grosser Garten.

> Findet im Linkeschen Bad, oder auf der Brühlschen Terrasse,
> Irgend ein Pot pourri, oder eine Symphonie statt?

This halting couplet, composed for the purpose of showing that the verb *stattfinden* might be divided and placed half at the beginning and half at the end of a sentence, was often repeated by me to Arthur Sidgwick.

One day, when the *Tageblatt* announced that the

Sommernachtstraum was to be represented with Mendelssohn's music, a Christ Church man asked what the title meant, and being told that it was German for Midsummer Night's Dream, he remarked, "What an extraordinary name for a play! Is it worth seeing?" He was assured that it was, and went. Next morning he was asked how he liked it, and answered that it had beautiful music. They then enquired if he had understood it, and he replied, "Oh yes, I had an English translation." I once told this story to Tennyson. It caused him great amusement, and he often asked me to repeat it. Many other stories I could tell which always make old Kretzschmerites laugh, but they might be tedious to others. After breakfast, the old German teacher Schier came, who well remembered the Battle of Dresden, and had often seen Napoleon riding about the streets on a white horse. We were obliged to go to the Gallery in the morning because it closed early, and what a revelation the Gallery was to those who had not been to Italy! In the afternoon we bathed in the Elbe, took long walks, came back to an early Opera, and closed the evening with a joyous supper at some favourite tavern. In those days jealousy of Germany did not exist, we never thought of her as a political power, but she sowed the seeds of reverence and respect in all our hearts, and set for us a standard of cultivation and learning, which most of us have spent our lives in trying to realize.

CHAPTER VIII

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS

WHEN I was in Paris I used to visit Galignani's Reading Rooms in the Rue Rivoli to see the papers and magazines. I found in the *Westminster Review* a very interesting and brilliant article on Winkelmann which arrested my attention. I was about to stay at Oxford with my friend Payne, who had just taken up his residence there and, writing to him about my visit, asked him if he had read the article on Winkelmann and by whom it was written. He replied that it was written by his friend Walter Pater, whom I was to meet at breakfast when I came to Oxford. This was my first introduction to Pater, with whom I became very intimate. He was a man of very curious appearance, owing perhaps to his Dutch origin, there was nothing romantic or sentimental about him; the sacred flame which burnt within him was concealed. His manner also was restrained, his speech slow and uninspiring, but those who knew him soon discovered the ardency of his spirit. A friendship of ten years revealed him to me as one of the kindest men I had ever known, with a loving and benevolent heart and a strong power of sympathy. My affection for him outweighed all other feelings; love is a more powerful passion than admiration.

Pater was a very intimate friend of Simeon Solomon, the painter, whom I met for the first time at Fryston,

under the hospitable roof of Lord Houghton. Simeon Solomon was a frequent guest in my house at Eton, as he was of Pater at Oxford. He used generally to take us together, going from one to the other as occasion served. He was a genuine genius both in art and writing, and his name deserves to be remembered, but his character was weak and he was unable to resist the temptations which assailed him. He gradually became more and more demoralized, and his life closed in darkness and misery. But I am proud to acknowledge that he was one of my friends. I spent many hours in his studio in Charlotte Street and he introduced me to his fellow-painters, Burne-Jones and Albert Moore. I have frequently sat in Burne-Jones's studio and seen him paint, and I regret that I lost the opportunity of purchasing Albert Moore's "Quartette" on favourable terms, as I have always considered it a most beautiful picture. Solomon drew several portraits of me, one of which is reproduced in this volume. He published a curious book called *The Vision of Love revealed in Sleep*, in the style of an ancient Greek novel, such as Cupid and Psyche, none of which he had ever read. He was not infrequently in pecuniary difficulties, and I used to assist him with money, which was then more plentiful with me than I desired it to be, at least I thought so at the time. His great ambition was to paint a picture of Melchizedek, Priest and King, and for this purpose he wished to go to Rome to escape the temptations of a London life which he felt were ruining him. I offered to take him there at my own expense, and we had a delightful journey; we travelled from Florence to Rome in a hired carriage, staying at Siena, Orvieto and Viterbo. His favourite picture at Rome was "The Sacred and Profane Love" of Titian, and his admiration of this picture showed me that there are two ways of appreciating a painting, by the form and by the colour. I found that I

had only the capacity of appreciating form, to which the colour was an adjunct, but that he was impressed by the colour as he would be by the colours of a sunset, and that he had a sense of colour apart from form, appealing to him as music appeals to a musical ear. For this colour-music I had no responding sense. Solomon's visit to Rome was a failure, the picture of Melchizedek was never painted, and all he brought back with him was a sketch of an Italian boy, whose acquaintance he made at Rome. In the year 1870 he composed for me a Bookplate which has become rather famous amongst "ex libris"; it represents the conflict between the contemplative and the active life, which he called "Labor" and "Theoria," a conflict which was constantly present to my mind in my work at Eton; the motto "*Content ailleurs*" shows that I was dissatisfied with my position. After I left Eton I lost sight of him, but one day, I presume shortly before his death, driving in a hansom through Fleet Street, I saw him on the pavement not much altered. I stopped the cab and jumped out, there were exclamations of "Oscar" and "Simeon," and we embraced each other like Vergil and Sordello. After a few minutes' talk about old times we parted never to meet again.

For some time Solomon was very intimate with Swinburne, and used to go about with him a great deal. Swinburne had been in my division at Eton, and I had known him fairly well because we both had literary tastes. He was generally late for school, and I remember Cookesley calling out to him one day: "Here you are, little Swinburne, late again." I have been told that Cookesley once saluted his appearance with the exclamation: "Here comes the rising sun!" alluding to his red hair, but I did not hear it myself. He was very weak and frail and was certainly not bullied; he took no part in games, being indeed little fitted for them, but in those days games

did not form so important a part of our school life as they do now. He spent the greater part of his time in his own room, reading literature, especially Greek literature, with which he had a great familiarity. I believe that I never saw him after he left Eton, but I used frequently to hear of him from Lord Houghton, who did much to bring him into notice, and, of course, from Solomon. He told Solomon he did not wish to meet me because I was an Eton Master who had the power of flogging boys, a fantastic reason of which I do not precisely understand the import. Besides, I had no power of flogging boys, but only of sending them to the Head Master who might flog them if he pleased. In those days he was very bitter against Tennyson, as Tennyson certainly was against him, but they afterwards came to appreciate each other.

I spent a Christmas holiday in the early sixties in Florence, in a delightful apartment of the Hotel d'Italie, the old Palace of Murat, with its original furniture and its hangings of gold brocade. The apartment was on the third floor, just over the weir in the Arno, which gave a reposeful sound. It looked due south over Bellosguardo and Monte Oliveto, with San Miniato in the distance, and was flooded with sunshine in the middle of winter. It contained a bedroom, a large sitting-room and all conveniences, and I only paid for it eight Italian lire a day, but as soon as Florence became the capital the price was raised to twenty lire and I ceased to occupy it. When I first visited Florence with my friend Cornish, in the Easter of 1861, the whole of the walls of the city were still standing, but before this second visit they had been pulled down, only the gates remaining with small pieces of wall attached to them on either side. At the same time there were no trams and very few omnibuses. Every lover of Italy has his favourite city, some are Venetians, some Romans, some Neapolitans, few, if any,

Milanese. I confess myself a Florentine without reserve. Besides the extraordinary beauty of the city in itself, then still possessing the Mercato Vecchio, the Arno was a perpetual delight, comparatively free from contaminating sewage, as was also the view of its domes and towers, taking new beauty from each successive grouping. Very few of the alterations in Florence have been improvements; being on a larger scale, they disturb the proportion on which the city was built. The large building on the south side of the Piazza della Signoria dwarfs the excellent Loggia de' Lanzi and impairs the dignity of the Palazzo Vecchio itself, while the Viale de' Colli throws the fortified Monastery of San Miniato into insignificance. Florence was, and always will be, the intellectual capital of Italy. No town in Italy will present that country with genius in literature and art comparable to that of the mighty dead whose monuments fill the nave of Santa Croce.

At this time the Brownings no longer lived in Casa Guidi, Mrs. Browning was dead, and the intellectual society of Florence centred round the house in the corner of the Piazza dell' Independenza, which now bears the marble tablet commemorating Thomas Adolphus and Theodosia Trollope. In that house I spent many, indeed most, of my evenings in the society of the gifted writer and his brilliant wife, illuminated by the fairy charm of their little daughter Bice. The house is now a *pension* and a room is shown in which the visitor is told that George Eliot wrote *Romola*. Of course, she wrote *Romola* in her house in St. John's Wood, in a room which I knew well, but she did visit Florence for three weeks under the guidance of Adolphus Trollope, to prepare either for her novel of *Romola* or for the review of Villari's *Savonarola* out of which it grew, but she did not stay in this house, and the legend has no foundation. The winter this year was very cold, and there was in the Cascine what the Florentines

called "English skating," a very rare occurrence. Notwithstanding this, the sun kept my apartment on the Arno so warm that I needed no fire so long as it remained above the horizon. The Marchese Torrearsa was then Prefetto of Florence and he gave delightful balls in the apartment of Leone Decimo, in the Palazzo Vecchio, which had not for some hundreds of years been open to the public.

I suppose that my acquaintance with Adolphus Trollope was the reason why Edward Pigott suggested to George Lewes to ask me to review Trollope's *History of Florence* in the *Fortnightly Review*, then recently started under his editorship. Edward Pigott, a prominent writer in the *Daily News*, and Her Majesty's Censor of Plays, had been a very intimate friend of my elder brother Arthur at Eton, and was closely attached to all our family. My brother, who had considerable literary gifts, who had published one volume of poetry when a boy at Eton and another when an undergraduate at Oxford, and continued to write to the end of his life, always looked up to Pigott as his intellectual sponsor. He had been editor of a distinguished newspaper called *The Leader*, of which the two sons of Leigh Hunt were in charge respectively of the political and literary departments, and to which George Eliot was an occasional contributor. Pigott lived in a little house on the south bank of the Regent's Canal with an inscription over the door, "*Nec solitudo nec tumultus*," and George Lewes and George Eliot lived close by, at the Priory, North Bank. When I had accepted the offer to write the article, which I believe was first proposed to have been written by George Eliot, Pigott arranged for me to visit them. I called upon them one morning and was asked to stay to luncheon, and I shall not readily forget my emotions at seeing George Eliot at the head of the table with her majestic arm carving a leg of mutton. Thus began

a friendship which continued to grow more and more intimate until her untimely death.

The arrangement to write the article was made in the autumn, and I determined to execute it during the Christmas holidays at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, where I asked Montagu Butler to engage me rooms; he chose them for me at Murrow's Hotel, a small house close to the sea; my drawing-room was on the ground floor, and the French window at the end of it opened on to the beach. On the last night of the year 1865 there was a terrific storm, the waves came up to the house and half my drawing-room was flooded. Outside the room was a verandah supported by columns, and on that stormy evening I became aware of two men taking refuge under the verandah from the rain. I looked out and saw a tall man with a sombrero hat and a little man next to him. I heard the tall man say in a deep voice, "I love all great sights of nature," rather a commonplace remark. I knew them to be Tennyson and Jowett, and I ought of course to have asked them in, but in those days I was shy, and so lost the opportunity of what would doubtless have been an interesting conversation. Tennyson commemorated this storm in a poem, first published, I think, in an American magazine, and certainly in 1868 in *Good Words;* it began:

> I stood on a tower in the wet,
> Old year and New year met.

If Tennyson did stand on a tower it must have been in his own house, and not in Murrow's Hotel.

The society of Freshwater was composed of a remarkable collection of personalities at this time. For me, Montagu Butler and his wife were the High Priest and Priestess of the worshippers who surrounded the great poet, but an earlier devotee had been Bradley, then Head

Master of Marlborough and afterwards Dean of Westminster. Then came Mrs. Cameron, the wife of a distinguished Indian civilian, an intimate friend of Tennyson, clever and intellectual to the highest degree, full of life and energy, devoted at this time to photography which she led into new paths. She was one of the sisters Pattle, the most brilliant of whom was Virginia Countess Somers, and those who were privileged to live in "Pattledom," as the society of the sisters was called, never forgot it. She was most hospitable, and her house was always open to me. Worsley, the gifted translator of the *Odyssey*, was also a prominent figure, but he was at this time very ill, afflicted with consumption, from which he died, and I never saw him. The two Miss Thackerays, one afterwards the wife of Leslie Stephen, the other the present Lady Ritchie, and my friends the Cornishes, were at a later period added to the group.

I well remember my first introduction to Farringford. Montagu Butler led me into the garden, we came up to a French window leading on to the lawn, and at the end of a table stood a lady, the most beautiful, I thought, that I had ever seen. She had a pale spiritual face, a dark dress, I think of velvet, and a lace cap with lappets falling on either side. I looked at her as the little peasant children look at the vision of the Virgin, who sometimes appears to them when she wishes to establish a new cult or a new place of worship. I felt inclined to run away as if I was not worthy to be introduced to any one so faultlessly pure; however, my guide comforted me, and I was soon received as one of the favoured guests of the family. My acquaintance with Mrs. Tennyson only confirmed the impression which I at first conceived of her. She had a most beautiful countenance, with delicate refined lips, but it bore evident traces of physical suffering. To that good lady I owe a great change in my

inner life; I was at that time much under the influence of George Eliot and of the circle which met at her house. George Eliot was not a positivist, but George Lewes was, and George Eliot was very sympathetic with the positivist view of life. She held that it was immoral and demoralizing to dwell too much on the after life, and neglect the things of the present world, believing that all happiness and misery of human beings arose from the actions of themselves and others, and that unless we convince ourselves that no action of ours is unimportant, that everything we say or do must produce effects for good or evil on all who come into contact with us, and that our motive for good actions should rest not on the sanction of future reward and punishment, but on the consciousness of the incalculable importance of our own conduct, and on a feeling of deep responsibility that our influence should be on the right side and not on the wrong, we shall never lead the lives we ought to lead. All this was driving me to positivism, and, indeed, to materialism, as the guiding principle of life, when my friendship with Mrs. Tennyson stemmed the tide; she turned my thoughts in a spiritual direction, and I owe it to her influence, exercised nearly forty years ago, that I am now securely anchored in the spiritual harbour.

Tennyson had the reputation of being difficult in friendship, of secluding himself and of taking every precaution against intrusion. He was certainly justified in barring out American lion-hunters, who would break through his fences, climb his trees, and do anything to catch a sight of the poet-seer. He lived much alone, was very morbid and introspective, and this produced a bad effect upon his health; the wild horse to which genius is bound carries its burden into strange places, savage woods and desolate deserts. Mrs. Tennyson watched over him with anxious care, and was delighted to find him some companion in

his walks who would not bore him with hero-worship or weary him with metaphysical discussions. He took a liking to me, and therefore I was always welcomed as a sharer of his rambles and a guest at his table. His chief preoccupation at that time was the immortality of the soul and the probability of existence after death. His whole nature revolted against the materialistic hypothesis. I remember once standing with him on the summit of the steep precipice which encloses Scratchell's Bay, and his saying to me as he looked down, "If I did not believe in the immortality of the soul I should throw myself down there." All our conversations seemed to end in this, but I did my best to turn his mind to other topics.

In these conversations he talked about his life at Cambridge and his friendship with Arthur Hallam. He told me a story, which has been often repeated, that Whewell seeing him inattentive at lecture called out to him in a loud voice: "Mr. Tennyson, if a farthing had been put out at five per cent compound interest at the beginning of the Christian era, how much would it now amount to?" He told me that Arthur Hallam was quite the most remarkable person he had ever met, and I think there can be no doubt that his abilities and promise have not been exaggerated by the poet of "In Memoriam." Hallam's essay on the "Spirito Antipapale" of Rossetti is a very remarkable production, and his Italian sonnets, written at the age of sixteen, are certainly better than those of Milton. I always hoped that as a Master at Eton I might find some one to rival Arthur Hallam in this respect, but although I indoctrinated my pupils with Dante they never came up to the level of my aspirations in this respect, not even Gerald Balfour, of whom I had great hopes. I have heard accounts of Arthur Hallam from other sources, which represent him in a different light to that of his poet friend. As an Eton boy he boarded in Hawtrey's house, and an

old servant of Hawtrey's told me that he remembered him distinctly, that he was always called "Mother Hallam" by the boys, that he was the only boy in the house who possessed an arm-chair, and that when the tutor gave a dinner-party there was a combination to throw Mother Hallam's arm-chair downstairs. General Fox also told me that he was the most conceited and priggish young man he had ever met, but there can be no doubt that in the judgment of his contemporaries he was destined for a brilliant career like that of Charles Buller or Henry Maine, and, although his influence on Gladstone was probably more literary than political, his Eton friend would most likely have delivered a similar judgment.

I also had much talk with Tennyson about Dante and Goethe; Dante had obviously influenced him powerfully. The "Dream of Fair Women" could only have been written by a Dante student, and the verse of "In Memoriam" owes much to the influence of the Florentine poet, who taught him how to express complex philosophical ideas in the simplest language, but I should not have gathered from his poetry that he was a close student of Goethe. Realizing at an early age that he was called to be the English poet of his time he took great pains to fit himself for the task, and there was little poetry in any language that he had not carefully studied. I have heard that he once told Bradley that a stanza in "In Memoriam—"

> I hold it true with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things,

refers to Goethe. He often talked to me about his own poetry; he once quoted to me a short poem which he said he had not published because no one would understand it. The first six lines, so far as I remember, were as follows:

The Lord spake out of the skies
To a man both good and wise,
"The world and all that's in it
Will be destroyed in a minute."
The poor man said,
"Give me bread."

I do not recollect how it ended, but the gist of it was: what was the good of giving the poor man bread if the world and all that's in it was to be destroyed in a minute? I found this poem, slightly altered from the version which he recited to me, printed in the last volume of his writings, which was published after his death.

Tennyson's study was at the top of the house, and I have often sat with him there, tins of tobacco lying about the floor. He always smoked a long churchwarden pipe, which, if I remember rightly, he never used more than once. At that time he certainly had no admiration for Swinburne, and he was disgusted at what he considered to be the immoral character of his work. His noble poem of "Lucretius" was written to show how an indelicate subject might be treated delicately, and as he was reading it to me, he exclaimed: "What a mess little Swinburne would have made of this!" I spoke of Swinburne's lyrical power, and he said: "Yes, he can write French lyrics." One passage in "Lucretius" stood originally thus: "Or whom beardless Apple-arbiter decided prettiest." I objected to prettiest, and he altered it to fairest. His dinners were excellent, and especially his wines, which were very costly, and were generally presents from American admirers. He once gave me some Steinberger Cabinet, which coursed through my veins like liquid fire. I felt that with such wine as that it would be easy to write poetry, but he drank none of it himself. His two sons, Hallam and Lionel, were great additions to our society. Once, on taking leave of me after a long day spent together, he asked me if I would

receive them as my pupils at Eton, but I knew they were destined to be under Bradley at Marlborough, and I declined. Perhaps I ought to have accepted. Hallam went to Marlborough; Lionel went to Eton, but he was not my pupil.

My introduction to Robert Browning I owe to William Story. Story and Browning had been close friends for many years. Browning and his wife had stayed with the Storys at Rome, and one summer they hired a villa together at Radicofani, near Siena. Story always described his friend as a most joyous person, full of life and vigour. It was the time of the American Civil War, one incident of which was that a prize was offered for a National Air representing Southern Independence. One of the competing poems began: "When the Missouri Compromise by ruthless hands was broken," to the tune of "Suoni la Tromba." Browning was much impressed by the humour of this, and his voice was heard early in the morning on the Tuscan hills trolling out the commonplace lines to the triumphant melody. I met many people at Florence who had known the Brownings intimately, and they all expressed their surprise that Browning should be considered a poet, "She, of course, was a poetess. We all knew that, but Browning a poet! He was an excellent man, hail-fellow-well-met with every one, but a poet, No!" I suppose that they had never read, or perhaps had not understood, his earlier poems.

I took the letter of introduction, which Story had given me, to the house in Warwick Crescent, near the Regent's Canal, which now bears a plaque marking his residence there. As I went upstairs I heard him playing on the piano—I thought with considerable skill—but I never heard him play on any other occasion. He introduced me to his sister Sariana, and told me that they lived together, *solus cum sola*, and that I was always welcome to

their house; another inmate was a little owl, which used to flutter about the rooms and perch on the cornice above the door. I fancy that it was an Athenian owl, but it reminded me of Shelley's "Aziola." From that time to his death Browning always treated me with the greatest kindness and affection, just as if I was a member of his family; we often talked about the possibility of a relationship between us, but, as I have before said, there is no ground to suppose that it exists. Browning's conversation was a great contrast to George Eliot's. She was always serious, always gave you of her best. Browning rarely discussed serious topics, philosophical, literary, or artistic; his talk was that of a man of the world. We met frequently at the Athenæum, where there was often confusion about our letters, and he was my guest at Cambridge. Once, walking with me at Cambridge through the precincts of King's, as he passed into the Inner Court, where the view of Clare and the trees of the Backs burst upon the eye, he struck his stick upon the ground and exclaimed emphatically: "I'll tell you what it is: Oxford is more grand, but Cambridge is more grandiose." I have never discovered the meaning of these oracular words, and must leave the solution of the problem to my readers.

The last time I saw him was in the last year of his life, when he was on a visit to Trinity Lodge. I took him in the afternoon to be photographed by Mrs. Myers. It was oppressively hot, and the sitting in the close studio fatigued him much. He walked back to the Lodge on my arm, and I had some difficulty in supporting him; we parted at the back door in Neville's Court, and I never saw him again. He used sometimes to complain to me as he did in his poems, of the early neglect of his poetry, and of the lateness with which recognition had come to him, compared, for instance, with Tennyson. It was well known that John Stuart Mill was one of the first to make

known to the world the genius of Tennyson, and that he did so in an article published in the *London Repository*, then edited by Fox, a well-known patron of Letters. Mill showed similar acuteness in discovering Browning's first poem "Pauline," surreptitiously printed by him at Richmond, and he desired to review it favourably in Fox's magazine, but he received an answer that it had been already noticed in a previous number. Upon a close examination he found, at the end of a half column, the two words "Pauline—balderdash." The explanation was that a single line was required to complete the page, and the editor, taking up the first book on which he could lay his hand, and thinking it insignificant and pretentious, described it as I have stated above. Browning declared that by this accident his public recognition had been delayed for twenty years.

CHAPTER IX

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION AND HOUSE MANAGEMENT

ALTHOUGH this narrative does not follow a strictly chronological order, it may be supposed to have now reached the year 1866, when I was twenty-nine years old. I was appointed to a large Boarding House in 1864, and I remained in it till I left Eton in 1875. This, therefore, may be a convenient place for giving some account of the principles which I have followed in the education of my pupils in addition to what has been already said. The tutorial system of education employed at Eton gave full opportunity for the study of individual character on which the highest education must be based. Careful study of boy nature led me to the opinion that the mind of a healthy child grows as spontaneously as his body, and requires no more external stimulus for the purpose of growth than the body needs it; but as the body must have healthy surroundings for its development, the mind must have them also; and these, from our ignorance of the individual mind, it is difficult to provide. We have learned gradually to do away with the swaddling-clothes and other hindrances to the operations of nature which ignorance and custom used to impose upon us, but we have only imperfectly learnt to discard the swaddling-clothes of the mind. Again, a healthy body will, when it is fully developed, reach its normal size and stature, but

the paths by which it arrives at this result will be very different. Accurate observation will show that bodily growth at successive ages differs very largely with different individuals, although the final result which they attain may be much the same. Just in the same manner the mind reaches a normal growth in mature man, but the stages through which the growth has been reached differ very largely with different persons. The mind is always anxious to acquire knowledge, but it is not easy to ascertain what knowledge it is anxious to acquire at any particular moment, and unless this knowledge is supplied, it will turn from every other knowledge with disgust. If this be true, all curricula are failures. A curriculum rests upon the supposition that there is a normal development of mind, and that normal human beings desire all knowledge in a certain order and the same knowledge at the same time of life. This is incorrect, and the result of applying this system is that the curriculum which we have framed will only suit certain individuals and will be quite inapplicable to others. It is probable, indeed, that only a small minority will obtain the mental food for which they are craving, and that the majority will have their intellectual appetites not only unsatisfied, but stunted.

After a long life spent in education I hold these views as firmly as I ever held them, but to show that I held them at the time of which I am speaking I will quote from an article which was published in the *Chemical News* on May 22, 1868, in which I wrote as follows :—

"We cannot speak with any certainty of the process of growth in the human mind. But by careful watching we seem to arrive at the conclusion that the faculties of each mind are evolved in an order peculiar to that individual. There is nothing more capricious or inexplicable than the steps by which the full manly growth is arrived

at from the size of childhood. If you take twenty boys at eleven years old, with some knowledge of their parentage, you may predict what development they will have reached at twenty-five. But you cannot indicate the steps by which this development is to be attained, or the age at which the most critical changes will occur. It would seem to be the same with the mind. Experience of boys' minds tends to show me that they are not generally indolent or inactive; that, if they are surrounded by healthy conditions, they are really desirous of growth and nourishment. The chief difficulty of the teacher is to discover the precise food which is required at a given time. If this is offered, it is received and assimilated with the greatest ease and rapidity. The most perfect possible education would be given by supplying at the right moment the intellectual food for which the healthy mind is craving. The most astonishing results in education have been produced where very able men have given their whole thoughts to the education of very able boys."

Eton offered singularly favourable opportunities for meeting these difficulties, first by the tutorial system, which, as I have explained, gave the tutor a large share in the boys' education, which he was able to vary at his pleasure, and secondly, from the comparative wealth of the pupils, which secured that want of money should be no obstacle to an improved system. I therefore conceived the idea of presenting to each of my pupils in turn one kind of knowledge after another, until I found the particular knowledge for which his mind had at that time an affinity. It also seemed to me that in the case of a sluggish brain the first thing was to find the *punctum saliens*, the vulnerable point, the Achilles heel of the intellect, the leaf patch in the skin of the horny Siegfried. When that was found, and interest stimulated in that particular direction, other faculties of the mind would gradually awaken to life, and the whole intellect would be roused, and with the intellect the character of the man. I determined to try

experiments in this direction, and I thought that, if the results of these experiments could be accurately recorded, just as experiments are recorded by medical practitioners, a science of education founded on observation and experiment might be formed, which at present does not exist. I said in the article above quoted: "It would be well if schoolmasters could adopt the plan of describing their cases of education as methodically and accurately as a doctor describes his cures. In this way a mass of information might be collected which would be of the greatest service in forming a true theory of education."

The first instance I shall quote is that of Charles Devas, a singularly charming boy, sweet and lovable, of very high character, but, at the time of which I write, lethargic and without interest. His desire seemed to be to lead a happy, thoughtless life, to go to a comfortable college at Oxford, and to enjoy his not inconsiderable means. He had no ambition and no care for the studies of the school. One day he showed up to me a Latin theme, in which he supported the Doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings. I said, "Surely you do not believe in that nonsense, do you?" On his declaring that he did, I suggested that he should write an English essay upon the subject, and he wrote an admirable esssay, which is still in my possession. Other essays on similar subjects followed, one, I remember, on "Science and Knowledge." It soon became apparent to me that he had a strong inclination to study history, and I made the suggestion that he should do this, which was readily accepted. I advised him to read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* completely through, making an abstract of it as he proceeded, which he did, of course, in his spare time. The effect of this study upon him was very remarkable. The aspect of his face changed, he became methodical and industrious in all his work. When he had completed the

perusal of Gibbon I found that he was deeply interested in history and in the record of human progress, and I advised him to enlarge his studies by reading the four volumes of Dyer's *Modern Europe*, which would teach him the history after Gibbon to the present time. When he had done this, he completed his labours by the study of Greek and Roman history before Gibbon, so that he had made a thorough exploration of Universal History. His ambition began to develop. He determined to go to Balliol, instead of the college which he had previously selected, and worked hard to prepare for the entrance examination. He had little or no capacity for languages, at least for the ancient languages, but he overcame his dislike to them, and taught his mother the Greek characters that she might assist him in his lessons. He went up for Balliol and was successful. He had now finished his course of history, and how was he to spend his time before he went to the University? I suggested Political Economy, and the study of Adam Smith in preference to Mill. When he had mastered *The Wealth of Nations*, I asked my friend Henry Sidgwick to examine him, and he reported that he was a thorough master of Economic Science, so far as it could be learnt from Adam Smith. Sidgwick could not understand why I had advised him to read Adam Smith and not Mill, which was very characteristic of Sidgwick.

At this time he was captain of my house, performing his duties admirably. He was to leave Eton at the end of July, and a few days before he left he came and said that he had a most important communication to make to me, that he was a Roman Catholic, and wished to be admitted to that Church. I asked him how he had been converted, and he replied that he had been converted by no man and by no book, but that the serious study of history had convinced him that Roman Catholicism was the only true religion. I should imagine that this was the first time

that any one was made a Roman Catholic by the study of Gibbon. He said that I was the first person to whom he had communicated his intention, but that he wished to obtain his parents' permission on the next day, and to be admitted on the day following, which was Sunday. I said that I had so deep a respect for his mind and character that I could not but feel that he had done what was right. My only fear was lest he might be disappointed, and that, having embraced a form of religion by a sudden enthusiasm, he should come to feel that it did not give him everything that he expected from it. He said that he was sure that that would not be the case. The event proved that he was right, and he lived and died a distinguished and honoured member of the Roman Catholic Church. At Balliol he had a successful career. I have been told that Jowett, after hearing his first essay at Balliol, said to him, "Are you a Quaker?" which did not show any great amount of insight. He became Professor of Political Economy in the Catholic University founded at South Kensington, and wrote several books on his favourite study, which, I believe, have a great reputation in Catholic circles and perhaps outside them. Shortly before his death he sent me a copy of his last book, in which was a touching inscription saying that he owed his interest in economic studies to the original stimulus which I had given him.

In the article published in the *Chemical News*, of which I have already spoken, I find the following entries with regard to two other of my pupils:—

"A., aged 14, stupid in classics and mathematics, fond of chemistry experiments, and of mechanical contrivances. Attended a course of lectures with 'Roscoe' as a text-book; answered questions on the first twelve chapters of 'Roscoe'; read Hofmann's *Chemistry* with a competent teacher; begged to be allowed a chemical tutor in the

holidays, and worked with him through Conington's *Analysis;* if he works well will be fit for a foreign university in a year's time; his general intelligence has wonderfully brightened and his love of work increased.

"B., aged 14, clever in classics, fair in mathematics, generally cultivated in languages and history. Studies chemistry in 'Roscoe' and 'Hofmann'; gives most of his time to geology in 'Lyell' and 'Jukes,' which he knows thoroughly; is well acquainted with the geology of Scotland and the Isle of Wight; spends his leisure time in arranging fossils; read Darwin's *Cruise of the 'Beagle'* twice, and the *Origin of Species* with avidity and intelligence."

The second of these entries refers to a distinguished person, now living, who has been a Cabinet Minister and may be again. The first refers to my pupil, Charles Henry Colvile, who, after a distinguished career in the Army, died as General Sir Henry Colvile, by a motor accident. At the time when my experiments began he was a careless, idle boy without any special interest in any intellectual occupation. . He was sent to Eton when eight years old, was fond of games as they were played in those days, and singularly tough. He seemed made of unbreakable india-rubber, and acquired a reputation of this kind when he went into the Guards. His usual manner of entering the water when bathing was to lie down on the top of the wooden steps at Cuckoo Weir and roll slowly into the stream. He was a cheery boy, full of vivacity and spirits, but not apparently intellectual. He was destined for the Army, and had to pass the examination. I discovered, by what accident I know not, that he was interested in Science, which at that time generally meant Chemistry. As Science was not then taught at Eton, I engaged Mr. Rodwell, a competent teacher, to give courses of lectures on Chemistry, and afterwards on Physics, in my pupil-room at my own expense. This

was the first regular instruction in Science ever given at Eton. When I was a boy, Professor Pepper used to deliver lectures which were very interesting, amusing, and instructive, but were not of a formal or methodical character. An incident connected with these lectures is worth recording. One day Mr. Rodwell was holding a bag under his arm containing a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen for the purpose of producing a brilliant light. He said that the two gases ought, properly, to be enclosed in separate bags for fear of explosion, but that the particular bag which he used had a stopper composed of a large number of thicknesses of gauze, which would entirely prevent the flame running back so as to ignite the gas. He then proceeded to draw a vivid picture of what would occur if the gases did ignite. "In the first place," he said, "my arm would be blown off, then the windows would be blown out, and you would probably all be killed. But," he ended, "there is no danger whatever of that." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a terrific explosion occurred. I had been so much impressed by what he said that I thought at first that we had all been killed and had passed through the portals of the other world, and I came deliberately to the conclusion that the next world was very like the world in which we live, as the boys were all sitting in the same places on the same forms. How the man of science explained the entire failure of his own prediction I do not remember, but we all laughed heartily, and the incident was regarded as rather humorous than serious.

Scientific studies took such a hold on Colvile that they produced effects upon him similar to those which history had produced upon Devas. He became industrious and thoughtful, the appearance of his face changed, he was diligent in his lessons, and spent his pocket-money in buying books for his private reading. He also arranged

for himself a chemical laboratory at his home at Lullington. The time for his entering the Army approached, his father wished him to learn foreign languages, and consulted me as how it could best be done. I advised him that he should be sent to Paris to study Chemistry in the best laboratory there, in order that he might learn French without knowing that he was studying it, and that a year later he should go to Zurich for the same purpose, where he would learn German. This advice was followed, and he became, I believe, quite at home in these two languages. In the examination for the Army he gained very nearly full marks for the Mathematical and Science papers, and his after career was sufficiently distinguished to justify my exceptional treatment of him. It very rarely happens that parents are properly grateful for what you have done for their children, or that they even understand it. In this case, however, the father sent me an appreciative letter, saying that his son had come to me idle and apparently stupid, but that I had turned him into a well-educated and intelligent man. If I really did so, it was by employing the means which I have described, and giving the powers of nature scope to operate in those directions to which their innate impulses led them.

It also appeared to me that manual labour was strangely neglected in the training of boys, that there are some minds which can only be approached through practical work, and if this were added to other studies very few would be found who are incapable of intellectual education. I fitted up a carpenter's workshop to be used by my boys, but the experiment was not a success. I may say here that on one occasion, when I was reflecting on the pupils who had passed through my hands, I could only remember one whom I could honestly regard as intellectually deficient, and he afterwards gained a

high post in the Civil Service by a competitive examination. I will conclude these remarks about curricula by quoting the last paragraph of my article in the *Chemical News* :—

"The greatest danger which we are running in England in the matter of education is of adopting a too extended curriculum which must necessarily be shallow. They are discovering in France, Germany, and Holland that they have made this mistake. But in these countries everything is regulated by a ministerial programme, and the only method of consulting special aptitudes is by introducing a system of bifurcation, which answers as badly abroad as it does in England. But in our great English public schools the freedom from control among the boys, and the close and affectionate relation between tutor and the pupil, give scope to a liberty of learning and a liberty of teaching which we are told are the informing spirit of the German universities. To these two great principles we ought to cling. The advocates of new studies only succeed in proving that they are good engines of education. They do not convince us that we should abandon the old studies or force the new upon all. De Tocqueville left us a warning that we should not become 'polytechnisés,' as Frenchmen are. The real advance in education lies in the reverent and loving watching of each human soul, the guarding it from all influences which may confine or distort its growth, and in surrounding it with all the food it asks for the support of its daily life, that by the gradual process of individual development it may arrive at a mature character which will find the world in which it lives in accord and harmony with its aims and aspirations. If this training were adopted by us, a public school would present a rich variety of character which philosophers think that our modern society is certain soon to lose. And in obtaining this diversity, science has to play a very important if not the chief or leading part."

One of the great difficulties of a House Master is the employment of his pupils during the long evenings. At

Eton every boy had a separate room, excepting in the case of brothers, who might share a room together. In my house the rooms were arranged in two passages, the surveillance of which was easy and thorough. In these rooms the boys were confined from the time that the house was locked up, which varied with the season of the year, till the time when they went to bed at 10 or 10.30 p.m. The lock-up was as early as 5 p.m. in the winter months, and as late as 8.45 p.m. in the height of summer. Supper was at nine, tea at five; supposing the tea lasted an hour, there remained three hours during which it was necessary to keep the boys employed, and this was no easy task. A large number read in their own rooms; indeed, the possession of a room was a great help to independence and dignity of character, particularly to boys of the Etonian type, who were accustomed to a certain amount of ceremony in domestic intercourse. It was unusual to enter another boy's room without knocking. Notwithstanding this, the problem remained. Twice a week there was an hour's "private business" for all upper boys, but this, while it occupied the tutor, did not engage the time of many of the boys; again, going out to extra studies such as French, German, and Mathematics with tickets, occupied a certain amount of time. Some tutors used to allow house-football to be played in the passages, but that was quite inconsistent with the principles on which our house was conducted. As I have before explained, the ground-work of my system was to make the house resemble as nearly as possible the refined homes from which it might be assumed the boys had come. The rooms used by the boys—even the pupil-room—were always kept neat and well furnished. The boys had their own pictures and ornaments; but in my many travels abroad I had bought a number of photographs of the masterpieces of Italian art, had them

framed by the house-carpenter, and lent them freely to the boys to hang in their rooms, to take the place of the silly sporting pictures which they would have otherwise purchased. They became very fond of these pictures, and I allowed them to take with them a certain number when they left school. I had evidence that familiarity with these works of art had a permanent influence on their taste. In the case of a young man who was drowned while an undergraduate, I found that the pictures which adorned his rooms at Balliol were all copies of those which he had learnt to admire in my house, although he was quite a child when I gave up my mastership. The pupil-room was the home of the House Library, on which I spent a good deal of money and thought; it became, when I left, the nucleus of the present College Library. Also, the Boys' Reading Room was full of works of art, casts of Greek sculpture, copies of Italian pictures, and similar adornments. It was my object that it should contain things easily broken in order that the boys might learn to treat them with respect, as they would at home. All this had undoubtedly a refining influence on the lads. I thought also that, as many of them might become patrons of art when they grew up, it was important that they should have some idea of what good art was. It will be seen, therefore, that the rough school-life of a barrack, however defensible from some points of view, was the very reverse of my ideal, and I was indeed horrified when, on visiting my pupil-room years after, I found the centre of it occupied by a billiard table, and its only ornaments a number of *Vanity Fair* caricatures; showing that the master to whom it belonged must have had very different notions about education to my own.

In some years we found private theatricals a great assistance in preserving the discipline of the house. Educa-

tive in themselves, if the players were properly chosen, they occupied time in rehearsals, which, as all the performers belonged to the same house, could be arranged so as not to interfere with work, and as my mother and sisters were good actresses, and were particularly fond of this kind of entertainment, the plays were certain to be well performed. I had a theatre fitted into my dining-room, which answered the purpose very well. The theatricals at Evans's were very famous and admirably conducted. William Johnson, also, the great pedagogue, favoured this kind of entertainment, and not unfrequently wrote plays to be performed by his pupils. Unhappily, all these performances were stopped by the Head Master, who had no house of his own, and was not a great pedagogue, on the alleged ground that these scattered performances in the different houses interfered with the excellence of the school-play, which for the time he preferred, although it was distracting to the boys' work and deficient in the tenderer influences of domesticity. We also had house-singing in our drawing-room once a week, and, before I left Eton, I presented a cup to the school for competition in house-singing; but this came to an end after I left. The problem which I have stated was always present to my mind; I cannot claim that I solved it in a satisfactory manner, but I did my best. Cards were strictly forbidden, not for moral reasons, but because they were destructive of time. Any cards found were destroyed, and punishments were inflicted if cards were played. I made a habit of visiting the boys' rooms constantly, and I believe that I was generally a welcome guest. I read prayers every evening in the dining-room after supper, that is about 9.45 p.m.; the boys then went upstairs, each to his own room, and I followed them. I went into every boy's room in the house to bid them "Good Night," and I occasionally stopped a considerable time, indeed, my work

was never over till 10.30 p.m. I found this an excellent opportunity for confidential talk, for discovering and aiding a boy's special tastes and for discussing difficulties. I seldom made these visits an occasion for finding fault, so that they were more desired than dreaded by my pupils.

It is impossible to write about a Master's work in his Boarding House without saying something about school morality, which is a question of vital importance and of constant anxiety to any one who has charge of a house of this kind. I can only say that I did my best to trust my boys completely, and to take the elder boys into confidence with regard to keeping a high standard of conduct. I communicated to them any suspicion I might have of immoral influences, and expected them to do the same with me. It is important to preserve school honour and to maintain the principle that one boy should never tell of another, but offences against morality are rather of the nature of disease than of crime, and it would be as idle to conceal their existence through a sense of false shame as it would be to hide a case of measles or scarlet fever. These confidences, which seldom occurred, were occasionally resented by some boys outside the house, who lived in a lower moral atmosphere, but never in the house itself. My main idea was to create a healthy tone, so that if any boy had done wrong in secret he might be made to feel ashamed of it by a pure and healthy environment. A truly virtuous and loving home will not secure those who share it from the commission of evil, but it will make them ashamed of what they have done as soon as they return to it from the society of their bad companions. It was too often the practice of the authorities at Eton to ignore the existence of immorality, to take no precautions against it, but to punish it severely whenever it was discovered. This seemed to me unjust. You have no right to inflict a severe punishment on a boy for an

offence of which, however grave it may be, he does not understand the seriousness, unless you have taken every pains to secure that the atmosphere in which he lives is untainted, and that, if he sins, he does so from his own depravity. But the whole question is one of the greatest difficulty. I am no great believer in Public Boarding Schools. They are, perhaps, a necessary evil in a complex civilization, but they are an evil. Education up to the age of manhood should be given in the home. The society of sisters, of parents, is absolutely necessary to purity and simplicity of life. Even the qualities of self-reliance and resource, of adaptability to the world are, I believe, better fostered in a good home than in a Public Boarding School. Experience at the University has taught me that many young men who are especially distinguished by popularity, by influence over their fellows, by dignity of conduct have been educated entirely at home. But if many English boys must be sent to Public Boarding Schools, make the school as like the home as possible. This is the standard which I certainly kept before myself when I was a Master at Eton, and I wish to impress the importance of it on all who may read this volume.

CHAPTER X

PARIS UNDER THE EMPIRE AND ROME IN 1868

THE year 1867 was full of interest to me. At Easter there was the usual visit to Rome, in the summer Switzerland and the Paris Exhibition, and at Christmas another visit to Rome, and the excitement at Eton of electing a new Head Master. At Easter I went to Venice with my friends Walter Barrington and Marchie Gosselin. Gosselin died, as Minister at Lisbon, when on the verge of being appointed Ambassador at Vienna. We crossed by the Brenner, and returned by the Mont Cenis, and I remember Gosselin being sympathetically struck by the beautiful portraits of the young King of Bavaria, Ludwig II, then full of brilliancy and hope, but whose life was to end in disaster and gloom. At Venice we had a time of rare enjoyment; Barrington and a young English tenor, who joined our party, used to spend much of their time in the Piazza di San Marco eating ices and listening to the band, but Gosselin and myself worked steadily through Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, verifying each illustration on the spot, so that in three weeks we saw the place thoroughly. In the summer my companions to the Engadine were my excellent pupil William Denman Benson and Colonel Augustus Liddell, Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, with his sons. We went to Pontresina where we could scarcely get enough

to eat, we climbed the Piz Languard, then but little known, we crossed the Bernina to Poschiavo and had the audacity to bathe in the lake. This lake is of the most entrancing Italian blue, but at the same time of the most deadly coldness, as it is fed almost entirely by glacier water. Following our usual practice we went out in a boat, undressed, and plunged into the lake, but we were out again in a moment. Benson, however, remained calmly in the water and swam round the boat laughing at us. He was indeed a hardy fellow whom nothing seemed to injure. I remember receiving at Pontresina a letter from George Eliot written from Ilmenau, urging me to meet her at Dresden. It was a strong temptation, but I could not alter the arrangements I had made. We continued to explore new valleys and to traverse little-known glaciers until we found ourselves at Innsbruck. Benson went off to Zurich to learn German, and I continued by myself. I heard that the cholera had broken out in Zurich, and that a considerable number of people were dying every day. Benson insisted upon staying there, and I went to see him. I had made elaborate arrangements only to stay at Zurich a few hours and not to sleep there, but all these arrangements fell through, as too often occurs. I never was before in a plague-stricken city, shunned by the rest of the world; a lurid blue mist hung over the town, the streets were deserted, the population seemed to be waiting for death. Benson was, however, perfectly happy and cheerful, quite determined to stay there till he went up to Oxford, and as he was living on the heights above the town, I could leave him with more equanimity.

The Paris Exhibition of 1867 was the culmination of the glory of Napoleon III. The Exhibition itself was admirably arranged, and it was the occasion of inviting to Paris the principal Sovereigns and statesmen of

Europe, including those who were afterwards to bring about the destruction of the Empire. I spent a considerable time in the Exhibition and examined it carefully, making some purchases in it, fragments of which I still possess, including a wine-service of Bohemian glass, and a dinner-service of Limoges porcelain. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the French Court at this time, enchanced by the splendid extravagance of wealthy foreigners. The Bois was crowded with equipages, brakes *à l'anglaise*, victorias with four horses *à Daumont*, and there was no apparent sign of the coming catastrophe.

General Fox was a frequent visitor to Paris during these years; he had an apartment in the Place de la Madeleine, close to that of Mrs. Maberley, whose daughter he married after Lady Mary Fox's death. He was attended by his faithful servant Bernardo, who cooked his dinner for him. One evening, when we had just concluded our simple repast, and had consumed a *soufflée aux fleurs d'orange*, which would have done honour to any *chef*, the door opened and a gorgeously dressed manservant entered the room, bearing a large tureen of chased silver in his hands. It contained turtle soup, sent from the table of Baron James de Rothschild for the General's consumption. We looked at each other with enquiring eyes, because we had just finished our dinner. The General said, "Do you dare?" I consented to dare also, and we ate the soup. "Don't tell Mary," said the General, and with good reason. I suffered no ill effects from the imprudence, but the General had an attack of indigestion, and when I returned to London and dined with Lady Mary, and had to report that the General was not quite well, she forced me to reveal the rash act which had caused his illness.

General and Lady Mary Fox had been intimate friends

of Louis Philippe, and were frequently guests at the Tuileries in his reign. The General did not care much for the Emperor, whom he regarded as a parvenu, hardly, indeed, a gentleman, and he would never allow me to enter into any relation with the Tuileries, or to know any of the Emperor's Court, although Miss Maberley was a regular guest at Compiègne. Louis Napoleon when in London had proposed marriage to a niece of General Fox, which he regarded as a piece of impertinence, but from the traditional connection between the Bonapartes and Holland House their friendship continued. General Fox was in Paris during the Republic, and Louis Napoleon, as President, asked him to breakfast. When they rose from table, the President said that he had to review a regiment in one of the barracks, and invited the General to accompany him. When they arrived, the President found that he was not very well acquainted with the proper words of command, and asked the General to put the soldiers through their drill. This he did, and the band played "God Save the Queen." "How strange," the General said to me, "that I, an English general, should be standing in a French barrack-yard, with a nephew of the great Napoleon, reviewing a French regiment, the band playing the English National air!" General Fox was well acquainted with Spain, and spoke Spanish like a native. He was an old friend of the Montijo family, and in his travels had visited their château, when the Empress and her sister were children. They were very beautiful girls, merry and light-hearted, and he remembered how they had shown him all over the house, and that when they came to the chapel they had sat upon the altar, which was, of course, without furniture, and smoked cigarettes. It was therefore natural that after her marriage with the Emperor she should pay him attention. He was asked to dine at the

Tuileries, and was placed between the Emperor and the Empress. Here the spirit of mischief entered into him, and he could not refrain from talking Spanish to the Empress, to the Emperor's great disgust, as he was but imperfectly acquainted with the language. Also, the subject of their conversation was the Empress's early life in Spain. He recalled her governesses, and the Emperor exclaimed, "What! did he know her too?" The Empress, seeing her husband nettled, joined in the fun, and the result was that General Fox was never invited to the Tuileries again, which apparently did not cause him much sorrow.

It was in the apartment of the Place de la Madeleine that I first met M. Waddington, afterwards French Ambassador in England, freshly laden with the spoils of archæological research from Asia Minor. I was afterwards his guest in Paris, and saw him in London and at Cambridge. He spoke English with more marvellous exactness than any Frenchman I have ever heard; he had all the faults of an inarticulate John Bull, he stammered, halted, and his words tumbled over each other. There was nothing very wonderful in this, because he had been educated at Rugby and at Cambridge, and was in many respects, besides his name, an Englishman, but when you heard him speak English, you doubted whether he could ever speak French. I am not sure that I ever heard him speak French, and I have received different accounts of his performances in this respect, some saying that he spoke perfect French, others that he had a decided English accent. It is, I believe, true that his over-Englishness prevented him from being elected President of the Republic. One day General Fox called me into the *salon* to be introduced to a visitor. "Here," he said, "is the man whose father was the only Frenchman who ever defeated an English man-of-war in fair fight at sea, and who is himself

the only honest man who serves the Emperor." The poor visitor, who had just been appointed Ambassador to Holland, grew red and looked as if he would gladly sink into the earth. General Fox was much given to these extraordinary outbursts, which were interesting to me, as representing the Whig traditions, and the customs of old Holland House. One day, in 1863, when the war between Prussia and Denmark was imminent, General Fox, who was a strong Dane, invited the Ambassadors of the two countries to dinner, and chaffed them mercilessly the whole time, making them shake hands, so that I wondered that they did not leave the room in disgust.

The Empress Eugénie was at this time the pearl of French society, and no word was spoken against her. She was recognized everywhere as a worthy Sovereign, born to wear an imperial crown. Dr. Evans, the American dentist, the Emperor's intimate friend, used to tell me that he arranged the marriage which turned out so happily. The Emperor was looking for a wife, and some Countess, whose name I forget, said to Evans: "Why should not the Emperor marry Eugénie Montijo?" She was invited to a ball at the Elysée, in her brilliant beauty, and the Emperor danced with her nearly the whole evening. Some time afterwards Evans was with the Emperor in his study, when the post arrived with a letter, which caused him great annoyance. It was the refusal of the hand of a Princess, whose alliance he was seeking. The Emperor said: "I am sick of all these intrigues. I won't marry a Princess; I will marry your American."

"She is not an American," said Evans; "she is a Spaniard."

"I do not care what she is," replied the Sovereign, "I will marry her," and the marriage took place. She was certainly supremely beautiful.

When I was a boy at Eton I took great interest in

the arrangement of the rooms which the Emperor and the Empress were to occupy at Windsor Castle, and I saw them drive down Piccadilly from the terrace of Bath House. In Paris, of course, I met them constantly; only once, however, at the Tuileries, at Mass. The Mass always ended at midday, and began when the Emperor made his appearance in the chapel, so that it was of variable length. It, however, always contained the "*Domine salvum fac Imperatorem nostrum*," whatever part of the service was left out.

At this time few of the literary men of France visited the Tuileries, with the exception of Merimée. When the Queen of Holland, who was a very literary lady, came to pay a visit to the Emperor and Empress at Paris, she remarked on the absence of men of letters. The Emperor said, "They do not come to me; they go to Madame Mohl." The Queen, at the Emperor's request, went there and found what she wanted. I had the good fortune to be introduced to Madame Mohl early in my Parisian sojourns, and I was for some years a constant attendant at her *salon*. She resided at No. 40 Rue du Bac, in the house in which Chateaubriand had lived and died. The furniture and the decorations were unchanged from his time, the walls being panelled with dark red tapestry. Madame Mohl's *salon* was the continuation of the historical *salon* of Madame Récamier, which had descended without a break from the famous *salons* of Louis XIV. Madame Mohl's was the last Parisian *salon* of that type; after her there was none, so that he who has not been to Madame Mohl's has no idea what a typical Parisian *salon* was like. All the refreshment you received was a cup of bad tea and a piece of bread-and-butter. You were invited for purposes of conversation, and there must be nothing to interfere with this great end. Two fundamental rules were laid down for your observance—that the conversation was to be

in French, and that it must be general; there was to be no whispering of individuals in corners; everything must be uttered for every one to hear. Madame Mohl's genius directed and swayed the *salon*, but without the appearance of authority. If there was a small party, her chair would be the centre of a semicircle round the fire; if the company was more numerous, her influence was more extended, but just as real. The society was chiefly male—indeed, I do not remember meeting ladies there; if I did, they were certainly in a minority. It embraced all the most celebrated living writers in France; indeed, the splendour of it was overwhelming, and the recital of their names, as you were introduced to them, sounded like the titles of a library of standard authors. I cannot now remember who was present, except by recalling that no one was absent. One evening she said of herself, "Autrefois j'étais timide, mais celà passe." It certainly had passed when I knew her. I do not recollect much coruscation of wit; the wittiest member of the party was certainly Madame Mohl herself. She was a most genial hostess, full of kindness and good-humour, an English lady married to a German, but both of them so French that little of their original country remained. I entertain the most grateful recollection of her, and I have no sympathy with the cynicism which has sometimes been unkind to her in recent years.

During the time of the Empire I always stayed in Paris at the Grand Hotel, a most comfortable establishment, with an excellent *table d'hôte* for eight francs, wine included. The Louvre, when it was first opened, gave you a dinner for six francs, including wine, but the wine was not so good. During the war of 1870 the Grand Hotel was used as a hospital; it was much disorganized, and I never went there afterwards. At Rome I generally stayed at the Hotel Constanzi, in order to be near my

friends the Storys, who lived in the Palazzo Barberini, close by, and one winter I spent in the Palace as the Storys' guest. I was very fortunate in being intimate with this family, because not only was their society delightful in itself, but their *salon* was the most fashionable and the most comprehensive in Rome. All parties met there, white and black, Cardinals and Ministers of Victor Emmanuel. Prince Massimo, the Postmaster-General of Pius IX, was a frequent guest, and, on his appearance in the apartment, the great ladies used to crowd round him and ask why they had not received their letters. "*Ah Principe, dove sono le mie lettere?*" was heard on all sides, and the Prince gave the best excuses he could. He doubtless inherited the dilatory habits of his ancestor Fabius Maximus, and had communicated them to his office. Story was one of the most brilliant and versatile of men, and his graceful and dignified wife gave distinction to the company over which she presided. He was the son of the famous Chief Justice whose decisions had a considerable share in forming the precedents of the American Constitution. After his education at the University was completed he became a barrister, and before he was thirty published a treatise on Contracts, which became a standard work in the American Courts. But his love of art and literature drew him to Europe. His first sojourn was in Germany, where he addressed Teutonic cabbies in the language of Goethe, and was surprised to discover that they did not understand him. But he found a congenial home in Italy. I must at that time have known nearly every one in Rome who was worth knowing, and when I read Marion Crawford's novel depicting the society of that time it seems to me I can tell the names of all his characters. I have sat for hours in Story's studio as he moulded his subjects in clay, and memories of his unfailing humour

come to my recollection. He used to relate how an American senator once said to him, "Story, it's a marvel to me that a man of your genius, with such a career before you, should come out to Rome to pinch mud," and how another senator looking at Story's statue of Dalila, holding a purse behind her back, said, "And what may it be that the lady has in her hand?" and on Story explaining that it was a purse, he continued, "Is it then, sir, your intention to indicate her as accepting a pecuniary compensation?"

The apartment occupied by the Story family was situated at the top of the north wing of the Palace, and consisted of a long series of rooms ending in a large hall suitable for dining, dancing, or theatricals. It had previously been occupied by Lady Coventry, whose daughter married Henry, second Lord Holland, the brother of General Fox. In Story's hands it soon acquired literary associations; it was here that Thackeray read "The Rose and the Ring," as it flowed from his brain to a suffering child, the daughter of the house; it was here that Hans Christian Andersen, dressed as Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," led a *troupe* of little children through the long chain of rooms, but there was no Koppelberg Hill to receive them at the end; here Clough called on a visit to Rome, and Story addressed him as "Clow"; here Hawthorne was a favoured guest as well as Robert and Elizabeth Browning; here was the Roman home of Longfellow, Lowell, and Leland, the friendship of all these I owe to the Palazzo Barberini. Perhaps the most habitué of the house was Odo Russell matist, who at this time became en the Earl of Clarendon, who was Rome. Lord Clarendon had School Commission, and I to the Head-mastership

sudden and unexpected resignation of Dr. Balston. Dr. Balston had given six months' private notice of his retirement to the electors, but only three weeks' public notice, so that there was no opportunity for a public candidature. We Eton reformers thought this a scandal, as it undoubtedly was, and we hoped that the Commissioners might interfere, which was of course impossible. I found Lord Clarendon, who was courtesy itself, seated on a very cold day before a blazing fire, from which Story predicted an attack of Roman fever for one if not for both of us. There were no fires, or very few, in the Barberini Palace, and those who dined there had to dress themselves accordingly.

In the multiplicity of remembrances which crowd upon me it is difficult to select, but I will mention two, an outdoor and an indoor scene. The artists of Rome used every year to hold a picnic at Cervara, a spot in the Campagna where there are a number of caves, and Story, when he was able to go, was always an honoured guest amongst them. It was a contributory feast, each party took their own luncheon with them and consumed it on the grass. There was plenty of fun and jollity, and the afternoon passed merrily away. I drove out with the Storys in the glorious sunshine, and I well remember that, after our feast was celebrated, Odo Russell produced with solemnity a large English plum cake, a slice of which he handed to each of us. We ate it as devout John Bulls, and Americans forgot Doodle for the moment, and what was then permanent and abiding duty of twisting h Lion. The Ambassadors of the lived in huge palaces, forming h special privileges; the ity and its name to the fresh Ambassador was

appointed, it was the custom that he should convey to the Pope an autograph letter from his Sovereign, announcing his arrival, and he drove slowly through the city in a carriage of State bearing the epistle on a velvet cushion. In the evening the Palace was thrown open, nominally, to all the world, but I suppose that few went who had not an invitation, certainly none who were not properly dressed. The broad staircase was divided into several flights, and from the first landing the entrance and the lower steps could be easily surveyed. When a Cardinal or an Ambassador or an Ambassadress approached, six servants in gorgeous liveries descended, each bearing a large silver candelabrum with wax lights, and with this ceremony the honoured guest was conducted up to the apartment. The splendour of the scene was indescribable; the Roman princesses wore their costliest jewels; the Princess Teano, radiant in her unsurpassable beauty, which made Englishmen proud of her, was crowned with a classic tiara set for her by Castellani; the Princess Roccagorga wore the jewels of her Orsini house, and had driven from her gloomy home in the Transtevere, guarded by a squadron of Papal cavalry, lest she should be plundered on the way. Saldanha was there, his coat plastered with orders, and as I talked to him I could not forget that he represented in his person the history of the Peninsula for fifty years. I walked through the rooms with Miss Story on my arm, our names announced at each doorway, and immediately after our own resounded the announcement of "*Il Senatore di Roma*," who followed us; the one survival of that ancient body, clad in medieval dress, putting to shame my claw-hammer coat and white tie. I do not know if such scenes occur now, but, if they do not, Rome has lost one of its most characteristic sights.

Strange adventures awaited me, when I returned to Eton after this delightful winter, to welcome Dr. Hornby, our new Head Master. I had reached Genoa in company with an Eton boy, when it suddenly occurred to us that, instead of the uncomfortable passage of the Mont Cenis in winter, and the scarcely less disagreeable drive along the Riviera, we would take the opportunity of travelling by a French steamer, *L'Assyrien*, which was bound for Marseilles. We put all our goods and chattels on board, even our rugs and umbrellas, and engaged our cabin, but we were assured that the boat would not start till six p.m., and that we could not dine on the ship. We dined therefore at my favourite hotel, the "Croce di Malta," and set out in ample time to find that the place of the *Assyrien* was vacant, and that the ship had left for Marseilles. We went back indignant to the steamboat office which, as it was Sunday, was hermetically sealed. There was no remedy but to drive along the Riviera until we met the railway to Marseilles. We engaged two seats in the *banquette* of the diligence, thinking that fresh air was preferable to the stuffy interior. The landlady of the "Croce di Malta" supplied us with blankets, and thus wrapped up, without a shred of luggage, we travelled for two nights and the best part of two days till we reached the railway. On arriving at Marseilles we sought out the *Assyrien*, which we found in a remote portion of the harbour. We explained our position to the officer on board and demanded our luggage. "*Vos bagages, Messieurs, mais nous avons laissé vos bagages à Gênes*," was the response. Our luggage had been left at Genoa, and we must travel through Paris to England without it. We went to the British Consul and stated our grievance. I received my luggage at Eton a month later, but every article of jewellery had been carefully abstracted on the transit.

I was especially anxious to return to Eton in good time in order to greet our new Head Master, but being delayed, as I have described, I sent a telegram to explain my absence. I was told afterwards that the Masters were all standing in "Chambers" with their new Chief, in great embarrassment on both sides, neither party knowing what to say, as they had scarcely ever met, when a telegram was put into the Head Master's hands which he read to the assembled company: "Have been unavoidably delayed by the perfidy of a sea-captain." A roar of laughter ensued, and the ice was broken with the most excellent results.

The year 1868 was the time of the famous General Election, which placed Mr. Gladstone in power and opened a new era of civilization. Eton was, partly by my efforts, taken out of the County and included in the Parliamentary representation of the Borough of Windsor, which gave a vote to many who would not otherwise have possessed one. Mr. Darvil, the Liberal agent, gloated over the approaching triumph; "a virgin constituency," he said, smacking his lips. The Liberal candidate was Roger Eykyn, the Conservative, Colonel Richardson Gardner. I supported Roger Eykyn to the best of my ability, and he won by a small majority, due entirely to the Eton vote, so that he attributed his success to my exertions and was duly grateful. In those days the candidates were nominated on public hustings, and for this purpose a platform was erected just outside the Town Hall, the famous Town Hall of Windsor built by Sir Christopher Wren and decorated with a statue of Queen Anne, under which is a Latin distich in which there is a vile false quantity. I once pointed out this false quantity to John Conington and he failed to see it, excusing himself by saying that these slips were so common at Oxford that he had forgotten that they were wrong. In the early hours of the morning Richardson Gardner had marched his lambs

in from the neighbouring villages, and they formed a dense phalanx in front of the portion of the platform on which I was standing. The moment I began to speak they set up a loud and formless howling, which entirely prevented me from being heard, interspersed with cries of "Pay your butcher's bills!" which, as I did not owe sixpence to a butcher, was very inappropriate. Having performed my duty I returned to Eton in time for eleven o'clock school. I was then summoned to attend the Provost. On entering the Lodge, I found the passages and rooms hung with placards, "Vote for Richardson Gardner," in large characters. The Provost expostulated seriously with me on the impropriety of an Eton master taking part in a public performance of this kind, especially on the Liberal side. I reminded him of the placards with which the house was decorated, and he replied this was the work of his children, and he had not taken an active part in the canvassing. I rejoined that by the exhibition of the placards he had publicly announced his political sympathies, and that a humble person like myself could only counteract his influence by oratorical efforts. A similar interview followed with the Head Master, who was supposed to be a Liberal, but I met his remonstrances by reminding him that his great friend Ridding, Head Master of Winchester, had shown his sympathy with the Liberal cause by marching through the streets in a procession headed by a band, and had thus expressed his approval of schoolmasters taking an active part in politics. This argument was difficult to answer. My conduct on this occasion did me both good and harm. It stamped me definitely as a fighting Liberal, a position which, I hope, I still occupy. It induced the Marquis of Abergavenny to withdraw the names of his sons, whom he had placed on the list for admission into my house, but it strengthened my friendship with Frederic Harrison, John Morley, Henry

Labouchere and other Liberals, and made it natural that I should some day stand for Parliament myself.

The result of the Windsor election made me a close friend of Roger Eykyn; I was a constant visitor at his house on the Thames, Willow Bank, close to Surly Hall. Here I met Henry James and many other Liberal members of Parliament. Eykyn also lent me his house in Upper Brook Street whenever I wanted a home in London. We also frequently hunted together, both with the staghounds and the harriers. At the time of which I am speaking I used to enjoy a day's hunting whenever my work would allow it, and I was fairly well known as a follower of the Queen's Staghounds. This led to the only offer of ecclesiastical preferment which was ever made to me, a somewhat surprising fact, considering that Eton masters always wore white ties and were addressed as reverend, although they were laymen. I was asked to be chaplain to the Bucks Yeomanry, a post which I should have enjoyed if I had been able to accept it.

CHAPTER XI

SICILY, RUSSIA, ROME, AND SCOTLAND

IN the Easter vacation of 1869 I went to Sicily with my pupil Gerald Balfour, then a boy of sixteen. I never had a more enjoyable holiday. Our first stopping-place was Palermo, where we visited Monte Pellegrino and the Bay of Mondello, where we found delightful bathing. In the neighbourhood of Palermo were the remains of extinct animals, and some shells of oysters which must have been too large for comfortable human consumption. It seemed to me a delightful provision of nature that oysters should become eatable by man just as man became capable of eating them. I can even now recall the view from these caves: the sea a dazzling ultramarine, the sand a pure gold, the gold and enamel of a costly bracelet, more vivid than would have been thought possible in nature, if represented in art. We visited the Cathedral of Monreale, and on our return read a speech by Amari in the Italian Parliament, saying that the road between Palermo and Monreale was infested by brigands and was entirely unsafe. We took great interest in the manufactures of inlaid marble, which have come down without a break from the Saracen times, and I purchased at a moderate price some marble tables, which I still possess. Leaving Palermo, we took ship for Messina; the night was very hot, and we left the portholes of our cabin open, but as we both suffered from sea-sickness we were not very comfortable. Without any warning, a huge wave dashed into

the open space and drenched our berths. Balfour exclaimed in a plaintive voice: "Here is another addition to all our miseries." The wetting, however, cheered us up, and the sea-sickness passed away. From Messina we visited Taormina, which is often said to be the loveliest place in the world; I have never thought it so. We got up early in the morning and walked to the theatre to see the sun rise on Etna, but the result, as is usual on such occasions, was disappointing. I have never got up to see the sun rise without regretting that I had done so; on the other hand, to lie in bed on the Rigi Scheideck and to see, as you lie there, the sun gradually tinge the Bernese Alps, is very enjoyable. Still better is it to start on a mountain expedition by torchlight, to see the torches gradually extinguished, and then to watch the various phases of the pageant of the coming Titan. In short, it is all right if the sun rises to look at you, but it is a delusion if you rise to look at the sun.

We went to Syracuse by steamer, and I well remember how we sped past the rocky coast, so near that it seemed that you could touch it, and then suddenly burst into the glorious harbour. We were assailed here by several lines of emotion, first by memories of Thucydides, making out from the description given in his history the progress of the siege and the final catastrophe, visiting the theatre and the stone quarries where the Athenian captives were confined, and the ear of Dionysius. Our second enthusiasm was aroused by the mythical stories enshrined in ancient and modern poetry. We bathed in the very pool of Cyane in which Pluto carried off Proserpine; cool and refreshing it was, fringed by feathery stems of real papyrus, paper made of which we purchased; and we thought of Alpheus and Arethusa, how at night they sleep in the rocking deep, beneath the Ortygian shore, like spirits that lie in the azure sky where they love but live no more.

Our final enthusiasm was about the wine. We discovered that there are at least eight different kinds of wine manufactured in Syracuse, none of which could be exported or produced anywhere else, from the gentle Amarena, of the colour of crystal water, grown on Plemmyrium, to the luxurious Occhio del Bove which rivals the port of Portugal. Syracuse left deathless memories in our minds. From Syracuse we drove to Catania, crossing the Simæthus, in whose bed are found pieces of amber tinged with a delicate green, connected in some way with the great volcano. We did not ascend Etna, nor did we see the ruined cities and temples on the south coast. It was our habit on our drives to fill our carriage with oranges at a penny a dozen, for such was the price in those days; to purchase small loaves of bread, for the bread in Italy is always good, being made presumably of a mixture of wheat flour and Indian corn, and with a bottle of country wine to enjoy the most exquisite luncheon conceivable. Sicily is, indeed, a beautiful country, not Greek and not Italian, answering rather to the Italian conception of Greece, as expressed in Latin poetry. The Greece of Vergil. copied from the Greece of Theocritus, is really Sicily.

The summer holidays of 1869 were spent in the north of Europe. I made my way to Gothenburg, and then by the Gotha Canal to Stockholm, by universal opinion a very beautiful city. Hence I proceeded by steamer up the Gulf of Finland to Abo, Helsingfors, and Wiborg, till I reached St. Petersburg. We were at Wiborg on a Sunday, and here I had the opportunity of seeing a curious dancing party, in which the men never saw or spoke to their partners excepting during the dance. The moment the dance was over the couples separated, and the men shut themselves up in a small room, while the women remained behind in the dancing saloon. When

the music began again, the men rushed out, seized the same partners with whom they had danced before, executed the waltz or the mazurka in the legitimate manner, and, when the music stopped, fled once more to the male sanctuary. The reason for this coyness of separation was never explained to me.

I had been told that I should find Russia in September extremely hot. On the contrary, on my arriving at St. Petersburg I found it bitterly cold, and having no clothing to meet it, I was detained in my rooms by a feverish attack, which, however, soon passed away. I saw the sights of that marvellous city, which has always excited my admiration, and as the assassination of sovereigns had not then become fashionable, I was able to move about with greater ease than I should be now. I dined with Sir Andrew Buchanan, the Ambassador in the Palace, where the representatives of the English Government are so magnificently housed, and spent a Sunday with him and his family at Ligovo. His two daughters, one of whom was afterwards settled at Cambridge as the wife of my friend J. W. Clark, rowed me about the lake. I went to Moscow, which is more wonderful than St. Petersburg, and especially admired the Treasury, which contains all the presents made to the Czars of Muscovy from the earliest times. I found the country still suffering from the effects of the Crimean War, but it was not apparently torn by internal dissensions, and the Czar did not go about in fear of his life. I was deeply impressed by the similarity between the Russian and the Byzantine Empires, and felt more than ever convinced that the Czar is the legitimate successor of the Palæologi, and that the peace of the world would be best assured by a Russian occupation of Constantinople. Petersburg, a purely artificial creation, becomes year after year less fit to be the capital of the Russian Empire, the two foci of

which are Moscow and Kiev. A state, firmly founded on these pillars, one civil, the other religious, with Constantinople for a port, would find itself in harmony with the nature of things and with the conditions of healthy development. Finland, no longer a danger to the capital, could be restored to Sweden; free passage through the Dardanelles would give an outlet to the wealth of Southern Russia, and the successors of Peter the Great would devote themselves to the creation of a really European monarchy, instead of indulging in wild and impossible ambitions in the Far East. Such were the ideas I formed in 1869, and the experience of forty years has given me no reason to alter them, but has rather confirmed my confidence in their soundness.

I had excellent introductions, which I found of great service to me. I was received at Moscow by some German merchants named Achenbach, who invited me to a magnificent dinner at the Kitai Gorod, the Chinese city. The only other guests were Lord and Lady Eustace Cecil; the fare was so copious that I regretted that a long previous fast had not prepared me for its consumption. The *Zakushka* or *Vorkost*, which preceded the dinner, was of the dimensions of an ordinary meal. We had every luxury that the country could supply—sterlet soup, sturgeon exquisitely dressed, double snipe. The wines, of the choicest French and German vintages, were all present on the table. We three English guests were seated at the head of the board, and at the bottom, below the salt, the Brothers Achenbach, as if we were the hosts and they the guests. In those days merchants had not been admitted to an equality with the best Russian society. We were waited upon by picturesque servants, dressed in linen tunics of various colours, and, as we dined, we were regaled by music from a gigantic mechanical organ. Lord Eustace Cecil had been pre-

sented with a free pass over the Moscow-Odessa Railway, not yet open to the public, which he was unable to use, and he offered to transfer it to me, but the acceptance of it would have implied an alteration of my plans, which I was not prepared to make. On my way to Nijni-Novgorod I visited the Troitska Monastery, where I ate the cold cabbage soup, called *tschi*, with a holy wooden spoon, which I still possess. I also bought some incense, specially manufactured there, which served to purify my rooms at King's for many years. I have never found such sweet-smelling incense anywhere else. As I was informed it was impossible to sleep at Nijni-Novgorod because of the insanitary nature of the hotels, I arranged to arrive there early in the morning and to leave it at night. I was hospitably entertained by the representatives of the Brothers Achenbach, and thoroughly enjoyed the unwonted sight. The Fair was the meeting-place of West and East, and was the most important survivor of those great periodical markets which have played so important a part in economic history. I do not know whether it still exists, or if its form has been changed. I purchased turquoises and the skins of black unborn lambs, and some Ural diamonds, which I had made into studs. The weather was very cold, but I had been told that, a week before, crowds of both sexes had been disporting themselves in the Volga in torrid heat. I returned to Petersburg after being absent a week and spending £30.

From Petersburg I made my way first, like Napoleon, to Dresden, and then to Weimar, where I had very interesting experiences. I found there an old Etonian named Wilson, an intimate friend of the Goethe family. He told me that when he was a boy at Eton he had seen George III, a pale figure with a long white beard, standing at one of the windows of what is now the Windsor Castle library, looking out into the small courtyard, which is in

front of the Great Quadrangle. He was, of course, at that time in confinement as a lunatic. He also told me that, as an Eton boy, he had seen Keate, the great flogging Head Master, as he descended the steps of Upper School on Sunday afternoon, after giving out the subject of the weekly theme, pelted by the smaller boys with atlases and dictionaries, of which he took no notice whatever. So much for the discipline of the rod. Mr. Wilson had lived in Weimar for many years, occupying for some time the Goethe house. He was one of the first to welcome George Eliot and George Lewes on their arrival at Weimar, and also one of the first to tell them that their relationship could only be made possible by a real or supposed marriage, and, whatever they were in actual life, they must call themselves Mr. and Mrs. Lewes. There was some difficulty with regard to Lewes being received at the Grand Ducal Court, but this was afterwards overcome. Not even Mr. Wilson's influence was sufficient for me to obtain permission to visit Goethe's house, but I received an invitation from Ottilie, Goethe's daughter-in-law, in whose arms he died, to spend the evening with her. I was obliged to refuse it, as it was my duty to return to Eton by a certain day, and had no perfidious sea-captain to allege as a reason of my laches. Never have I felt the call of duty more disagreeable, and never have I had more qualms of conscience in succeeding years as to whether it was my duty after all, and whether I ought not to have sacrificed everything to that immortal tea. "*Nessun maggior dolore*," Dante says, "*che ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria.*" To me it is a greater blow to think of the delightful experiences I might have had if I had not bowed my shoulders to the cross of duty. Mr. Wilson gave me the manuscript of an unpublished poem of Goethe's, which I have unaccountably lost, and he urged me strongly to visit his intimate friend Carlyle,

which unfortunately, and entirely by my own fault, I never did.

The year 1869 brings us very nearly to the fall of that brilliant French Empire, which had dominated Europe for nearly twenty years to an extent which it is difficult for men of the present generation to understand or appreciate. I was present at the last opening of the Chambers at which Napoleon III appeared, and I well remember the splendour of the scene. I also recall the insouciance of the Cent Gardes as they read their *Gaulois*, waiting for their master, with an air which seemed to indicate more obedience than respect. The year 1870 witnessed the great Œcumenical Council at Rome, and thither I naturally bent my steps. Good fortune enabled me to be in the very thick of it, because I not only met Odo Russell and the chief actors in the Council, at the Palazzo Barberini, but as Mr. Childers, an intimate friend of mine, and at that time First Lord of the Admiralty, was in Rome, I heard everything that was going on. Childers cannot be said to have been an ecclesiastically minded man, but the fact that he was a member of the English Cabinet was sufficient to make him an object of *convoitise* to both parties in the struggle. He was, like myself, lodging at the Hotel Constanzi, and I have often seen Dupanloup and Manning contending for the mastery over him as they walked him round and round the exiguous garden of our caravanserai. "Calling at the Hotel Constanzi," Manning said, "I saw the card of my arch-enemy in Mr. Childers' rack, and immediately trumped it with my own." The struggle was, at that time, about the Schema Fidei, a discussion preceding that of the infallibility of the Pope, which was to come later. It was known that it would be passed, it was also known that there would be a minority against it, but would the minority vote *non placet*, or would they abstain?

Childers constantly met Sir John Acton, as he then was, in society, and brought us varying rumours. On the great day of the Council, Childers had been given Odo Russell's seat in the diplomatic box, and he kindly took me down in his carriage as his Private Secretary. We drove round the north side of St. Peter's to the entrance to the Church of Santa Saba, where we saw the Cardinals robing. I stood at the entrance to the Council chamber, close by the Guardia Nobile, with whom indeed I was mixed up, and could see and hear everything that passed. It was a wonderful sight, the last general Council, I suppose, that would ever meet. The scene resembled the pictures I have seen of the Council of Trent, a transept closely packed with robed prelates, barriers at the end, surrounded by Noble Guards in gorgeous uniforms, Chamberlains, and Knights of Malta in medieval dresses, and simple civilians *en frac* like myself. After a certain number of speeches had been made the voting took place, the assentients expressed their opinion by a loud *placet* which, pronounced in the Italian fashion, sounded like the quacking of an almighty duck. We waited in vain for a *non placet*, but none came. When, after many hours, we retired weary and famished, through Santa Saba to our carriage, Manning came up to Childers, shook him enthusiastically by the hand, and said with beaming eyes: "Is it not magnificent? Unanimous too!" It was a striking contrast, when I visited Rome in the following Easter, after the Italian occupation had taken place, to find St. Peter's absolutely deserted, the brilliant decorations of the Council entirely absent, and a single priest officiating at a plain unornamented altar. The holding of the Council did not prevent the ordinary gaieties of Rome from proceeding as merrily as usual. There were numerous evening receptions and midday picnics in the Campagna. Among the crowd stands out

in my recollection the genial personality of Arthur Hodgson, my eldest brother's intimate friend, the possessor of Clopton, the well-known Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon.

I used often to hear the story of Hodgson's life, partly from himself and partly from my brother, so that I may here record it. He was at Eton, with his elder brother, afterwards Colonel Pemberton, of Trumpington, and from this school he went to Corpus at Cambridge, where he spent a very genial, but somewhat extravagant existence. The father, being dissatisfied with his son's pecuniary position, announced a sudden visit to the College, but Arthur begged him to defer it, on the ground that he was ill in bed and could not possibly receive him. However, at the time announced in his letter the father appeared, and found his son not in bed, but entertaining a joyous party of undergraduates at dinner in his rooms. The son welcomed his parent cordially, made him partake of the feast, and introduced him to his friends, so that the evening passed to the satisfaction of every one. Next morning, however, the father represented to his son that this kind of life could not continue, and Arthur started immediately for Australia. This was in the early forties, and Arthur Hodgson on arriving in the colony had much difficulty in making a living. I have heard him say that he had carried about meat as a butcher's boy, and that he had painted a house from a ladder. He afterwards joined a party of explorers. At a great distance from Sydney they came upon a smouldering fire, from which a number of blacks had just fled. Among the ashes, Hodgson discovered a penknife with the name of the maker, Rodgerson, Eton, a cutler whom every Eton boy of our time remembers living close by Windsor bridge. He regarded this as a good omen, purchased the site and called it Eton Vale. When the country was more fully explored it was found that his estate, although a long distance from Sydney, was not far from

the coast of Brisbane, and thus the value of it was largely increased. He became a very wealthy man, and the progenitor of children in every way worthy of him. The affection I feel for him and for his noble-hearted wife, who has shared both his struggles and his success, must be my excuse for this digression.

The summer holidays of 1870 were coincident with the war between France and Prussia. I therefore thought it better to avoid the Continent, and to take the opportunity afforded me by a number of invitations which I had received to pay visits to friends in the North of England and Scotland. This was my first visit to Scotland. As an Eton Master, I used to receive frequent invitations to stay at the homes of my pupils, but, much as I appreciated the kindness and valued the experience, I availed myself very sparingly of the privilege. This was mainly for two reasons, partly because I am no sportsman, and dislike anything which has to do with killing animals, and partly because it has been my practice through life to rise very early, beginning work generally at 6 a.m., and to go to bed early, not liking to stay up later than half-past ten or eleven. The usual conditions of an English country house are entirely opposed to these notions, the guests being generally enthusiastic about sport, and life in the smoking-room being an almost necessary part of existence. Still, I thoroughly enjoyed the experiences of these visits, and I am deeply grateful to those who made them so enjoyable. My first visit, in 1870, was paid to my old friend George Howard, at Naworth Castle, where I found my Roman-American friends, the Storys, who had taken a country house in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. I need not describe the well-known beauties of Naworth, the home of Belted Will. We took our meals every day in the baronial hall, and Howard and myself bathed in the neighbouring stream. It happened that George Howard and myself

were at this time so exactly like each other that it was difficult for our most intimate friends to distinguish between us. George's own father, Mr. Charles Howard, has mistaken me for his son, and at Naworth the servants used to come up to me, mistaking me for their master, and ask for orders. I have known Lord Houghton, who was an intimate friend of both of us, talk to me in the drawing-room as if I were myself, and in the dining-room as if I were Howard. Once, when I was dining with the Howards in Kensington Palace Gardens, Boyce, the painter, apologized to me, supposing that I was George Howard, for having just before in the street mistaken myself for him. Also, one Sunday afternoon at George Eliot's, when Sidgwick was present, serious embarrassment was caused by Mrs. Cameron mistaking George Howard for me, and refusing to accept his assertion that he was not personally acquainted with an intimate lady friend of mine. These misunderstandings were more embarrassing to George Howard than to myself, because he was much more frequently in London. At last they became intolerable, and at one of Lady Airlie's breakfast-parties he came up to me and said he had determined to grow a beard, and that I must promise never to do the same. I have religiously kept this promise, but it was time that the distinction was made, because when I went into the garden at Airlie Lodge a fashionable young lady, whom I did not know, came up to me, and after jauntily enquiring what was the time, said still more jauntily: "Why, you have shaved off your beard since yesterday!" When I remarked that I was not Mr. Howard she disappeared, like a frightened fawn, into the bushes, and I did not see her again. No one who now met the Earl of Carlisle and myself together would imagine that there had ever been the slightest resemblance between us. At the same time, any one who is acquainted with Howard's portrait by Watts, and Chap-

man's portrait of myself, might imagine that they were intended to represent the same person.

From Naworth I went to Arthur Balfour's at Whittingehame, where I spent a delightful week. His brothers Frank and Gerald were there, and I made the acquaintance of his three sisters, Nora, afterwards the wife of my friend Henry Sidgwick; Evelyn, who married Lord Rayleigh; and Agnes, who has always devoted herself to her brother's comfort. Whilst I was there the Franco-Prussian War was proceeding, and news of battles used to arrive every day. A young lady was staying in the house whose fiancé was engaged at the front, and this gave the vicissitudes of the war a thrilling interest. We visited the Bass Rock and other places in the neighbourhood, and the time passed joyously. Arthur was then twenty-two years of age, and I remember his telling me, as we went by train to Edinburgh, that the doctors had assured him that he could not possibly live to the age of thirty, a fact of which I have now and again reminded him during his career. At that time he had that mingled endowment of charm and genius which has remained with him ever since, and has made him unique amongst English statesmen. He is one of those men about whom it would be impossible to say whether you admire him or love him most; happily our friendship has remained unbroken to the present day. I also visited Lady Airlie at the Tulchan of Glen Isla, where I had my first experience of deer-stalking. I was not at all impressed by these feudal castles and the deserts which surround them. I infinitely preferred Switzerland with its democratic ownership and the absolute right of wandering where you please, except when the ground was actually needed for the service of the owner. Lord and Lady Strathmore were staying at the Tulchan, and they kindly invited me to spend a few days at the haunted Glamis. My nerves had been duly

strung up by narratives of the secret room, and brilliant as was the hospitality of this noble castle there can be no doubt that a sojourn there is accompanied by eerie feelings. The Blue Room, in which I slept, was in the haunted portion of the house, and Major Dempster, my neighbour, was in a room even more haunted than mine. We drew lots as to who should stay in the other's room until we fell asleep, and it fell to Major Dempster's lot to stay with me. The house contained the room in which Macbeth was murdered, a picture which is supposed to walk out of its frame, and an avenue frequented by at least one ghost. The mystery of the "Secret Room" has not been revealed, but I never met any one competent to give an opinion who did not believe in its existence.

Another visit was paid to Professor Blackie at Oban, who frequently visited me at Eton in order to see how I instructed my pupils. An account of one of these visits is to be found in his letters to his wife, recently published. He was a most sincere and genial man, and brought a bracing breath of Scotch heather air into any society which he entered. His letters contained fragments of sympathetic advice in the corner of the envelopes, written in Greek characters, varied, I imagine, according to the idiosyncrasy of the correspondents. Mine was usually *χάλεπα τὰ καλά*, which was intended to imply that I was doing an efficient work, which I should find it extremely difficult to carry through, as, indeed proved to be the case. My upper pupils and myself used, in the summer half, instead of the regular "private business" to read Euripides at sight, generally a play at a time, reading the Greek text by turn out loud, and stopping when there was a difficulty. My pupils and myself were fairly expert at this performance, but Blackie, when he was present, was much to seek. When we referred to him for a translation, he struck his brow violently, and said that the word in

question must evidently be connected with the root *x*, but the exact meaning he never attempted to give us. At Oban he used to close the day by reading the Bible in Gaelic, a language which I never attempted to master. He was a firm and unswerving friend, and I shall never forget his kindness and the encouragement which he gave to me in the difficulties of life.

From Oban I went to the Duke of Argyll's, at Inverary. The Duke himself was absent, but I was hospitably entertained by his family. Inverary Castle seemed to me to combine, more than any house I was ever in, the qualities of magnificence and comfort. The drawing-room was furnished with Gobelin and Aubusson tapestry, not for ornament, however, but for everyday use; the turrets at the four corners formed most delightful sitting-rooms, with exquisite and varied views. The conduct of the house had all the splendour so conspicuous in Scottish mansions, which are little palaces in themselves; the Scotch dress was freely worn, the heir exercising the privilege peculiar to himself of bearing two eagles' feathers in his bonnet; the Campbell badge of the silver fish was everywhere visible, yet the life was thoroughly homely, simple and domestic. I may recall one or two incidents of my visit. The Duke being absent I was asked to read prayers for the household, and accepted under protest. I found that the Duke had translated the Lord's Prayer for himself, and that I had to read a version which differed from that to which I was accustomed. This naturally disconcerted me; but worse remained. It was customary to read a portion of Scripture and, as an English Churchman, with not much independent knowledge of the Bible, I chose the second lesson of the day without previous examination, and I found to my horror that it consisted mainly of an emphatic warning that it was difficult or impossible for those who had great riches to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. How-

ever true this might be, it was hardly in good taste for a stranger to bring it prominently forward to the minds and intelligences of the retainers of a ducal establishment. One day we went shooting ptarmigan on Ben Bhui; I refused the offer of a gun, saying, to the amusement of the gillies, that if I wished to shoot I would shoot with somebody else's gun. I did not know what harm I might do with a gun of my own. The plan was that the sportsmen should follow the ridges of the mountain, and that the gillies should beat up the ptarmigan from below, the guns being fired the moment the bird appeared. My companion fired at the appearance of feathers with no result, but immediately afterwards the ingenuous face of a young gillie appeared over the ridge. He had fired at the feather in the gillie's bonnet, and it was a miracle that he did not kill the gillie himself. I was more than ever thankful that I had refused a gun. My companion and myself, who were in advance, had the luncheon with us, and being very hungry we consumed large portions of it before our hosts came up, which I believe is entirely opposed to the principles of shooting-parties in good society. Hunger, however, knows no laws and no etiquette. At breakfast one morning the Marquis of Lorne took leave of us, and said that he was going to Balmoral. I was informed afterwards, in confidence, that the object of his visit was to ask for the hand of Princess Louise, which was graciously accorded to him. I was present at their wedding in St. George's Chapel, and his brother came down to Eton and had tea with me in the afternoon after the ceremony.

I spent the remainder of my vacation at St. Andrews, where I was introduced for the first time to the mysteries of golf. I used to play a round every morning before breakfast with Norman Lockyer and Professor Tait. Tait had then the reputation of being the best performer on the links, but was afterwards surpassed by his son. I

purchased a complete set of clubs, very different to the clubs of the present day, but I was never much of a player. The occasional exclamations of the caddies, "We must bring Tom Morris to you!" were fulsome flatteries. I can play better now at seventy-two than I ever could in my life, but I am still a very bad player. I was one of the founders of the old Golf Club at Cambridge, and once, after going the round with a professional, he remarked with the characteristic frankness of the unspeakable Scot, "Well, yer verra bad, and ye'll never be any better, you drop yer arm or suthin'." This prophecy has proved absolutely correct. The society of St. Andrews, outside the golf, was charming beyond description, the most prominent figures being Principal Tulloch, the brightest and most unsophisticated of men, and Mrs. Oliphant, a distinguished woman of letters, whose genius is, I think, not sufficiently recognized at the present day. I found St. Andrews so attractive that I became a life member of the Golf Club, intending to visit it every year, but I have never been there since. Perhaps it is as well that I should not exhibit my feebleness as a player in that world-famed metropolis of the game.

CHAPTER XII

ROME, BERLIN, AND ETON REFORM

IN the spring of 1871 I determined to take my mother to Rome, although in order to reach Italy we should be obliged to make long *détours*. We crossed from Dover to Calais on March 31st, proceeding thence to Cologne, where we stayed a few days, hearing Mass in the Cathedral in the morning and Mozart's "Requiem" in the evening of Palm Sunday. We were anxious to reach Munich, but on arriving at Mainz found that the through trains were not to be depended upon, and that we must sleep there. The town was full of soldiers, and our impression was that the Prussians were extremely arrogant and looked down with great contempt on every one else. They were very busy and much harassed, and so allowance ought to be made for them. We found it best not to linger at Munich, but to push across to Venice, which we reached after a journey of thirty hours, rather a strain, I feared, for my mother, who was seventy years of age. At Venice we had lovely spring weather—the finest weather, indeed, I have ever experienced in that city—and it would have been better had we rested there longer, but I was anxious to reach Rome. We stayed at Florence in my favourite hostelry, the Hotel d'Italie, still hung with the gold and silk tapestry of Queen Caroline Murat. We saw all the sights of Florence, including the Villa Mozzi, at Fiesole, where it was originally intended that the conspiracy of the

Pazzi should be carried out. We saw the races in the Cascine, and were surprised that so little enthusiasm was shown for King Victor Emmanuel as he drove down to them. I asked my driver why this was so, and he only replied, "*Se fosse Galibardi*"; if it were Garibaldi, the feeling would be different. At Rome I had with me the monumental work of my friend Robert Burn, on the monuments and topography at Rome, recently published. We took this with us in the carriage, and, indeed, worked all through it at the precise spots to which it had reference. I was in those days well acquainted with the topography of Rome, but recent and more complete excavations have entirely changed the conditions of the problem, and made books, which do not contain accounts of them, obsolete.

Schoolmasters are notoriously energetic in their holidays, they know exactly when their freedom begins and when it comes to an end, and they are anxious to make the most of it. But, I must confess that the amount of sight-seeing accomplished by my mother and myself during our stay in Rome, as recorded in her Diary, quite astonishes me. We arrived at Rome on April 11th, having travelled by the night train to Florence, and we left on April 20th, so that our stay in the Eternal City did not exceed nine or ten days. During this time we saw St. Peter's, the Collegio Romano, the Capitol, the Forum, the Marmorata, the burial-ground of Keats and Shelley, San Paolo Fuori le Mura, the Palatine, the Villa Ludovisi and the Gardens of Sallust, Santa Maria degli Angeli, the Lateran Church and Palace, the Scala Santa, Santa Croce, the Porta Maggiore, the Porta San Lorenzo and the Church of the same name, the Villa Doria Pamphili, the Pantheon, the Frescoes of Cupid and Psyche in the Farnesina, the Via Appia, the Villa Borghese and the Pincian, the Baths of Caracalla, the Fountain of Egeria, the Vatican sculptures, Monte Mario, the Minerva, the

Ghetto, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Barberini Palace. Considering my mother's age, and that in her notes no mention is made of the numerous social functions to which we were invited, the performance may be regarded as remarkable. I did not realize at the time the strain to which we were exposing her, but her bright and living narrative shows how keen was her enjoyment for everything she saw. The continuance of the war made the return journey difficult and tedious. We travelled without a break from Rome to Botzen, where we slept, the next day to Rosenheim, and the following day to Munich, having Arthur Balfour and Spencer Lyttleton as our companions for part of the way. As the train left the station a strange garment, apparently belonging to a hospital, was thrown into the window, with the explanation that the gentlemen had left it behind. It was immediately ejected, and Balfour said that it had followed them from place to place and they had never been able to get rid of it. He supposed that it would find them out again. Such is the consequence of travelling in war time. My mother was evidently suffering, and these short journeys did not sufficiently relieve her. On April 24th we made a forced travel from Munich to Cologne, but here she succumbed to an attack of dysentery, the result of too much exertion aggravated by a slight attack of Roman fever. I was due at Eton, and was obliged to leave her at the Hotel du Nord, where she was carefully nursed and attended to. She remained there till May 24th, and we had to begin the school time without her, a terrible strain upon our resources. The boys, however, behaved splendidly, and we welcomed her back again after the fourth of June. As she lived eighteen years afterwards, dying in 1889 at the age of eighty-eight, this illness cannot be said to have produced permanent effects.

In the Christmas holidays of 1871 I visited Berlin with

my friend and colleague, Henry Luxmoore. The war was now over, and we were in a position to hear much about it. One of the objects of my visit was to ascertain the opinions of distinguished scientists as to the teaching of science in schools, which was now becoming a burning question at Eton. For this purpose I consulted, among others, Helmholtz and Du Bois Raymond, and I was a frequent guest at the house of the former; their opinion was that mathematics was far more important as a training for boys than science. Du Bois Raymond said that if it were a question as to whether boys should study three hours' mathematics a week and three hours' science, or six hours' mathematics without science, he should certainly prefer the second alternative. Helmholtz gave his opinion that a sound mathematical training was an indispensable preliminary to the study of science. He used at that time to lecture on mathematics in the University of Berlin, and the only lecture I ever heard him give was on some branch of high mathematics, of which I am bound to say that I understood nothing. I do not know how far these views about the teaching of science are accepted or acceptable at the present day, but they were certainly held some forty years ago by the best living authorities on the subject. The weather in Berlin was bitterly cold and there was heavy snow, but I went a good deal into society, generally to two or three parties a night. Locomotion in these snow-blocked streets was somewhat difficult, and required careful arrangement. I drove to dinner at five o'clock, the fashionable hour for that meal; at the appointed time my servant met me with a carriage and took me to the next engagement, and so on throughout the evening. It would have been cruel to keep horses waiting in that keen atmosphere, often in falling snow. Helmholtz, as I have said before, was very hospitable; I afterwards met him more than once in the Engadine, the air of

which he regarded as a restorative after hard intellectual exertion, and he visited me at Cambridge. It was a shock to me, but a pleasant one, to see, on a recent visit to Berlin, my friend standing in white marble in front of the University which he had so long and so brilliantly illustrated. Another hospitable mansion was that of Lepsius the Egyptologist. The entertainment of these houses was genial and unpretending; an æsthetic tea was followed by a simple supper, in which smoked goose breasts were a constant dish. I visited the Mendelssohn family in the Französische Strasse and saw the brother, and the sisters of the "*leider zu früh gestorbenen Felix*," as they characterized him. We usually had three string Quartettes at these parties, the last always by Haydn—"*Man schliest gern mit Haydn*," Mendelssohn's sister remarked.

One of the most interesting personalities in Berlin at this time was John Bigelow, who had been American Ambassador in Paris before the war, and his unconventional, warm-hearted and delightful wife, whose kindness I shall never forget. I was first introduced to her on the ice, and she asked me to dine that evening; we were quite *en famille*, only the children, who have since worthily illustrated the name of their parents, being present. Mrs. Bigelow sat at the top of the table preparing to carve a piece of roast beef.

"Mr. Bigelow," she exclaimed, "what has happened to that beef?"

He replied, "As, my dear, I never saw it before in my life, how can I possibly tell?"

"Mr. Bigelow, how can you say so?" rejoined his wife; "you know that you brought it home this morning yourself, wrapped up in a piece of paper."

"So I did, my dear," answered the husband; "I remember its form exactly, there was a curve just at the head of it which cannot be mistaken, and I see it now."

"No, Mr. Bigelow," was the reply, "the servants have eaten it, and there will not be enough for Mr. Browning's supper."

I hope I may be forgiven for reporting this conversation, as it is so characteristic of one of the most original and fascinating ladies that I have ever met. One day the Bigelows invited me to the Opera to see a performance of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music. We sat in a large box on the grand tier precisely opposite to the royal box, in which the Crown Prince Frederick was seated with his son, the present Emperor William. They were following the play closely, evidently with the Greek text. Mr. Bigelow was not much interested, and went to sleep. He woke up just when Creon was standing between the dead bodies of his son on one side and his daughter on the other. He remarked, with a philosophical air, "I guess the old fellow is in a pretty good fix now." The different manner in which the play was regarded by the occupants of the two boxes was a striking example of the contrast between the old culture and the new. I used to call on Mr. Bigelow in his hotel in the Thier Garten almost every day and take him for a walk. One day he gave me a copy of Bryant's translation of Homer, and challenged me to find any mistake in it. One line ended with the words, "Those who dwelt at Aspledon," which I fear that Mr. Bigelow pronounced as if it were the name of a suburban villa. I pointed out to him that the name in Homer had the vowel "e" most decidedly long, and said that Mr. Bryant showed a grave defect in scholarship by his false quantity. He said that he must take time to consider the matter, and would give me an answer the next day. When I met him he excused his favourite author by saying, "Well, you know, this is a very difficult word to get into a line." At this time the San Juan question was pending between

ourselves and America, and the German Emperor had been appointed arbitrator. German feelings at this time were much opposed to ourselves, as it was thought that in the war English sympathies had been rather on the side of France than of Germany. The decision of Germany was given in favour of America, and the Americans were very popular in the Prussian capital. After I left I was told that Mrs. Bigelow was regarded quite as the leader of foreign society, and was courted by the most distinguished people headed by Bismarck. Mrs. Bigelow showed me an album with three curious entries on the same page. Guizot had written at the top, "*Dans ma vie j'ai appris deux choses, il faut pardonner toujours, mais oublier jamais.*" Underneath this Thiers had written, "*C'est bon de mettre un peu d'oubli dans le pardon.*" The book was shown to Bismarck, and he added, "*Dans ma vie j'ai fait beaucoup que je voudrais oublier et beaucoup à me faire pardonner.*"

Another distinguished person to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude was George Bunsen, the destined Chancellor of the Emperor Frederick, uniting in himself the best traditions and qualities of English and German culture. He had just built himself a new house in the Maien Strasse, now a very fashionable quarter, and his hospitality was unbounded. Our friendship continued till his death, and I remember many incidents connected with it. He once showed me a bundle of sheets of coarse, whitey brown paper, covered with writing, which he said were copies of great German poems made by his father when he was too poor to purchase books. He was educated at Schulpforte, the German Eton. He told me with regard to it, that the day on which he learnt most was the Ferien Tag, the whole holiday once a week, when he was left entirely to himself; he also said that when he left the school, I presume after a distinguished career, he

said to himself as he went out of the gates, "What have I learnt here? Do I know the difference between right and wrong, truth and falsehood?" and he came to the conclusion that he did not. I suppose he meant that character had not been developed by liberty as it is in the English schools. He also said that the first language he learnt was Italian, then I think German, and then English, his mother being an Englishwoman, and that the consequence of this was that he could speak none of these languages with absolute fluency and correctness. This, I think, must have been an exaggeration, as he spoke English extremely well; but he strongly advocated the accurate learning of the mother tongue before the acquisition of any foreign language. I specially remember a "Sylvester Abend" spent at his house, where we all received presents, and the artistic iron-plate which fell to my lot is still a cherished possession. A small circle, which included Hermann Grimm, used to meet at his house once a week to read Aristophanes, and I can remember the wit of Curtius who translated, ἐν λυχνῶν ἐρημίᾳ by the words, "*In der Lichterfelde Wüste*," a skit on Grimm who lived out of town at Lichterfeld. My friendship with George Bunsen, which, as I have said before, only ended with his life, has been continued by his children.

When I was preparing to leave Berlin, a message came to me from the Secretary of the Crown Princess Victoria, asking me to delay my departure until she found an opportunity of seeing me. I was invited to her palace, and had a long conversation with her. She told me her plans for the education of her two sons, William and Henry, whom she was just preparing to send to the Gymnasium at Cassel, and she asked my advice. I gave it to the best of my ability, but much as I admire the splendid qualities of the Emperor William,

and appreciate the enormous services which he has rendered to his country, I wish to disclaim all responsibility for the effect of any suggestions which I may have made. I left Berlin with great regret. It has not the charm of Dresden, which, as Bunsen said, is a little enclave of Italy in the midst of the Teutons, but its intellectual superiority cannot be questioned. "*Geist*" is turned on in Berlin for public consumption, just as seltzer water is turned on at the Trinkhallen. Wander down the Unter den Linden in the morning and you will find by the theatre bills that not a day passes in which you cannot see and hear a play of Shakespeare, a play of Goethe or Schiller or a first-rate opera, besides the masterpieces of the modern drama. When I was studying symphonies at Berlin I heard sixteen symphonies in a fortnight at a price which in no instance exceeded sixpence. It is the same now; the only change which has taken place is the alteration of the theatre hour. Those delightful suppers after the theatre, where you met your chosen friends, are now impossible for those who go to bed early.

When our new Head Master arrived he was naturally expected to make reforms, but I am not aware that he did much in that direction. He asked the Masters to present an exposition of their views on certain points with reference to the reform of the school. The wisest wrote little or nothing; I wrote a great deal. The documents were all deposited in a large settee in the Head Master's drawing-room, but I doubt if they were ever seriously examined. One great reform, partly imposed on the school by higher powers, was the study of Science, typified by the building of a chemical laboratory. It was a magnificent building, but it cost an enormous sum of money. Mr. Madan, of Oxford, was appointed teacher, no doubt an excellent man for the post, but his arrival

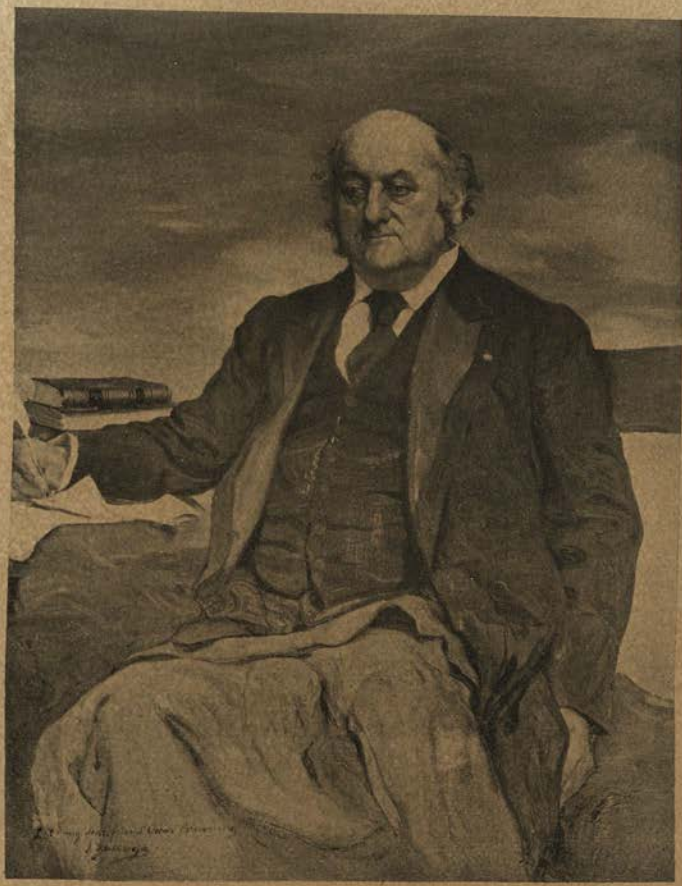
put an end to my amateur beginnings with Mr. Rodwell, and to more serious teaching from Professor Odling, who succeeded him. My future Cabinet Minister, who was steeped in science to the tips of his fingers, brought up in a scientific atmosphere, brother of one of the most distinguished scientists of the age, was disgusted by being forced to begin at the beginning; that is, to bend glass tubes, work with which he had been familiar from childhood. I doubt very much whether the compulsory teaching of Science in schools, from which so much was at that time expected, has realized the hopes of its promoters. I am myself hopelessly unscientific, and I have no belief in Science as a means of education, excepting in so far as it trains a boy to observe accurately and to describe accurately what he sees, and that can be taught by nature study alone, without the help of Physics or Chemistry. For me, education, apart from instruction, consists in literature, and in literature only. Classical education, however narrow it may have been, was at least an education in literature, and it cannot safely be dispensed with unless some other form of literary education takes its place. Holding these views, I am not a competent judge of scientific education, but, making all allowances, I do not think that the present condition of scientific education in Public Schools is considered satisfactory even by its most ardent promoters. But on this subject others are more fitted to speak than myself.

One of the best reforms made by Dr. Hornby was the inclusion of "extra studies" in the work of what was technically known as the "first hundred," that is the boys in the first three divisions of the School. I see from a paper lying before me that these "extra studies" included French, German, Italian, Chemistry, Geology, Physical Geography and History. I was asked by the Head

Master to undertake the History teaching, and I taught History in this manner for six years, before I went up as a History teacher to Cambridge. The work was extremely laborious and I was paid nothing for it, indeed, in order to find time for it I was obliged to hand over my fourth-form pupils to other masters, and to pay them for the tuition they gave, which cost me during the six years at least six hundred pounds in hard cash. However, the work was extremely interesting, and was on the lines of "the education of the statesman," which I have before mentioned as one of the earliest and most persistent of my ideals. In carrying out this teaching I was allowed a free hand, and I framed my scheme on the model of what I had seen in the Paris *lycées* some years before. I was allotted for the work two hours a week during the three terms of the year; in the winter I taught a period; in the summer-half, a book. I preferred modern periods as containing the germ of the political controversies of the present day; the reign of George III, or the French Revolution. Having about twenty-four weeks to deal with in the two winter halves, I divided the subject into twenty-four sections, set down on a printed paper. On Tuesday I gave a lecture on the section of the week, expecting the boys to take rough notes which they amplified afterwards from their private reading and copied into large note-books of uniform size. These note-books were delivered to me on the Thursday following, when I gave an informal lecture on the same section of a more literary and speculative character. I read out famous passages of Chatham or Burke connected with the section, or pieces of contemporary literature, or I gave them, from my own resources, a philosophical view of the forces at work at the time. I then set them a subject for an English essay closely connected with the other work of the section. The note-books were carefully read over by me and

returned to the pupils at the Tuesday lecture, and the essays, shown up on the Tuesday, were returned to them on the Thursday. This appears to me to be the best method of teaching History to schoolboys, as it combines the advantages of learning from lectures and from private reading. It cannot be carried out at the University because it is impossible, and indeed, undesirable, to enforce the keeping of uniform note-books, or to obtain the supervision of individual work which is necessary to make the system a success. A good teacher will leave the University student far more liberty than this system implies. In the summer-half, the book studied was of the type of Maine's *Ancient Law*, or Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, and these were taught in precisely the same manner as the periods. At the end of the academical year an examination was held and prizes were given. I took pains to choose the most competent and stimulating examiners I could find, and my friend James Bryce consented to act, at least once, in this capacity. He praised the work of the students highly, in fact, in the certificate examination of 1875, the last year of my History teaching, Eton was one of the two schools singled out for special praise by the certificate examiners. It seemed to me that at Eton, which produces such a large number of men destined for public careers, the teaching of modern History on these lines was a matter of paramount importance. I look back now with a satisfaction to my two old pupils, Alfred Lyttelton and Bernard Holland, who have certainly not belied the promise of their youth, and I noticed with a special pleasure that when Holland dedicated to Lyttelton his excellent work on the *Constitutions of the Empire*, he made an allusion to the History lessons which they had attended together at Eton.

My work was, with the pupils in my house, continued on the principles which I have already described, and was



OSCAR BROWNING
By Ignazio Zuloaga, 1900

attended by gratifying success. The passion for athletics, which, in my opinion, has now assumed the dimensions of a national calamity, was then on the increase, Eton being the place where it began and where it was fostered by some of the leading Masters. I firmly refused to give way to it, and did everything to support dignity of mind compared with excellence of body. My house contained some admirable athletes, including one who was for four years in the Eton eleven, and was also a President of "Pop." It also included some distinguished and hard-working scholars, amongst them the Cabinet Minister to whom I have so often alluded. Many Masters would have allowed the athletic President of "Pop" to be the virtual Captain of the House, on the ground of his being best able to exercise authority, but I never gave way to this. I did everything in my power to support the authority of the real Captain, with the most excellent results. I even fear I may have treated the distinguished athlete with harshness and unfairness, but he has always remained a faithful and loyal pupil. I cannot approve of the practice, so common at the present day, of putting physical excellence on an equality with mental excellence, and giving a superior position to boys who combine the two. Boys will always admire the body, and it is the duty of the schoolmaster to make them admire the mind. Unchecked persistence in this disastrous course can only result in the decadence of our country. While in my own house intellectual excellence received due honour, I did my best to extend these principles to the rest of the school. Athletics became more and more organized. Warre looked after the boating, and Mitchell after the cricket; so that it became the duty of a Master not only to share the games of the boys, but to direct them, as part of the serious business of life. With this I would have nothing to do. I played football with my boys, or

would row with them forty miles down the river in an eight, but I always maintained that my duty as a Master was to train their minds, and their character through their minds. If Mitchell found a promising young cricketer in my house he would make his acquaintance and bring him out. To this I had no objection, but I thought that similar pains should be taken with boys of literary tastes. My house was well furnished with works of art, it was the resort of men of letters, of artists, and musicians. Ruskin, Pater, Charles Newton, Bryce, Simeon Solomon, Emmanual Deutsch, and Edward Dannreuther were frequent visitors. Once a fortnight I had a concert of Classical music, in which the best works were played by the best performers. It seemed to me a duty to offer free hospitality to boys who came from cultured homes, but who, if they were in a Philistine or athletic house, would have found little scope or sympathy for their higher aspirations. I formed a Debating Society in my house, to which outsiders were admitted. I also founded a Literary Society in the school, partly with the object of securing lectures from distinguished men, partly for reading papers written by the boys themselves. One of the rules of the Society was that six-form boys became ex officio members, to avoid the preference given to athletes, which was so disastrous to "Pop." Thus my house became a centre of the intellectual life of the school, and I formed very intimate relations with boys who were not my pupils. Some tutors asked me to make friends with boys over whom they thought I could exercise a beneficial influence; boys also asked me to admit their friends to my circle; but I made it a rule never to admit any boy to my intimacy without the permission and approval of his tutor, and this rule was never broken. I also thought that no improvement could be expected in the morality of the school unless the leading boys would

adopt a decided attitude upon the subject, and not be afraid to incur unpopularity in the denunciation of wrong-doing. At the close of every school year I used to give a leaving supper to my boys, and to invite, at their request, some of their friends to share the feast. I took care never to invite anyone who had not exhibited in his relations with the school some of the moral courage of which I speak, and I particularly excluded anyone, whatever claims he might otherwise have, who had shown any signs of moral cowardice. This was generally known in the school, and an invitation to this supper was therefore highly appreciated.

It must not be supposed that these endeavours to stem the tide of popular opinion did not meet with opposition. There were in fact two parties among the Masters at this time, an athletic party headed by Warre, and an intellectual party headed by myself. Similar antagonisms existed also among the boys, who, after their manner, called one type "High souls" and the others "Bludgers." I give my opponents full credit for thinking that the manliness and even the morality of the school depended upon the adoption of their principles: but I thought then, and I think now more than ever, that they were mistaken, and that the only road to morality and good conduct lies in the recognition of the supremacy of mind. Warre was a Balliol man, and so was Dr. Hornby. Dr. Hornby was also a distinguished athlete who had never shown any special regard for intellectual occupations, most of the leisure of his early manhood having been spent in mountaineering. As Head Master he should, if he could not join the intellectual party, have held the balance between the two, and derived all the benefits of a *tertius gaudens*. Instead of that he threw himself enthusiastically on the side of the athletes, and the relations between him and

myself became unduly strained. I never worked so hard for anything in my life as I did for what I then believed to be the reformation of Eton. I was a democrat then, as I am now, but I recognized that Eton was the training place for the governing classes, and, foreseeing the future triumph of democracy, I was anxious that the change should come gradually, by reform and not by revolution. To this end it was of paramount importance that the governing classes should preserve something of the culture which had distinguished them in the eighteenth century and given them a right to control the destinies of their country. I had formed indeed a well-considered scheme for the reformation of the school. The moral and intellectual standard of the Collegers were at this time very high. I succeeded in establishing a close alliance between the Upper Collegers and the boys in my house, which ended in lifelong friendships. I thought that if I could extend this to other houses, under the control of the Masters who sympathized with my views, I could form a little sanctuary of intellect to withstand the rising tide of Philistine athleticism. Five years more would have enabled me to do this with success, but the gods willed otherwise, and the opportunity was lost, I fear for ever.

CHAPTER XIII

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL AT BONN, PORTUGAL GEORGE ELIOT. GREECE

THE summer of 1871 was spent as usual in Alpine climbing. In this year I crossed the Mönch-joch in nine hours, as recorded in a previous chapter. I was becoming too heavy to share a rope with others, and when the guides conversed together in the Savoy *patois* of Chamouni, I told them that I understood everything they said, and that they always spoke of me as "the old cow." On this occasion the joke nearly led to a serious accident. After crossing the Joch we were descending the very steep rocks of the Eiger to reach the Grindelwald glacier. I found myself making excellent progress, and said, "*Die alte Kuh lauft gut heute*"—"The old cow is going well to-day." This produced such an explosion of laughter that we all very nearly rolled down the precipice. This was the year of the great Beethoven Festival at Bonn, which still lives in the memory of musicians. I had promised to attend it with my friends, Spencer Lyttelton, Marchie Gosselin, Frank Cornish, and William Austen Leigh. It was hoped also that Arthur Balfour would be one of the party, but he did not come. I had charge of the arrangements, and, in order to avoid the crowd at Bonn itself, I hired nearly the whole of the little hotel at Mehlem, a village opposite Königswinter on the Rhine, where the King, when Prince of Wales, had stayed with

Willie Gladstone and Charlie Wood, whilst attending the University of Bonn. I had my own English servant, whom, from his skill of extricating us from difficulties, we called the "Deus ex." We were a very merry party, and enjoyed ourselves without stint. As we could reach Bonn, which is only a few miles distant, by three routes —road, rail, and steamer—I thought that our communications would be quite secure, but I found that they broke down in practice, and I should advise any who engages in a similar enterprise to hire a house next to the Concert Hall. The trains and the steamers did not fit, and our host's carriage was drawn by a horse named Hector, who in no way resembled his namesake. When we expostulated with our landlord on our slow travelling, and he mildly suggested to Hector that he should be "a little rash," our ill-humour was extinguished by our amusement. Nothing could exceed the interest of the music. Hiller of Cologne was the conductor, but Joachim was the principal feature of the entertainment, with his beautiful wife as the first solo singer. All the best works of Beethoven were rendered to us in turn, some of them little known and seldom performed. A drawback to our enjoyment was the extreme heat, which was especially felt in the gallery of the Concert Hall, where our party had seats. We opened windows, but the moment the conductor mounted his desk he exclaimed, "Es zieht," "there is a draught," and the windows had to be closed. One of our party, not myself, was equal to the occasion; he threw his great weight against the pane, the window fell with a mighty crash, and we were saved from being stifled. Many musical celebrities were present. George Grove was a very conspicuous figure as he moved about with his finger in the newly-published volume of Thayer's *Life of Beethoven;* also John Farmer of Harrow, whose vocabulary of enthusiasm was more forcible than classical.

When he said that Beethoven made his soul sweat, Grove was much disgusted. Here also I saw Brahms for the first and Sterndale Bennett for the last time; one was pointed out to me as the legitimate successor of Schumann, the other I knew as the living representative of Mendelssohn.

The Easter holidays of 1872 I spent in a visit to my dear friend, Le Marchant Gosselin, who was then attached to the British Legation at Lisbon, of which Sir Charles Murray, whom I had known at Dresden, was chief. Gosselin was a very remarkable man; he died suddenly at Lisbon, where he was Minister under the name of Sir Martin Gosselin, when he was just on the point of being promoted as Ambassador to the Austrian Court. I made his acquaintance first when he was a pupil of my brother's at Thorpe Mandeville; he was then, I suppose, about twelve years old. He had a beautiful and striking face, a noble bearing, and courtly manners, with a remarkable gift for music, being a virtuoso on the piano. He was not my pupil at Eton, but we were deeply attached to each other, and at the age of seventeen he accompanied me on an Italian tour in which we visited Florence, Assisi, and other places. Of all the young companions whom I ever took with me on these continental trips, he alone had the innate power of at once discerning and discriminating between what was good or bad in Art. With others it came slowly, if at all; they not unfrequently preferred the copy to the original, but Gosselin had no such difficulty. On our first arrival in Florence he would pass by the bad pictures in disgust and spend a long time in examining a good picture. Even the severe art of Assisi, difficult to many, presented no obstacles to him. I never had a more delightful journey than that taken in his company. From Eton he went to Oxford, and while a student there he went with me to Venice, as I have before narrated. From

Oxford he entered the diplomatic service, and his first appointment was in Portugal. He became an intimate friend of Ferdinand the King Consort and his second wife, a distinguished actress and artist, whom the King married morganatically. Gosselin spoke of her as a Schumannitish woman, and he spent many days playing duets with her in her palace at Cintra. My companion on this occasion was Spencer Lyttelton, who was at that time private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister. Lyttelton told me to be quite happy about Spanish, as he had been taking lessons in that language during the winter. I found, however, that when he arrived on the spot his knowledge was of little practical use. While he was framing elaborate sentences in correct Castilian and pronouncing them according to the instruction which he had received, I was pouring out voluble gibberish in a mixture of Italian and Spanish, which made Lyttelton, who was pulling at my coat tails, die with laughter, but which proved perfectly intelligible to those to whom it was addressed. In order to make oneself understood in a foreign tongue it is not necessary to know the language, but only to produce the noise which the people whom you address expect to hear, and in this I succeeded better than Lyttelton. Unfortunately, on crossing the Channel I got wet through from the heavy seas, and, as we hurried through Paris, the consequence was that on arriving at Madrid I found that I had caught a bad feverish cold, and I was obliged to spend the whole of my time there in bed. Lyttelton's chief stand-by at Madrid was an attaché at the Embassy whom he called "Teddy Goschen," now, I believe, Sir Edward Goschen, our Ambassador at Berlin. Goschen procured us a ticket to a bull-fight on Sunday, to which, as an invalid, I could not go, and thus lost my only chance of seeing a real murderous bull-fight. The Portuguese bull-fights, which I afterwards attended, are very mild affairs, as the bulls'

horns are tipped with pads so that they do no damage. Before I left the city I was well enough to wander as a convalescent through the Prado Gallery and admire the works of Raphael and Velasquez.

We went to Lisbon by land, travelling by railway right through Spain. We traversed La Mancha, apparently a dull bare country, with memories of "Don Quixote" in our minds. When we arrived at Lisbon we were hospitably entertained at the Embassy and the next day set out on our travels. We hired a kind of private omnibus for our journey and generally sat on the roof. We travelled right through Portugal up to Galicia, visiting the magnificent monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, known to me from childhood from the descriptions of Beckford. We also went to the university of Coimbra and to the baths of Caldas, where I purchased some earthenware bulls, beautifully modelled. At Oporto we found Mr. Oswald Crawford, an old pupil of my tutor, William Johnson, one of the most cultivated and versatile of men. He was very good to us, and procured for me two valuable stamped leather chairs and a cabinet of Goa work, rosewood and silver, all of which now ornament my rooms at Cambridge. We crossed the Duero at Tejo and found ourselves in the old pilgrimage city of Santiago da Compostella, where we decorated ourselves with the traditional scallop shells. We foolishly lost the opportunity of seeing Corunna because the proprietor demanded five shillings too much for his carriage, an instance of cutting off your nose to spite your face, of which travellers are too often guilty. Gosselin and myself were introduced to the Archbishop; we knelt before him and were blessed by him, and were presented with some scapularies which it was our duty always to wear. I forget how long I wore mine. I explained to the Archbishop that we were heretics, a phrase which made Gosselin extremely angry, because he had at that time

fully made up his mind to join the Roman Catholic Church, which he afterwards did, and I believe that he prayed for my conversion up to the day of his death. A week later the Archbishop was thrown into prison for being disaffected to the Government. We saw the sights of Santiago under peculiar circumstances, being accompanied by a Galician gentleman and a boy of fifteen. Lyttelton and myself doubted the gentility of the man, but Gosselin treated him with the utmost politeness, declaring that his devotion to us was a pure act of courtesy, which was a well-known virtue of the Galicians, and talking to him in his best Galicio-Portuguese. We therefore asked him to breakfast and treated him as a friend. In the afternoon the boy said to us that his companion was certainly a gentleman, but that being poor he expected to be paid for his attentions. We asked how much we ought to give him, and he replied that, being a gentleman, we could not offer him less than a pound. We laughed at Gosselin's idea of Galician gentility, and left him to pay the pound.

We visited the lovely bay of Vigo, and found there a French ship commanded by the Comte de FitzJames, eldest son of the Duc, engaged in the task of fishing up the treasure lost there, when the Spanish fleet was destroyed by Admiral Rooke in 1702. FitzJames asked us to dinner, being very proud to entertain a secretary of Mr. Gladstone. He showed us a bar of silver which "le bon Bazin," as he called him, his engineer, had picked up from the depths, and he presented me with a piece of log-wood, a relic more trustworthy than the other. We heard afterwards that the expedition ended in failure, as might be expected to be the case. Some years ago I made a careful investigation of this exploit of Rooke's, and I found abundant evidence that the silver had all been carried into the country before the harbour was occupied.

We were sent ashore in the ship's launch, illuminated by a brilliant searchlight, and were presented with a huge *pâté de fois gras*, which we found afterwards extremely useful. In due time Gosselin returned to Lisbon, and Lyttelton and myself took the diligence to Brañuelas, where the railway at that time began or ended. We seated ourselves in the banquette, very narrow for us both, and cramping for Lyttelton's legs, which were over long for travelling. We travelled, if I remember right, continuously for two nights and a day and a half; the wind was cold and there was driving sleet; our only protection was a leathern curtain which did not fit. We found good chocolate on the road, but the meat was drenched with garlic, and I do not know what we should have done if it had not been for the Comte's *pâté de fois gras*, which sustained us in our need. Our carriage was drawn by fourteen mules, headed by one ridden by a boy who seemed always asleep, night and day, and yet never failed in his duty. We passed through Leon, took the train at Brañuelas, and eventually arrived at Burgos, which we had previously seen, none the worse for our experiences. Lyttelton used to say of me at this time that I was an excellent traveller and companion, because I could eat anything, sleep anywhere, and never lost my temper. We certainly got on very well together, and, if I had remained at Eton, we should probably have explored in company many other portions of the earth's surface.

At this time I was a constant visitor at the Sunday at-homes of George Eliot, held at the Priory, North Bank, Regent's Park. I used to travel up from Windsor by an afternoon train and return for my work in the evening. It was laborious and fatiguing, but it was quite worth the exertion. The double drawing-room was composed of two small rooms, with a grand piano in the remoter of the two. I never heard George Eliot play, but I believe that

Madame de Novikov, whom I introduced to her, succeeded in persuading her to do so, on her first visit. I have heard that she played extremely well, but I should imagine that she had more expression than execution, more Vortrag than Technik. She was extremely fond of music, and with George Lewes was a constant attendant at the Saturday afternoon "Pops." The chief decoration of the rooms was formed by the drawings made by Leighton for the illustration of *Romola*, when it was published in the *Cornhill*, which were given to her by the artist. George Eliot usually sat in an arm-chair on the left-hand side of the fire-place, while George Lewes moved about and handed tea. The company was nearly always the same, Professor Beesley, now a neighbour of mine in his hale and vigorous old age, Herbert Spencer, and one lady, who generally reclined upon a sofa, Madame Bodichon. The conversation was seldom general. George Eliot approached her duties as hostess and as directress of the salon with a serious feeling of responsibility, and she always gave us of her best. She usually conversed with only one person at a time; you were taken up to her when there was a vacancy, and then you made room for someone else. As a privileged guest I sometimes stayed on to the end, and enjoyed a short walk or a conversation of a different character. Once I was asked to decide the difficult question between herself and Lewes as to whether she ought to declare herself a positivist. Lewes urged this course strongly, but George Eliot objected on the ground that it would weaken her influence with many who now read and loved her books. I took her side in the controversy. As I have written the life of George Eliot there is no need for me to repeat what I have there said. I never came across a human being who impressed me more, man or woman. I regarded her as a prophetess, her will to me was law, I enquired of her, as of an oracle.

She used often to tell me to get married: "Never show your face here again without your wife," and in that I disobeyed her. I told her that if she made her command more precise, and would tell me whom I was to marry, I would comply directly, but that I could not accept a general injunction. I felt that Lydgate's experience of marriage had not been so successful as to induce the man, from whom in some measure she had drawn the character of Lydgate, to try the same experiment.

George Eliot's working room, of considerable size, was on the first floor. Before her writing-table was a bust of the Melian Asclepius, a piece of sculpture from the same island which produced the Melian Aphrodite, the glory of the Louvre. She told me that before she began to write she always read a portion of Homer, in the original Greek, to take her away from the spirit of the modern world. She must have been a good Greek scholar, and we often talked of reading Thucydides together, but the opportunity never presented itself. George Lewes and his wife spent a day with me at Eton just after her return from Spain, where she had made studies for *The Spanish Gipsy*, so that she had a good opportunity of comparing Windsor Castle with the Alhambra. They watched a cricket match in the Playing Fields, took dinner with our boys, drove in Windsor Park, where I had a deeply interesting conversation with her on the conduct and duties of life, and rowed on the river in the evening. At that time I was much discontented with my life at Eton, from the little opportunity it seemed to afford for self-culture and the narrow scope it gave to personal ambition, the "last infirmity of noble mind," as Milton has been kind enough to call it, but an infirmity to which I was undoubtedly subject. The Greeks used to say of a man who had not been heard of for some time, "He is either dead or is a schoolmaster"; and this haunting fear was constantly before my

mind. George Eliot's visit gave me cheerfulness and confidence, and I wrote to her that those who are kept away from the turmoil of battle and are set to guard the women and the stuff would faint entirely if it were not that a great captain ever and anon rode past to encourage them with his smile. I have lost her reply, but I know that it gave me peace. They were also my guests at Cambridge, where they afterwards stayed both with W. G. Clark and with Frederick Myers. At Oxford they were the guests of Jowett. I once asked her if she found there was any difference between the society of Oxford and Cambridge, and she replied that at Cambridge they all spoke well of each other, but at Oxford they all criticized each other. I wonder if that is as true now as it was forty years ago, if indeed it was true then.

In the winter of this year I made a long contemplated journey to Greece in company with my old pupil, Gerald Balfour, who was then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and was considered to be one of the best scholars of his year. We went by sea from Marseilles to Piraeus and had great difficulty in weathering Cape Malea; indeed, we were not only held up, but nearly driven back by the wind. One tremendous wave threw us on our beam ends and upset everything out of the nets above our berths, but the "Deus ex" was with us; he rushed in and comforted us. Ours was the first expedition of prominent Englishmen to Greece since the capture of Messrs. Vyner and Herbert by brigands, which ended in their murder. The Greek Government, therefore, was very anxious that our visit should be a success, in order that the confidence of English travellers might be restored. We had an introduction to M. Deligeorgis, the Prime Minister, who furnished us with ample military protection. In our excursions about Attica we were accompanied by a troop of horse, and on our journey from Athens to Megara the

whole route was guarded by soldiers placed at intervals. We had for our dragoman a handsome Corfiote named Miltiades Vidis, who had spent all his life in the service of Englishmen. We, of course, tried to address him in modern Greek, but after we had made up elaborate sentences and delivered them with what we believed to be modern Greek with a perfect accent, he always exclaimed, to our dismay: "I can't stand ancient Greek," by which he meant that he could not understand ancient Greek, so that the remark was not as rude as it seemed to be at first hearing. We took our work very seriously; we thoroughly explored the topography of Athens with the help of Curtius, we ascended Pentelicus under a sufficient guard, we took lessons in modern Greek and discovered that the most advanced teachers were of opinion that there was no difference whatever between ancient Greek and modern; indeed, we found in an elementary school little children being taught their mother-tongue out of the Gospel of St. John.

After a week at Athens we made an expedition to the Peloponnesus, accompanied by Miltiades and a cook, leaving the "Deus ex" at Athens. Starting from the Piræus, we sailed up the glorious Gulf of Argolis, which stretches out like a seine-net ready to intercept all culture coming from the South, and arrived at Nauplia. The sea was apparently smooth, but the motion was considerable, and I suffered at night severely from its effects. Next morning we explored Argos and Mycenæ, then recently excavated by Schliemann. The power of Vergil's line was never more apparent to me than when my companion incessantly chanted the verse, "*Eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenas*," which, although it means nothing in particular, seems to express the whole situation. We rode on to Corinth, and were met at the different villages by Demarchs, who, by order of the Prime Minister, offered us

every assistance. As we were crossing a stream we saw a shepherd carrying a beautifully made crook of an ancient pattern, evidently carved by himself. I wished to purchase it, but the man refused to part with it. However, after a few words with one of our party, he took off his cap with an expression of awe and surrendered the crook, which is still in my possession. I found that our friend had told the shepherd that I was the king, which, as King George was new to the throne and not well-known by sight to his subjects, the man believed to be true, and was therefore ready to give up his crook for a small payment. We spent Christmas night at Corinth in a miserable hovel open to all the winds, exposed to a bitterly cold blast from the other side of the Gulf, which, we were told, blows incessantly; but I do not remember its being mentioned by any ancient author. We mounted to the summit of Acrocorinthus and enjoyed the magnificent view, unrivalled in Europe certainly for interest, and possibly for intrinsic beauty. We returned to Athens by sea, our only regret being that we had not turned aside to visit Nemea, which we heard was most interesting.

One of our principal friends at Athens was Tricoupis, afterwards Prime Minister, who gave us much information as to the difficulty of introducing modern economical methods into a country with the habits and traditions of Greece. He gave us an example. Taxes had been paid in kind—a cumbrous and unjust system which could never be used in a modern State. It was natural to abolish this, and to decree that all taxes should be paid in money. But there was no money forthcoming, and produce had to be sold at a ruinous loss in order to find the money to pay the taxes. I was told that the excellent Corinthian wine, which I purchased at my hotel for two francs a bottle, was sold by the grower at a halfpenny a bottle, the profit going to the middle man. We also found that there was no proper coin-

age at Athens, but that we had to use every obsolete coin of every nation in Europe. The reason of this was that Greece, having joined the Latin Union, was anxious, as an old silver-producing country, to do itself credit, and therefore made its drachmas especially good—rather better, in fact, than French francs or Italian lire. The result of this was that the drachmas, as soon as coined, were sold out of the country, and Greece had to content herself with the cast-off coins of other nations. There was a similar difficulty about the roads. A certain amount of money was voted every year for making them, but each particular district wanted its own road made first, and the consequence was that all the roads were begun but none were finished. You drove in a carriage along a beautiful road from Athens to Eleusis, but found that after a few miles it ended in a tree, and you had to pursue the rest of your journey on horseback. Also a great dispute was raging between the Greek Government and a French company which had acquired the mines of Sunium as to the right of property in the Ekvolades—that is, the heaps of scoriæ left by former workers and still of considerable value. This question should have been settled by the Law Courts, but the Greek Parliament took it out of their hands and passed a vote in their own favour, which of course put them in the wrong. These are the difficulties of a new country. Tricoupis did much to smooth them over during his ministry, and I dare say that they have now entirely disappeared.

We also paid a visit to Mr. Schliemann, the celebrated excavator of Mycenæ and Troy, who was then one of the most prominent figures at Athens. He received us very kindly and showed us his Museum. He spoke English with a strong German accent, and when I took leave of him said to me: "Wad 'ave you ridden?" When I confessed that I had, up to that time, written nothing worth

mentioning, he replied: "You must ride something and edernize your name." I have followed the first part of this advice, but the second is not in my power. He afterwards visited me at Eton, and when I asked him to stay there he declined, saying, "There is nothing to dig, nothing prehistoric." The suggestion which I made that we had some respectable old fossils in the shape of the Provosts and Fellows did not influence his decision, and I saw him no more.

A first visit to Greece to men like Gerald Balfour and myself, trained almost exclusively on a classical education, could not fail to be of surpassing interest. We were specially struck by the fact that everything seemed to depend on the weather, on the air and on which way the wind blew. With the difference between a north, a south, an east or a west wind, the whole face of nature seemed to change. The soil was nothing, the climate was everything. Has this no connection with the excellence of the most spiritually-gifted nation the world has ever seen; may they not have been led by the environment of their daily life to look ever upwards and to think more of the delicate air in which they moved than of the ground on which they trod? On leaving Athens we determined to reach Corinth by road, sleeping at Megara, and we accomplished this with great success, owing to the provident care of Miltiades and to the patrols furnished us by the Prime Minister. We slept at Megara in what would be called in India a Dak Bungalow, and at Corinth in the house of a wealthy citizen, who gave us hospitality and saved us from the freezing hovel which had sheltered us on our first visit. The "Deus ex," faithful to his name and reputation, met us at Corinth, and we went home by Patras and the Ionian Islands, avoiding the treacherous Malea which had treated us so badly on the voyage out.

CHAPTER XIV

NAPLES, THE ALPS, CANNES, CORSICA, NORWAY

IN Easter 1873, four of us—Jebb, Gerald Balfour, an Eton pupil of mine Arthur Todd, and myself—made a delightful journey to Naples, attended by my indispensable servant, the "Deus ex," who justified his title more than ever. On arriving at Naples by sea we found torrential rain, and also that an epidemic of cholera was raging in the city, so we determined to stay at Castellamare, whence we could easily visit Naples and where we were close to Pompeii, the excavations of which we were specially anxious to investigate. We determined to spend the day at Naples in order to visit the museum, and we sent the "Deus ex," on to Castellamare to order rooms. He had never been in the country before and could not speak any language but his own, and that with a decidedly cockney accent. As we drove to our hotel in the evening we half expected to see his lifeless body stretched by the roadside, and our luggage carried off; but, on the contrary, we found everything prepared for us, the best rooms in the hotel engaged, dinner ordered, our clothes laid out to dress for it, and everything ready as if we were at home. We saw the sights of Naples and its neighbourhood thoroughly; the Museum, the wonders of the Bay of Baiae, the marvellous view from the headland of Cumae, Sorrento, Paestum, the road from Salerno to Amalfi. We visited Mr. Reid in his villa above this latter town, wishing

to walk across the hills to Sorrento, but he told us that it would be dangerous, since brigands might be met there at any time. We were a very merry company, and the wit of Jebb was conspicuous among the incidents of travel. We were frequently late for the train to Naples until we adopted the principle enunciated by Jebb that it is better to be much too soon than never to be soon at all. Once on passing a specially unsavoury house in a most unsavoury street, Jebb blessed it with these words: "*Stet fortuna domus et odoribus addat odores.*"

Jebb and Gerald Balfour were obliged to return to England, and Todd and myself had a week of our holidays left, which we determined to spend in the island of Capri. We took up our lodging, accompanied by the "Deus ex," at the hotel Tiberio, on the very summit of the island. It was on the site of one of the twelve palaces erected by the Roman Emperor, whom the inhabitants always call Timberio, in this small island, a relic of which was an underground passage still paved with most beautiful mosaic. Our bedroom, with a view towards the back of the island, looked out on the Faraglioni, the jagged rocks resembling our English Needles. We bathed every day either in the so-called bath of Tiberius, where the white mosaic still covers the bottom of the sea, or at the Piccola Marina, at the foot of a steep staircase of rock, sometimes in calm weather, sometimes in storm, but always with delight. One of our companions in the hotel was the French composer, Massenet, who has since become famous. On the night before our departure he gave a ball to the native population, in which nothing was danced but the Tarantella. The ball-room was the court-yard of the hotel, lighted by torches; the guests sat round beating tambourines, three or four of them at a time, and the dancers performed their evolutions in the centre. The refreshments were the wine of the country supplied *ad*

libitum, but it was not intoxicating. The dancers were of all ages, from little children who could scarcely toddle to a very aged couple, who were celebrating, I presume, their golden or their diamond wedding, the lady attired in a robe which she had worn on her wedding day. The dance lasted from six in the evening till midnight, and at last, after repeated invitations, I was induced to try my fortune with the belle of the island, a strapping young lady named Mariuccia. Recalling my Scotch experiences, I tried a hoolichan with her, but she whirled me round as Hercules whirled round Lychas. The next morning she came up smiling, and insisted on carrying my very large portmanteau, full of clothes, down to the harbour on her head, without touching it with her hands, and absolutely refused to receive payment for her services. Arthur Todd, being in the Headmaster's division at Eton, was obliged to write a holiday task, a copy of Alcaic verses on Ægeus. I had completely forgotten who Ægeus was, and as Jebb drove away from Castellamare taking leave of us, I called out to him: "Who is Ægeus?" He shouted back: "Oh, don't you remember? Meleager." With this slight indication of the subject the poem had to be written. Todd was very fond of sketching, and when he went out in the afternoon with the firm intention of beginning his task, he spent his time in the more attractive occupation. The last day arrived, and I told him that, if he did not write his verses then, I should write them for him. I had taken with me a recently published volume of Westphal's *Latin Grammar*, on the fly-leaf of which I wrote nineteen stanzas of Alcaics on Ægeus in forty minutes. They were composed amid great laughter, *seccundum artem*. We had a stanza of mountains, a stanza of rivers, an elaborate simile beginning with Qualis, and a few false quantities thrown in to save appearances, the penultimate of Meleager being always made long for convenience. I

gave the verses to Todd to form a basis for his own, without any idea that he would show them up; however, his poverty and not his will consented, the morality of holiday tasks not being very rigid. To my horror he was placed second in the competition, Herbert Ryle, the present Bishop of Winchester, being first. I consulted my colleagues as to whether I need confess the fraud, but they decided that, no prize being attached to the distinction, a confession was unnecessary, and I now make it for the first time. One effect of this was to destroy any lingering respect which I might have for original Latin verse composition. If nineteen stanzas of Alcaics, written in forty minutes in a decidedly humorous vein, could gain a second place in the Head-master's division, the standard of these performances must be such as to make them entirely unworthy of consideration.

The summer holidays of 1873 were occupied by a tour in Switzerland with my dear friend, Richard Jebb. The incidents and the catastrophes connected with it were often the subject of cheerful conversation in later years, and indeed caused several hearty laughs on the last occasion that I ever saw him. Jebb was ambitious as a mountaineer, as he was in everything else which he attempted, but he had no idea of the difficulties which beset that sport or of the means of overcoming them, and this led to some humorous incidents. We were in the Zermatt district, and had talked of traversing the Lysjoch, a very high pass close to the summit of Monte Rosa, not difficult, but dangerous and even impossible in bad weather. On arriving at the Riffel Hotel we walked out to survey our projected route, and met two Englishmen who had been driven back from the passage by heavy snowstorms. Of course I immediately gave up the attempt, but Jebb was furious, and declared that if my

courage was not sufficient for the enterprise he would go alone. However, he soon gained wisdom by experience. He announced his intention of ascending that evening, before dinner, the rather difficult Riffelhorn, having no other equipment but patent leather boots and a toy alpenstock. As he was entirely insensible to fear he would doubtless have attempted it alone, but our excellent guide, Tournier, accompanied him. A heavy thunderstorm came on whilst he was on the mountain, and he arrived an hour late for dinner pale and exhausted. In that time he had learnt what a difficult mountain meant, and I heard nothing more about the passage of Lysjoch. We spent some weeks in wandering over the Italian valleys of the Alps, the most beautiful scenery in Europe. Jebb was able to admire with me the gem of them all, the Val Mastalone, of which I have already spoken, where the crystal water now flows, now rushes in cascades, down exquisitely formed marble ridges, now whitening into a tiny cataract, now spreading into a transparent pool. Long talks did we have on literatures, new and old, on the comparative merits of Shelley and Byron, on Goethe and Dante, on the essential value of scholarship, on our own lives and duties at school and the University, and often in after years did we refer to this intercourse as a chosen time. The last day of our companionship was spent in a walk which cannot, I think, be less than fifty miles. We had intended to cross the Weissthor from Macugnaga to Zermatt, and at 4 a.m. we were all ready for the start, but, as the weather seemed doubtful on the high peaks, we decided on a different route. We first walked over the Monte Moro, a pass between nine and ten thousand feet high; we breakfasted at the Mattmark Hotel and descended to Saas, where we had lunch; we then went on to Stalden, and, saving a little by following the water-course, we reached St. Nicholas at night. We were on

the road sixteen hours with very few halts; we were able to walk fast, because there was a light wind blowing in our faces and we were in excellent training. At St. Nicholas I parted from Jebb, who was going on to the Exhibition at Vienna and then to Ireland, to work at his "Attic orators," and I went to resume the duties of my mastership at Eton. I left at daybreak and walked for three days over passes to the westward, two days of fourteen hours and one of nine; but when I reached Ouchy my heel, which had become abraded in my fifty miles' walk, was in such a condition that I could scarcely put my foot to the ground, and many years passed before it recovered its normal state.

The winter of this year I spent at Cannes with Gerald Balfour, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and a great friend of mine, Edward Knatchbull-Hugessen, who was Under-Secretary to the Colonies in Mr. Gladstone's Government. We had a merry time, full of amusing incidents. On my birthday, January 17th, a long string of presents arrived, brought to me whilst I was in bed by my English servant, the faithful "Deus ex," each with a different inscription, the process lasting at least an hour. It need hardly be said that the presents were not very valuable; they were, however, crowned by a magnificent album bound in olive-wood, and by a long poem written off-hand by Knatchbull-Hugessen to celebrate the occasion. I also remember a luncheon at Grasse of a most recherché character, the chief dish being a delicious *omelette aux truffles*, Provençal truffles freshly gathered. The catering was left to me, and I was severely reprimanded when the price was found to be ten francs a head, including wine, which I thought extremely reasonable. Soon after my birthday I had to return to Eton, but Hugessen stayed on for the remainder of his holiday. In a short time came unexpectedly the thunderbolt of the

dissolution and the general election, followed by the defeat of Mr. Gladstone and the return to power of Mr. Disraeli. This was a great surprise to England, to Europe, and, above all, to Disraeli himself, who found himself in a position for which he was not in the least prepared, and had to frame a policy at a moment's notice. Unfortunately this policy took the form of antagonism to Russia.

The change of Government had the effect of setting free my friend Spencer Lyttelton to carry out with me a long projected tour in Corsica. We sailed from Leghorn to Bastia, made our way across the mountains to Corte and then to Ajaccio. We saw the town and its neighbourhood completely, and then drove in a carriage through a large portion of the island. We naturally had much talk about recent events, which had made severe demands on his power to keep a secret. He was one of two or three persons, besides the Prime Minister, who knew that a dissolution was to take place, and the strain of possessing knowledge which every one was anxious to acquire, and of being in the secret of an impending cataclysm of the utmost importance to most of the people with whom he came in contact, without being able to reveal or even hint it, must have required a great deal of self-command. An intimate friend of ours, who has since acquired a high position in public affairs, was then intending to stand for Parliament for the first time, but having no idea that a dissolution was at hand, had determined to go abroad with his family, and his luggage was lying packed in the hall of his house. How Lyttelton dealt with this difficulty I do not know, but he must have felt that it was one of those occasions on which it was dangerous, not only to speak, but even to think in the presence of his friends. We were very anxious to hear what Stafford Northcote, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, would do with regard to the income-tax, which

Mr. Gladstone had promised to abolish. We learnt from obscure telegrams in local papers that Northcote had reduced it to threepence in the pound, a sum which Mr. Gladstone had declared would not pay for collecting. We found Corsica very enjoyable, though the suns were as scorching as in the days of Seneca, and the food detestable. In those days I was deeply interested, as I have been ever since, in the character of Napoleon, so that a visit to Ajaccio was of especial value to me.

In the summer holidays of 1874 Lyttelton was again my companion, this time to Norway. We were accompanied by my old friend, J. E. C. Welldon, whom I had known as a boy, and who is now, as Bishop Welldon, one of the most distinguished and most highly respected Churchmen in England. He had been my brother's pupil at Thorpe Mandeville, and was to have been my pupil at Eton, but I had no room for him, and he went to Marindin instead. When he was about sixteen years of age he suffered from a mysterious weakness, and was recommended by the doctors to take a foreign tour, but to expose himself to no exertion. As it was not convenient for any of his family to take charge of him, I offered to do so, and in the summer of 1871 we travelled from Immenstadt, just above the Lake of Constance, to Riva on the Lake of Garda, where he left me. We drove in a carriage, following the summit of the Alps, sometimes north, sometimes south of the chain. We had no plans, but stopped for the night when dusk came on, or when a decent inn invited us to repose. On no tour have I traversed scenes with such surpassing loveliness, made more striking by the fact that we did not expect them, but that they came upon us unawares. I have always held that the most beautiful scenery in Europe *is* to be found in the Bavarian highlands, culminating probably at Hohenschwangau, the home of the ill-fated King of

Bavaria, and, eight centuries before, of the ill-fated boy Conradin. When you pass by the side of the lakes, under the abundant foliage, an eerie feeling comes upon you, and you would not be surprised at anything that happened, at anything which you saw or heard. If Lohengrin traversed the lake, drawn by his swans, or if an arm rose from the waters, brandishing the sword Excalibur, it would seem to be quite a natural occurrence. The Lago d'Alleghe, to which we walked one evening at sunset, with the crest of the Marmolata reflected in its waters, is a sight never to be forgotten; but the crown of all is, perhaps, the Königsee, near Berchtesgaden, one of the few scenes in nature in which the reality does not fall short of the anticipation. You reach the village; a narrow stretch of water lies before it, backed by lofty mountains. You step into a boat and are rowed you know not whither, a few strokes more and you will strike against the rocky shore. As you proceed the mountains magically open; you hold your breath in awe, thinking that you are being conveyed to some resting-place of the dead, with a secret and mysterious approach. At last you pass the channel, and the real lake bursts upon you, with the snow-flecked crags beyond. This tour was completely successful, so far as Welldon was concerned, and he was restored to perfect health. He was very grateful for what I had done for him, and always remained, as I believe he is still, my devoted friend. Although he was not my pupil, he fully understood and appreciated the nature of my work at Eton, and did his best to aid me in endeavouring to elevate the intellectual and moral character of the school. He became President of the Literary Society, which, as I have before mentioned, I founded with this object; indeed, he gave to it a solidity and importance which it could not have derived from my efforts alone. The Head Master, who was not friendly towards the Society,

did his best to persuade Welldon to resign his position, on the ground that it would hinder his chance of obtaining the Newcastle Scholarship, but he replied that he would rather be President of the Literary Society than a Newcastle scholar.

At this time my relations with the Head Master were much strained. I do not propose to enter upon the details of this topic, which would indeed require a book by itself; a book which could any day be written, as full materials for it exist. But for fear anyone should think that I was to blame in these disputes, I will quote a few extracts from a letter written to me in the summer of 1875 by that distinguished jurist and judge, FitzJames Stephen. After saying that he had minutely studied every step in a very intricate and lengthy story, he adds: "I have no reason whatever to believe that on any one occasion did you do anything which derogated in the least degree from your character as a schoolmaster, a gentleman, or a man of honour. It was impossible to study the questions which from time to time had arisen between you without seeing that the real matter in difference was altogether distinct from the trumpery disputes about points of school discipline and the misunderstandings as to what was said or meant on different occasions. It is obvious to me that the Head Master and you really took opposite views of the nature of public school education and of the proper way of managing boys. You took what I suppose may be called the more modern, and he the more old-fashioned side. Nothing surprised me so much in the whole matter as the extremely trifling, I might almost say puerile, character of the charges which he made against you." Matters being in this state, it was natural that I should contemplate resigning my mastership, and I consulted my friend, Henry Sidgwick, about the question, he, as I have before said, knowing every detail of my conduct, and having been

accustomed to advise me in every particular. A Lectureship in Modern History was then being established at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the selection of the person to fill it was left in the hands of Henry Sidgwick and Mr. Robert Burn. Sidgwick formally offered me the Lectureship if I would leave Eton, and I took time to consider the proposition. The question had to be decided at a certain garden party given by my old schoolfellow, Sir George Young, at his seat, Formosa, near Cookham. I well remember the occasion. I left the decision in Sidgwick's hands, and he promised to consult those among my colleagues who were most competent to give an opinion. He came up to me and said that he had arrived at the conclusion that it was impossible for me to leave Eton of my own accord, that I was so much engaged in movements which were of vital consequence to the school, and so much trusted as the leader of important reforms, that a spontaneous resignation would be cowardly desertion of principle. I took his advice and remained, in the hope that things might become better. I have often speculated as to what would have occurred if I had accepted Sidgwick's offer. I became, two years later, a History Lecturer at King's, and established in that College a flourishing History School. Could I have done the same at Trinity? I really do not know; but from my general experience of human affairs I am inclined to think that my acceptance would have made no difference, and that what I did at King's could be done in that College, and in that College alone.

The tour in Norway before mentioned was beset by bad weather and almost continuous rain, but we enjoyed ourselves notwithstanding. After a stormy passage from Hull to Bergen, accompanied by Mr. Robert Lowe, we made our way to Trondjem and then to Tromsoe, our nearest point to the North Cape. We saw the Lapps, and

the strange, unearthly atmospheric effects of the Arctic Circle, the opalescent water, the gorgeous spectacle of sunsets, lasting for hours in the sky. We walked through churchyards at midnight, apparently in the full light of day, wondering what had become of the ghosts; we saw the sun at 11 p.m. We lunched with Mr. Brassey, on board the famous *Sunbeam*, in the harbour of Trondjem, and we drove three hundred miles through the country, partly in carioles, partly in a stolkjare. Welldon, whatever may be his capacity for guiding his flock as a Christian shepherd, had, in those days, no capacity for driving a single horse. On several occasions, as we three proceeded in single file, we suddenly missed the sound of Welldon's wheels; we looked back and found that something had happened: either the horse's head had become hopelessly entangled in a gate, or the wheel or his cariole had mounted on a large heap of stones and could not be dislodged, or the horse, the cariole and himself had fallen all three of them into a hedge. We abandoned the experiment as hopeless, and from that time I drove him in a stolkjare, although Heaven knows that I am no Jehu. My industry in those years, during the vacations, was prodigious. I suppose that I had so little time for private reading in the school-time that I made the most of my holidays for that purpose. On board the Hull boat we read Browning's *Sordello*, in the intervals of sea-sickness, and obtained explanations of what we could not understand from Bob Lowe. On the coasting steamer Welldon and myself used to retire every morning to a quiet corner and read Plato together, Gorgias, and another dialogue, I forget which. I wanted also to read with him Curtius's *History of the Greek Verb* in the afternoon, but of this he fought shy, and preferred sleep. The books I brought with me were stowed away at the bottom of the stolkjare, where, being shaken about, and at the same time drenched

with rain, they were reduced to a kind of pulp, and my copy of Zeller's *Geschichte der Philosophie*, which I was reading at the time, still bears marks of that diluvian season. I ought not to omit that the pleasure of this tour was greatly enhanced by the company of James Bryce and his brother Annan, who travelled with us for about a week. Bryce and myself used to bathe together in the coldest water and I should have been amazed at his extraordinary knowledge of botany, had I not known that it was useless to be astonished at any knowledge which he might possess. I have never been in Norway since; indeed, the country did not very greatly attract me; the scenery of each day was beautiful, but all days inland were very much the same. At the same time it was a novel experience to enter the Arctic Circle, marked by that strange island, the Hestmansoe, where a mounted horseman clad in a flowing cloak seems to ride into the ocean.

CHAPTER XV

ITALY, THE ALPS. FAREWELL TO ETON

IN the winter of 1874–5 I again visited Italy, taking with me as a companion an Eton boy of seventeen, in whom I was much interested. He had shown great capacity and intelligence as a child, but on coming into contact with him again after three years interval, I found that he was completely changed. He had become indolent, lethargic, and indifferent, incapable of exertion, and unsatisfactory in every respect except that of character. With all my knowledge and experience of boys I could not account for this, and in order to study the problem thoroughly I took him abroad with me, thinking that close companionship for a month would throw some light on the situation. I mention these details because it was a practice with me to examine difficult pedagogic problems as a doctor investigates a new or rare disease. Our first halt was at Florence, in my old quarters of the Hotel d'Italie. On this visit I had peculiar advantages, having a letter of introduction to Madame Marliani, the widow of an Italian minister, who knew everybody worth knowing in Florence, and introduced me to all the best people she knew. Those were the days of the supremacy of the Peruzzi, a most remarkable pair. The husband was Mayor of Florence, and his wife, Donna Emilia, a powerful personality, superintended a brilliant salon, where I was a frequent guest. I found the study of English in great

vogue, and my acquaintance with George Eliot, Tennyson, and Browning stood me in good stead. A number of the Florentine ladies talked English admirably, and among these I specially remember Madame Guerrieri Gonzaga, who has made herself a name in literature. Madame Marliani used to call for me every evening in her carriage and take me to different houses. In this way I paid a visit to Gino Capponi, then old and blind, but still a striking figure in his remains of former vigour. He was indisputably the foremost man in Florence, chosen to be her ruler when the Grand Duke was turned out, and worthy to be her historian, doing nothing but credit to the great name which he inherited. I met at his palace General la Marmora, and the son-in-law of Manzoni, the author of the *Promessi Sposi*. I left Florence after a rare intellectual banquet, and travelled by way of Perugia to Rome.

The investigation of my young friend had convinced me that what he required was the subjection for a season to an iron discipline, which would leave him no time to himself and enforce habits of self-restraint. I told him plainly what I thought of him, and when we were driving up the steep hill to the gate of Perugia, I said to him: "There is no hope for you, except to be a Capuchin." If he had been my pupil, which he was not, I should have kept him in my pupil-room all day, and made him do all his work under my personal supervision. I little thought how true my words would prove. On leaving Eton he went to the University, and, having been always addicted to High Church practices, he became a Roman Catholic, greatly through the influence of Cardinal Manning. He joined one of the strictest orders of the Roman Church, and had to pass a severe novitiate. He is now a very distinguished man, and I hope that nothing that I have said will lead to the discovery of his name. His health, which, before his conversion, gave great anxiety to his

friends, became robust from the hard life he had to lead, and I should imagine that if any one were asked his most prominent characteristic at the present day, they would reply his physical and mental vigour and energy. I congratulate myself that my diagnosis had been correct, and that my pedagogic tour had not been in vain.

When I arrived at Rome I found a letter waiting for me at the post office from Minghetti, then Prime Minister of Italy, asking me to call upon him, which I did on the following day. He told me that he had heard of my coming to Rome, and that he wished me to inspect some of the principal schools and to write him a report on the subject. The chief school that I visited was the Liceo Vittorio Emanuele, the principal secondary school of Rome. I found the instruction there much better than I expected, and the opinion that I then formed was borne out by Professor Mayor, of Cambridge, who visited it at a later period. I found the boys capable of doing certain things which I do not think my Eton pupils could have done; for instance, they readily translated the Greek of *Æsop's Fables* into Latin. Also, when I was assisting at a Dante lesson, a boy came forward, and with great modesty, but perfect self-possession and a charming manner, gave an abstract in his own language of the Canto which they had just read. The boys appeared to me to have great natural ability, to feel a deep interest in their work, and to have been admirably taught. One amusing incident occurred. The Head Master, who conducted the Dante lesson, was naturally a furious patriot, and was eager to impress upon his pupils the virtues of the new regime. After reading in a dramatic manner Dante's description of the Veltro, in the first Canto of the *Inferno*, he asked with oratorical tone and gesture who it was who was to drive the wolf of the papacy from city to city until he had sent him back to the hell from which he

came. A bright-eyed boy, sitting on one of the middle forms, was very anxious to answer, and was holding out his hand with great eagerness, but the Head Master was very lengthy in his peroration. At last the moment arrived, and the little boy shouted what is probably the correct answer: "*Can Grande della Scala.*" The Master's face fell, but the other boys, more astute, if less well informed, cried out with one voice: "*Vittorio Emanuele,*" and the honour of the school was saved. According to the commentators the first boy was probably right, but the Italians delighted to think that Veltro was a cryptogram, the solution of which was: Vittorio Emanuele, Liberatore Trionfante, Re Ottimo. We stayed at Rome in the Hotel de Russie, under the Pincian Hill, a very comfortable hostelry, of which I had always heard a good account. During my stay in Rome, two things were impressed upon me, one that you should never walk if you can drive, the other that you should always carry a light overcoat on your arm if you wish to escape Roman fever. The climate of Rome is exhausting, the distances are very great, and Roman fever is, or was, caused by a chill. It is therefore dangerous to enter a church or a gallery, the temperature of which is generally lower than that of the air, when you are in a tired condition. I have often found these rules useful for the Rome of those days, and they may be so still. During the last days of our visit Knatchbull-Hugessen and Arthur Todd came out from London to join us, and the Roman Catholic friend, who was then my companion as a boy, reminds me that John Morley was to have been one of our party, but was prevented from coming at the last moment.

At Easter, 1875, I was again in Italy, and this time with Gerald Balfour. We took a carriage drive through the Abruzzi, a novel experience which still lives in the memory of both of us. The Abruzzi was the chosen home of

brigands, and we were strongly urged by all our friends, including the staff of the British Embassy at Rome, not to attempt anything so insane. As, however, there had been recently attacks of brigandage in Rome itself, we replied that evidently all the brigands had moved into Rome and the Abruzzi would be quite safe. We took with us a courier, Antonio Belisario, who kept a picture shop close to the Piazza di Spagna, and was Mayor of a small Hernican town. I forget the name of our coachman, but he was a little man, much chaffed by Belisario on that account, and was in a terrible fright of brigands. Balfour carried a revolver and so I believe did the two others, but I declined to do so for fear I should shoot one of my companions. We drove first to Tivoli and then to Subiaco, the first monastery of St. Benedict, where we saw the sacred cave and the rose tree in which he rolled himself in order to subdue the assaults of the flesh. From this place we proceeded to Anagni and Ferentino, where Pope Boniface VIII was assaulted by William of Nogaret and his companions, who treated him much as the Norman knights treated Becket, except that they did not kill him. From Ferentino we went to the old Latin city of Alatri, and its companion town, Veroli. I never saw anything so astounding as the fortifications of the first of these two places, they were beyond anything that I had expected to find, and threw a strong light on the importance of Latium in prehistoric times and also upon the early history of Rome. Whilst driving in this neighbourhood we saw some gendarmes wandering about, and we were told that they were looking for brigands who had carried off a bishop to the mountains a few days before. We soon arrived at the Liris and visited the Cistercian monastery of Casamari, which remains nearly in its old condition. Casamari means the house of Marius, and marks the site of the farm on which Marius was brought up. It was a natural transi-

tion to pass from the birthplace of Marius to that of another distinguished Arpinate, Cicero. The scene is exactly that depicted in the introduction of the *De Legibus*, the island formed by the junction of the Fibrenus and the Liris. It is a beautiful spot, but we did not see any remains of Cicero's ancestral home. It is curious that Cicero should speak of Marius and himself as both being citizens of Arpinum, when their birthplaces were some ten miles distant from each other, and both of them at least an equal distance from the town in which they claim to have been born. It shows that the original town-community of the Latins was not a city state, but a citadel state, that the inhabitants lived in the country and regarded as their city the fortress to which they occasionally repaired either for defence or for business. From Isola a short journey took us to Sora, a typical Latin town, seldom visited. The women all wore native jewellery, and by the help of Belisario I succeeded in purchasing a gold necklace, which I still possess. I had to pay eight pounds for it, and Belisario told me that the woman surrendered it with great difficulty and with tears, but I have since doubted whether some of my eight sovereigns did not remain in Belisario's pocket. From Sora we had intended to pass over the mountains to Sulmona, interesting to us partly from recollections of Ovid, and partly as the home of Pope Celestine V, Pietra da Morrone, who was so badly treated by Boniface VIII. We had already seen the hill-prison Fumone, in which he died, but we were informed that the snow was so deep as to make the roads impassable, and we had to content ourselves with the drive to Aquila. I must not omit our visit to the Lago Fucino, then being drained at great expense by Prince Torlonia, to the town of Tagliacozzo, lying at the gate of the mountains, to the battlefield of Scurgola, where Conradin was defeated by Charles of Anjou; and to the fortress of Alba, which marks the birth-

place of Thomas of Celano, the author of the "Dies Irae." The road across the mountains to Aquila is very steep and ends in a veritable mountain pass, where, if anywhere, we were likely to find brigands. It was a Sunday afternoon, and we thought it probable that some drunken loafers might attempt to attack us, because brigandage in those parts is not, as in Greece, a select profession, but an epidemic disease. Any peasant would not hesitate to shoot you if he thought he could gain five francs by doing so, or if he exchanged his usual light-hearted disposition for one of thoughtfulness and care. Everybody went armed, the men working in the fields had their muskets with them, and we passed a carriage full of *commis voyageurs* with blunderbusses sticking out of every window. Our own remedy was to behave with great simplicity, to talk the best Italian we could muster, to go into the brigands' cottages and to nurse their babies, to twist the woollen thread which held the joint of kid roasting before the fire, and to think ourselves well rewarded by a smoking dish of *fritto di capretto*, the most delicious of meats. Our coachman was terribly frightened, pale and tearful; indeed, he could hardly be persuaded to proceed. I also felt nervous, but my anxiety had the effect of making me get out of the carriage and walk on in front to the head of the pass. I thought that if we were to be shot I should like to be the first, and to get it over as soon as possible. However, nothing untoward occurred, and we reached Aquila in safety.

Aquila is one of the most interesting cities in Italy; it represents the art, the government, the genius of the Emperor Frederic II, the wonder of the world. It contains innumerable churches with twisted columns inlaid with mosaic, while the snows of the Gran Sasso d'Italia look down into the streets. When I returned to England I spoke to Ruskin about the art of Frederic II,

and he told me that it had never been properly studied, and that there were no books on the subject. I do not know whether this want has been supplied since. One of the characteristics of these central Italian towns is their excellent wines; there is not one of them which does not produce wine of different types, resembling claret, sherry, or port, all peculiar in taste, all delicious, but from imperfection of manufacture not able to be exported. From Aquila we drove to Cività Ducale. In the immediate neighbourhood is the birthplace of the Emperor Vespasian, and the remains of a large palace which he constructed there during his reign. We thought that excavations in this place might produce interesting results, and we were sorely tempted to purchase some ecclesiastical property, which was evidently going cheap. It was being sold by candle auction, that is, a candle was lighted and bids were received till it went out. We, however, were afraid of the difficulties of management, and happily, perhaps, for ourselves, resisted the temptation. We slept that night at Rieti, a most beautiful town, well worth a visit. From this place a short drive took us to Terni and its famous waterfall. The waterfall of Terni is also one of those sights the beauty of which transcends any description which can be given of it. It is, I believe, artificial in origin, and is not mentioned by classical writers, but the loveliness of the falling water, the dignity of the marble rock over which it pours, and the exquisite setting of the trees which surround it make up a scene instinct with Italian charm, such as no northern country can show. We returned to Rome by train, well satisfied with our expedition. Our tour had lasted eleven days, and it cost about twenty pounds. At this time Sir Augustus Paget was Ambassador at Rome, and nothing could be more attractive than the *salon* of the Embassy presided

over by his graceful and accomplished wife, formerly Countess Hohenembs. I had the good fortune to be their constant guest, and a place was always kept for me at their table, where I received a hospitality since often renewed by Lady Paget at her Florentine Villa of Bellosguardo.

My last holiday tour as an Eton master was taken with my friend Welldon, in the summer of 1875. After spending a few days with my mother and sisters at Meyringen, we started for the high Alps. On the first day's march I was attacked, for the only time of my life, with mountain sickness, brought on by walking up a steep path to the hut in which we were to sleep, after a long day's excursion. It is a most unpleasant experience, and entirely prevents progress at the time, but it soon passes away and leaves no lasting effects. Welldon suffered from it as well as myself, and a companion who had agreed to go with us on the following day was so much impressed by our exhibition of weakness that he got up early and started by himself, leaving us in the lurch. However, in crossing the high and difficult pass we certainly walked as well as he did. Our great achievement this summer was the passage of the Weissthor, from Zermatt to Macugnaga. I had long desired to cross it, and had planned to do so with Jebb in 1873, but I was not able to succeed till 1875. Welldon and myself slept at the Hotel Mont Cervin at Zermatt, and we were obliged to start at two a.m., but we were kept awake till midnight by a noisy Oxford reading party, who, after finishing a ball, kept themselves and every one else in the hotel on the alert by rushing in and out of each other's rooms, banging doors and shouting. The remonstrances of Welldon and myself, and the appeals to be allowed a little sleep before our expedition, were received with peals of laughter, and

we had to content ourselves with two hours' slumber. The pass seemed to me the most difficult I have ever crossed, from its extreme steepness. Seated at the top you look perpendicularly down between your feet at a patch of snow immediately beneath you, you see some tiny specks standing on this patch, and you are told that they are travellers making for the summit, that it will take them twenty minutes to reach you, and that you must not move during that time for fear of throwing down stones which might injure them. Every step that you have to take is pointed out to you by the guide, and is not difficult in itself, but a false step may be fatal. At one point you have to let yourselves slide down some twelve feet of smooth rock, but this happily slopes away from the precipice. We reached Macugnaga in safety, and eventually returned to England after a most enjoyable travel.

At this time a question was pending between the Head Master and myself as to the number of my pupils. The regulations of the Governing Body confined each master to the limit of forty pupils, but he was allowed, if he obtained special leave, to have three pupils out of his house in addition to the forty. Having forty boys in my house, I had obtained leave to have these three outdoor pupils, who were all collegers, and common sense would have dictated that this leave should be continued until they left the school, on the condition that I did not receive any more colleger pupils. However, in my case it had been laid down that I was to obtain special leave each term; and by a pure oversight I had omitted to ask leave in the summer half until after the meeting of the Governing Body. I was therefore told that leave could not be given, that I must keep my three colleger pupils as part of my forty, and must have thirty-seven boys in my house instead of the full number, leaving

three rooms empty, to my own pecuniary loss and to the disappointment of those parents whose boys had been waiting for years to come into my house. My dear mother and myself had accepted the situation, and had arranged to keep the three rooms empty. Besides this, she had sent the Head Master a list of the boys in my house, showing that we only had thirty-seven, who, with the three colleger pupils, would make up the number to forty. On crossing the Channel on my return to England, I met some of my colleagues and explained the situation to them. They strongly advised me to approach the Head Master with a view to obtaining his permission to transfer some or all of my colleger pupils to other tutors, in order to fill up the rooms in my house. I may mention that this limit of forty pupils was especially hard upon me, because, in order to find time for teaching history, I had been obliged to transfer a number of my fourth-form pupils to other masters. I received no money for them; they were printed in the school list as belonging to other tutors, and yet I had to count them among my forty. I called upon the Head Master on the morning after my arrival to make this request, but he refused to allow me to transfer my pupils. Two days later, on coming out of early morning school a letter was placed in my hands by the Head Master's servant, informing me that my mastership would terminate at the close of the schooltime, in fact, that day three months, the reason being given that I had broken the rule with regard to the limitation of pupils. Of course, I had done nothing of the kind, and when this was explained to him, he said that his letter did not imply such a charge; but he entirely refused to say what it did imply. The Act of Parliament governing the administration of public schools gave the Head Master an absolute right of dismissing his assistants for no reason or for a false reason, and the Governing Body a similar

power of dismissing the Head Master. My friends imagined that an appeal would lie to the Governing Body, and in my opinion there was such an appeal, because, according to the principles of jurisprudence, the power of dismissing the Head Master gave them every other power over him. But the Governing Body interpreted their duties in a narrow spirit, and decided that unless they were prepared to take the step of dismissing the Head Master they had no further control over his actions. When the Governing Body met, my friends carried by a majority of one that the Head Master should be asked to explain why he had dismissed me, and I believe that he wrote a paper justifying his conduct. The proper course would have been to have communicated this paper to me; but at the next meeting of the Governing Body one of my supporters, the Master of Trinity, was absent, and it was decided, by the casting vote of the Provost of Eton, that the Head Master's explanation should not be communicated to me. I had therefore no opportunity of examining it or of replying to it, and I am at this moment absolutely and entirely ignorant of the reasons of my dismissal. All I can say is that the Provost shortly afterwards wrote to me saying that he had received a letter from the Head Master, in which he stated that he had brought no charge against my character, and that he had none to bring. I had, therefore, at the age of eight-and-thirty, at three months' notice, to break up my house, to deprive my mother and sisters of a home which they had enjoyed for fifteen years, and to seek a new career for myself. A volume might be written about this matter, which attracted much attention at the time, and was the subject of a debate in Parliament. If the public should ever desire to know anything more about it their curiosity could be easily satisfied, because a full narrative of it exists drawn up by an impartial writer, supported by contemporary documentary evidence. I do

not propose to give any further account of the business myself. One of my deepest sympathisers in this trouble was John Ruskin, whom I had come to know very well in the last few years. When he came to lecture to the Eton boys during my last schooltime, after advising me strongly to bring the matter before the Law Courts, he insisted upon walking the whole length of the lecture-room arm-in-arm with me; and his lecture was full of allusions to what had occurred and of advice to the boys not to forget me. Of the many letters I received at that time, I prize none more than his, which I here print *in extenso* :—

"BROADLANDS, *December 14th*, 1875.

"DEAR MR. BROWNING,

"As I heard with profound regret and a most bitter sense of the injustice done you that you were leaving Eton, so it will be with extreme thankfulness I shall hear of your success in the attainment of any authoritative educational position.

"I am sure that the views you hold on all subjects relating to the education of the higher classes of our youth are brightly and liberally, but not rashly, extended beyond those which have too long checked, if not thwarted, the best spirits among our public schoolboys, and left youths of the highest genius undiscovered for want of timely sympathy.

"What I have been permitted to see of the relations existing between your pupils and you seemed to me completely to realize the ideal of vital, affectionate, and enduringly beneficent education.

"Believe me always,

"Affectionately and respectfully yours,

"JOHN RUSKIN."

CHAPTER XVI

A PEDAGOGIC HOLIDAY, BAYREUTH THE POLITICAL SOCIETY

WHEN I left Eton in December, 1875, my Boarding House was broken up, a few of the boys remaining with the master who succeeded me, the rest being dispersed in different houses. Four boys, however, who were going, like myself, to the University in the following October, and who did not desire to enter another house in that interval, agreed to go abroad with me, and the tour which we took together formed a very valuable piece of pedagogic experience. It was arranged that we should meet at Leipzig in January, but before they arrived my dear friend and pupil J. K. Stephen accompanied me, at his own request, to that city. Stephen, who has left a name more or less permanent in English literature, was in many respects the most brilliant young man with whom I ever came into contact, and was regarded by all his contemporaries as an intellectual giant. He was passionately fond of Eton, which did not, as a boy, treat him particularly well, and his poems consecrated to her praise are still cherished in that school with a devout enthusiasm. All who knew him augured for him a brilliant career at the Bar and in Parliament. But their hopes were cut short by a fatal accident. Visiting his friend Felix Cobbold at Felixstowe, he was struck on the head by the vane of a small windmill which was used to supply the house with

water. Little was thought of it at the time, but it originated mischief which developed into insanity. One wintry morning at Cambridge, when ill with bronchitis, I was summoned to his rooms, where he was suffering from a sudden brain attack. Unable to move myself, I sent a friend in my place, and in the afternoon he went of his own accord to a retreat at Northampton, and there, not long afterwards, he died. "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, and burned is Apollo's laurel bough." Recollections come before me of how he held the Union Society breathless for a whole hour by a speech in defence of the Established Church, which might have been spoken by Burke; how he kept a dinner-table of undergraduates in inexhaustible merriment for several hours by speeches not only brilliant in themselves, but which evoked brilliancy from others; how at the King's Combi he addressed the Vice-Chancellor in an extempore Latin oration which Erasmus might have envied; how he read a paper before a Philosophical Society from a series of blank leaves on which nothing was written. These feats, which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them, would fade away and perish in the telling. He was the most genial and lovable of men. The years which he passed at King's before his final retirement from the world which ended in his death, united parties, assuaged animosities, made friendships which seemed impossible, and founded institutions which still survive. He wrote to me on his thirty-third birthday complaining that he had done nothing for immortality; but before his next birthday he was dead, and he had written works which are not likely to be forgotten.

When my four friends arrived we arranged our plan of work. I laid it down as a principle that they should get through at least as much solid labour as they would have accomplished if they had remained at Eton, and it was

therefore established that, except when they were taking a deliberate holiday, they should do four hours' study in classics every morning. We took up our abode in the Hotel Hauffe, having a separate bedroom for each of us and a large sitting-room common to all. I was engaged in writing articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on Cæsar, Carthage, Dante, and the History of Education. We began the day with an early bathe before breakfast, sometimes walking through the snow to get it. After the midday table d'hôte we wandered over the field of the Battle of the Nations, examining all the monuments and minutely studying the history of the conflict. During the frost there was excellent skating for miles on the river. We are all fond of music, and were constant attendants at the Gewandhaus Concerts and also at the Opera. After our afternoon refreshment of tea or coffee we worked again till supper. This meal my pupils took wherever they pleased; but our favourite hostelry was the "Blue Carp," and our favourite dish was mock-turtle soup, very rich and nutritious. By our continually asking for it we came to be known as the "Mock Turtles," and when we entered the room the students called out: "Here come the Mock Turtles." The boys being allowed to select their own study for the afternoon and evening, they made excellent use of their time. One of them, who knew no German or Italian when he came abroad, went up to Oxford the best German scholar of the year, having made an abstract in English of the first two volumes of Zeller's *Geschicte der Philosophie*, and having laid a good foundation for his future reputation as an Italian scholar by the study of the "Vita Nuova" and the "Convito" of Dante.

In February we were joined by my mother and sisters, who had stayed at Eton to wind up our affairs, and for another six weeks we formed a very merry party, notwithstanding the pain attaching to our memories of the past.

We were well received in Leipzig society and were hospitably entertained by the great publishing houses of Brockhaus and Tauchnitz, and by Professor Carus, the translator of Darwin. I have a vivid recollection of my mother being led in a stately polonaise by Dr. Brockhaus through his spacious apartments at the opening of a ball, and of Baron Tauchnitz granting me a passport as English Consul-General, and saying to me in a solemn voice as a preliminary, "Mr. Browning, there is one important question I have to ask you, are you a British subject?" We spent much time in the second-hand bookshops, which were then the best in the world, and made large purchases, which proved afterwards a serious encumbrance on our journey. After spending two months and a half at Leipzig we moved on to Dresden, which my mother greatly preferred, but Leipzig has always had charms for me. It is far more German than Dresden; it is a University town with genuine professors and students, instead of teachers and sojourners. The music is admirable, only second to that of Berlin; the Gewandhaus, the Opera, and the choir of the Thomas Kirche, still devoted to the cult of Bach, make an unrivalled combination. The surrounding country is not beautiful, but is full of historical interest. After our hard work at Leipzig we gave ourselves a comparative holiday at Dresden, devoting much time to the Picture Gallery and the Opera.

From Dresden we passed by way of Eger and Munich to Venice, where our enjoyment was impaired by incessant rain, and then by Milan to the Lake of Como, where we made a long sojourn at the Villa d'Este. Here we resumed our course of steady work, I, as before, writing articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and my pupils studying with me their classics for four hours a day and improving their Italian. In July our party separated, my mother and sisters went to Meiringen and the rest of us to

the "Rieder Alp," then little known, now, I believe, fashionable. We engaged a competent Swiss guide for our excursions, and thoroughly explored the surrounding country, having Professor Tyndall as our neighbour at the "Bel Alp," and many friends at the "Eggischorn." At the beginning of August my pupils left me, and I remained at the "Rieder Alp" alone; cheered however, by the presence of many friends, amongst whom J. A. Symonds and Horatio Brown are conspicuous in my recollection. I met Symonds for the first time at the Dresden *pension* of which I have before spoken, and had stayed with him at Clifton just before the time when his sudden illness made it necessary for him to spend the rest of his life at Davos. One of his guests at Clifton was a young clergyman, curate to Mandell Creighton, afterwards Bishop of London, who a few years later became Minister of Education in Mr. Gladstone's Government, and was known to the world as Arthur Acland. At breakfast large packets of proof sheets used to come for Symonds's inspection which, as I afterwards learnt, was the *New Republic*, by W. H. Mallock, which Symonds had promised to revise. My tour with my pupils was a new and rather bold experiment, which was, I believe, thoroughly successful. They have all done well in life, and three of them are certainly well-known to the world. They were with me for six months, and during the greater part of that time did regular work with me, such as they would have done at Eton, for at least four solid hours every day, and during the rest of their time acquired languages, history, and general culture, with a success which surprised me. This example of a pedagogic holiday might, I think, be imitated by other schoolmasters.

From the "Rieder Alp" I made an expedition to Bayreuth, to hear the first performance of the "Ring of the Niebelungs." In 1873 my friend Edward Dannreuther had

persuaded me to become a Patron of the Wagner Society; that is, to contribute some twenty-five pounds to the building of the Bayreuth Theatre. This of course gave me the right to attend the first performance, and the occasion was certainly a remarkable one. Liszt, with his magnificent form and silver hair, was a prominent figure among the audience, and I saw Madame Ricordi decorate Wagner in public with a silver wreath. I have been a frequent visitor to Bayreuth in later years, have enjoyed the hospitality of Frau Cosima at the Villa Wahnfried, and have learnt to admire the "Ring" more than I did at its first performance; but I still hold that Wagner's masterpiece is the "Meistersinger," and I am told that this opinion coincides with that of Frau Cosima and Wagner himself. The end of the vacation was spent in a walking tour with my old pupil Carus Selwyn, afterwards Head Master of Uppingham, and an Etonian friend, George Lawrence. I had known Lawrence as a boy for some six years, and I do not think that I ever came across a more fascinating personality. He was the son of the famous author of *Sword and Gown*, and his mother was a Kirwan, two of her brothers being Fellows of my own College, King's. When I was at Florence with Cornish, in 1861, I had specially painted for me in water-colours, by Rocchi, the best copyist that I have ever known, a facsimile of the Head of the Angel in Botticelli's "Magnificat," who is holding the crown over the head of the Virgin, and I often wondered whether fate would ever bring to me a pupil resembling him. One day I met at an evening-party a boy about the age of twelve who strongly resembled the angel in the picture, and I was told that his name was George Lawrence. He afterwards came to Eton, but was not in my house. He was very gifted, but highly emotional and required much restraining care. His tutor was anxious that he should be a friend of mine, and I did my best to

keep the higher part of his nature prominent. One of his most intimate associates was Oliver Vassall, who has now, as Father Vassall Phillips, a world-wide reputation as a preacher, and Lawrence exercised a curious ascendancy over him. One of our punishments for Vassall, if he did anything wrong, was to make him drink some milk, for which he had an abhorrence, and I have vivid memories of George Lawrence standing over him and forcing him to drink the penal milk, Vassall begging for the remission of the punishment. Lawrence now joined me in Switzerland, and I well remember the delight of meeting him in the avenue at Brieg, as he arrived by the diligence. Our plans were very nearly upset by a curious accident. He used to walk in his sleep, and was also fond of jumping into water from great heights, when bathing. Staying with his father and mother at Boulogne, he jumped out of his bedroom window in his sleep, under the impression that he was taking a "footer" at Cuckoo Weir. He was only slightly damaged; if he had taken a "header" it might have been worse. He went up to Corpus College at Oxford, where I believe he did well, and he had a brilliant career at the Bar. He married a daughter of Lord Davey, and died just as he was approaching the certainty of a Judgeship. It is a pity that such unusual gifts should not be enshrined in something more than passing remembrance, and I can remember only a few things about him as I did not see much of him in later years. No one who saw him act the part of Cassandra, in the Balliol performance of the "Agamemnon," will ever forget it, especially how he sat with his exquisitely pathetic face, motionless in the car, outside the palace which the king had entered for his death, his silent countenance more eloquent than words. His by-play in acting was certainly unconventional. Once I remember when the prompter was repeating the whole text of the play in the foreign fashion,

he walked up to the wings and shouted, "Shut up, you little fool, Binkes; how can I act if you go on like that?" And when he was playing Death in "Alcestis," dressed after the model of Leighton's picture, mopping and mowing with a bare knife, majestically uttering the solemn words of Euripides, he suddenly stopped, and called out to the mourners who were bringing in the dead body of Alcestis: "I say you fellows, buck up, I can't stay here all night; if you don't make haste I shall be off!"

After the conclusion of this tour I returned alone to the "Rieder Alp," where I spent the remainder of the month in cold and very frequently foggy weather. When my pupils and myself crossed the Simplon into the Valais, we brought with us six hundred books, the spoils of Leipzig and Venice. The packing-cases containing them were so heavy that we placed them on a trolley and walked by their side ourselves. I doubt whether so many volumes had ever entered this closely guarded Catholic canton, since the invention of printing. Most of them we left in the valley; the rest were carried up the mountain in baskets, fastened on men's shoulders, among them being an edition of Voltaire, in a hundred small volumes, which I had bought at Venice. When I left the "Rieder Alp" I made them a present to the innkeeper, thinking that they might beguile the weary hours of many a visitor, but the local priest got wind of them, and removed them. An old pupil of mine, who had heard of their existence asked for them, when staying at the "Rieder Alp," and found that they had been buried. He had them dug up, but I have little doubt that after his departure they were buried again. I went to Cambridge on October 1, the first day of the term, to begin my new life, while my mother and sister set up a girls' school at Windsor, which, under the name of the "Beehive," first at Windsor and then at Bexhill, has been singularly successful. The entry

in my mother's journal concerning this is very touching. "On August 22 we went to England; our foreign experiences had been very agreeable, and we returned to our new and untried life. I had to say adieu to my son, with whom I had lived in peace and harmony for fifteen years. It was a cruel blow."

The rooms which were to receive me at King's were those which I still occupy, and although they looked small after my Eton house, every year has convinced me more and more of their comfort and convenience, and I constantly bless the name of Wilkins, the architect who designed them. They had been decorated and furnished before my arrival by the filial care of my old pupil Alfred Clayton Cole, now deputy-governor of the Bank of England, and that the superintendence of this work was no sinecure is shown by the fact that he had to make arrangements for the reception of a library of seven thousand volumes. My income was, of course, seriously reduced. When I left Eton it could not have been, all told, much less than three thousand a year; at King's it was confined to my fellowship of about three hundred. This was added to by the kindness of my friends. At the end of my first term I received the following letter from my friend Seeley, then Regius Professor of Modern History:—

"CHRIST COLLEGE, *December* 5, 1876.

"MY DEAR BROWNING,—

"Our friend Sidgwick asks me to make the following announcement to you.

"A number of persons, either old Etonians, parents of Eton boys, or persons engaged in education elsewhere, have made a subscription in order to testify their sympathy with you in the trying circumstances in which you have been placed and their appreciation of your value as a teacher.

"They have thought that it would be acceptable to you to receive this sum in the form of an annual payment during the first years which you give to the University in your new occupation of teaching history.

"I am therefore to announce to you, as Chairman of the Board of Historical Studies, that for the next three years certainly, and it is hoped for the next four, you will receive the sum of £150 *per annum* on condition of lecturing for two terms at least in each year on subjects and for fees approved by the Board.

"My own connection with the matter is only official, but I am very glad in making this announcement in the name of the subscribers, to assure you at the same time in the name of all the teachers of history in Cambridge what pleasure they have in welcoming you as a colleague.

"Yours very truly,

"J. R. SEELEY."

I was now able to devote myself to a task, which I had long looked forward to, the training of statesmen by academical instruction. In this I had the full sympathy of Seeley, who had indeed founded the Historical Tripos with that particular view. His opinion was, that in order to be effective it should not be a Tripos of historical erudition or research so much as a Political Tripos, a machinery by which men could be trained for learning, reasoning, and perhaps acting in politics; that is, in public affairs connected with the welfare of the State. The groundwork of the Tripos was to be composed of the political sciences; political science properly so-called, which Seeley always declared to be the backbone of history, political economy, international law, and jurisprudence; the facts of history were to be used for the purpose of illustrating and elucidating these subjects, and not for any intrinsic value which they might possess. During the whole period of my

residence at Cambridge as a teacher of history I remained faithful to this creed, and I believe that the great success of the King's History School was due to the fact that I followed this method. I doubt whether any one, except Seeley, Henry Sidgwick, and myself, had a confident trust in this method of teaching, and Cambridge history has now drifted away into quite other channels. In reflecting about my work before I went to Cambridge, I came to the conclusion that my teaching of history ought to comprise essay-writing and discussion, and I determined to exact a weekly essay from each of my pupils and to make arrangements for the orderly discussion of subjects connected with the Tripos. As I was passing through Berne on my way to England I met James Stuart, then a Professor at Cambridge, lately Member of Parliament for Sunderland, and consulted him about my plans. He highly approved of them, but strongly advised that if a Discussion Society were formed, I should be the only "Don" present at the debates. He said that if other history teachers were admitted to our meetings, the discussions would be carried on entirely by the older men, and the undergraduates would take no part in them. I therefore founded the Political Society on these lines, and my experience of its working, compared with that of other societies, conducted upon different principles, convinced me that he was perfectly right.

The first minute book of the Political Society, the parent of many similar societies in Cambridge, and possibly elsewhere, is now lying before me, and I read the following entry in the handwriting of Bernard Holland :—

"The Political Society held its first meeting on October 23, 1876, and consisted of the following members: O. Browning (President), E. B. Denison, B. H. Holland (Secretary), Hon. A. Lyttelton, H. Stephen. The following rules have been drawn up: 1. That this Society be called the Political Society. 2. That its object be to pro-

mote the scientific discussion of political questions. 3. That this Society meet every Monday at 9 p.m. 4. That the number of members be limited to twelve. 5. That members be elected below the rank of M.A. 6. That no member be elected except unanimously. 7. That each discussion be opened by an essay or speech. 8. That no member be expected to write more than one essay in each term. 9. That each member express his opinion in turn in an order to be determined by ballot. 10. That two subjects for discussion be proposed by each member in turn, one of which be chosen for debate a fortnight later."

These rules remained unaltered during the whole of my Presidency, and I believe are still in force. Between October 23, 1876, and March 9, 1908, four hundred and seventy-three meetings were held, and of these all but eight took place in my rooms, and under my personal presidency. In the Lent term, 1902, I was absent in India, paying a visit to Lord Curzon, who was then Viceroy, and during this time eight meetings were held under the presidency of Mr. Clapham, who is now my successor in the history tutorship, and in his rooms in King's College. That I should have been able to carry on this work continuously for thirty-two years, except for this slight break, is, I think, a testimony to my excellent health and to my tenacity of purpose.

The method of conducting the discussions was as follows: We met nominally at 9 p.m., tea being provided for the guests, but the reading of the paper did not usually begin till 9.30. At the beginning of the Academical year a list was drawn up and printed, showing the dates on which each member of the Society was expected to read a paper, the choice of the subject being left to himself, unless he wished to consult the members, so that number ten of the original rules was not enforced. Before the business began, a ballot was taken by drawing ivory numbers out of a red velvet bag to determine the order of speaking. The

President usually read the first paper in the October term, and the Secretary the second paper, sometimes also the President read a paper at the beginning of the Lent term. The reader of the paper sat in a chair close to my writing-table, with a plentiful supply of light. The President always occupied an arm-chair on the left, in which he was maliciously reputed to slumber during the reading of the paper, the Secretary sat in a lower chair on the right. The papers lasted not less than twenty minutes, but were often longer; sometimes, but rarely, extending to an hour and a half. In this case the discussion, if held at all, was put off till the following week. The paper finished, each member delivered his speech in the order previously determined by ballot, rising and standing on the hearthrug to face the audience. The President, on one occasion, attempted the innovation of speaking out of his turn, but this revolutionary step was met by such an outburst of indignation that he was forced to take his lot with the rest, and I consider it very fortunate he did so. The speeches were of various lengths, some being very short; the President's were generally long, seldom less than half an hour, and he had to stand a good deal of chaff on this account. The speeches were usually extempore, arising out of the debate, but a notice of the subject with the name of the essayist had been circulated on the previous Thursday. If honorary members, that is, old members of the Society, who had been so elected, or visitors were present, they spoke when they pleased, but generally at the end. After all the speeches were concluded, there was a discussion as to the form in which the questions should be put for voting, and the votes were recorded by the Secretary. The question voted on might have only a slight connection with the paper, and might turn on some point which had arisen in the discussion. It was frequently put in an epigrammatic form.

One object I kept steadily before my eyes. When I was contemplating the establishment of the Society, I wrote to my friend Reginald Brett, now Lord Esher, to ask his advice. He was rather opposed to my scheme, as he thought that it would be almost impossible for the President of such a Society not to dominate it, and he was afraid that this might impair independence of thought amongst the pupils. Throughout the whole of my Presidency I did my best to avoid this, and encouraged a habit of disagreement with and attack upon the President's opinion, which I considered extremely wholesome, and I was never more happy than when I found myself in a minority of one. Indeed, although I have always been a democrat and a radical, I do not think that I ever influenced the political opinions of my pupils in that direction, certainly not by the discussions of the Political Society. My object was not to inculcate a certain set of opinions, but to encourage the free, intelligent, and rational discussion of all opinions. I remember once, when there was a debate upon Egypt, I ventured to express my belief that in a hundred years there would be an unbroken line of British influence extending from the Cape to Alexandria, and Austen Chamberlain met this very mild remark by the indignant exclamation: "These are the absurdities with which our President attempts to delude our youthful minds," an explosion typical of many similar protests. I was justified in calling the Political Society a Seminar, but it was very different to the Seminar as understood in Germany. There a student writes an elaborate paper, full of other people's opinions, to which his attention has been directed by his professor, with very few opinions of his own. The discussion proceeds, always under the control of the master, and at the end, the professor sums up, stating, ex cathedra, what really is the truth on the subject, from which no one is expected to differ.

I, on the contrary, was anxious to ascertain the writer's own opinions rather than his knowledge of those of other people, and to encourage discussion on matters which the speaker imperfectly understood, feeling this to be of the highest educational value. I preferred to leave my class in uncertainty as to what was true, believing that, if there were any certain truth, it could not lie in a cut-and-dried result, which had not been obtained by a pupil's own exertions, and might be entirely false.

Our range of subjects was very wide. At our first discussion I read a paper on the relations between Russia and England, advocating an agreement like that which, after more than thirty years, has been concluded between the two nations. In the meeting immediately following, Alfred Lyttelton read a paper on the Church of England, after which it was unanimously decided that disestablishment was not a pressing question; and Beckett Denison discoursed on Education, when we all agreed that education should be an affair of the Government. In the following term Bernard Holland read a paper on the English in India, after which we were nearly equally divided upon the question as to whether our own interest was or was not the first consideration in its government: Herbert Stephen discoursed on the liquor question, and we were equally divided as to whether the suppression of drunkenness falls within the province of government or not; the President made a vigorous defence of the principle that statesmen can be formed by education, which secured general assent. This will serve to show the general character of our meetings.

The thirty-second meeting, held on October 14, 1878, was made memorable by the election of J. K. Stephen, who, six weeks later, read a paper to prove that International Law did not exist and probably never would exist; at the next meeting the Society decided, with a

single dissentient voice, in favour of compulsory military service. On February 10, 1879, the Society voted on the question of Women's Suffrage with six in favour and four against, and in the autumn of that year it was divided equally as to whether the principles of Free Trade are or are not of universal application. In February, 1880, the principle of Home Rule was rejected by a large majority. I find entered upon the minutes of October 25, 1880, in the handwriting of J. K. Stephen: "The President violated the fundamental rules of the Society, speaking out of his turn. He wishes the Secretary to put upon record his apology for this breach of duty, and to explain that it is not, nor it cannot be a precedent," a remark more vigorous than grammatical. In February, 1881, I read a paper on the foreign policy of England in 1784, of such inordinate length that the discussion had to be adjourned till the next week, Harold Cox, of Jesus, being present as a visitor on both occasions. A similar torture was inflicted upon the Society in October of the same year by a paper on the outbreak of the war between France and England in 1793, with a similar result. In February, 1882, Sorley read a paper on Goodwin's *Political Justice*, and a division was taken on the question: "Is Government necessarily an evil?" three voting that it is, six that it is not. In May of the same year Walter Raleigh read a paper on Economic Progress, and the question divided upon was whether the progress of the human race tends to increase happiness. The President and the essayist were of opinion that it does not, but the majority was against them. On November 27, 1882, Mr. Austen Chamberlain was elected a member of the Society, and in the following February, at the hundred-and-sixth meeting, read his first paper on John Morley's *Life of Richard Cobden*. I hope that I am not violating confidence by saying that the essayist voted that Cobden was "a statesman of the highest order," but

the majority, which included the President, was against him. At the first meeting in the October term, 1884, Leo Maxse read a paper without a title, which treated of the nature of politics and eulogized party. The Society was divided on the question "Were there party distinctions before the Flood?" and a large majority decided that there were. J. K. Stephen apparently voted both "yes" and "no," and Walter Raleigh asserted that the Flood itself was a party measure. A month later, the President stood alone in voting "no" on the question "Can any good thing come out of a single Chamber?" I will not violate confidence and impair reputations by divulging the names on the other side. The minutes for the Lent term, 1885, record brilliant papers by G. L. Dickinson and Edward Jenks; also that on March 9, Walter Raleigh made a violent attack on Political Science, the President's chosen and favourite study, and asked the House to determine, not only whether there was, but whether there ever would be, a Political Science. His eloquence was such that the votes were equally divided.

On December 14, 1885, a complimentary dinner was given to the President at the Café Royal, Regent Street, at which Herbert Stephen took the chair, and twenty-one members were present. A similar dinner was given in the Hall at King's College, Cambridge, on May 20, 1908, on the President retiring from his assistant tutorship in history, at which Herbert Stephen also presided, being the only member, except Wilson Crewdson, who was present at both dinners. I have said quite enough to show the general tone and purpose of the Society. I believe that its character was fully maintained till the end, and that the very last debates over which I presided were as vigorous as they had ever been during the Society's annals. The members of this Society were, on the whole, a very distinguished set of men. The last

printed list of the Society bears the date 1907, and contains the names of a hundred and twenty-seven honorary members, twenty of whom were secretaries. Besides the statesmen already mentioned, it records the membership of nine professors—Whitney, Sorley, Raleigh, Stone, Jenks, Moore, Masterman, Clapham, and Pigou; of the distinguished writers, G. L. Dickinson and G. M. Trevelyan, and of many others who will be certainly well-known in after years. In its early days the Society consisted of Trinity men, because there were no historians at King's; in later years, it was confined to members of my own College, because the number of history students at King's had grown beyond the capacity of the Society to receive them, and the establishment of similar institutions in other colleges made it unnecessary to extend hospitality to them. It is the best proof of the vitality of the Society that my departure has made no difference in the energy and success with which its proceedings are conducted.

CHAPTER XVII

NEW KING'S

WHEN I left Eton I had little difficulty in making up my mind what I should do with myself. Some friends suggested that I should establish a preparatory school, in which I might work out my ideas of education and provide a home for my mother and sister, and this, if it had been carried out, would have undoubtedly provided me with an income, as large as that which I was surrendering: But I felt that I had no vocation for this branch of education; I knew very little of boys under the age of thirteen, and fashionable preparatory schools seemed to me to be far more concerned with the physical comforts and the training of the body than with any care of the mind. Others urged me to go to the Bar, even at the age of thirty-eight. But Cambridge drew me with an irresistible attraction. During the time I was at Eton I regarded a visit to Cambridge as one of my greatest pleasures; indeed, my Eton life seemed to me an exile from Cambridge, to which I properly belonged. Sidgwick and other great friends of mine were there, and in the development of my own College, King's, which was beginning to emerge from a quiescent state, and the fostering of the new history school, which had just been founded by Professor Seeley, there seemed to be a work waiting for me worthy of any man's ambition.

The history of King's College has been so admirably

written by Augustus Austen Leigh, who as Tutor and Provost had so much to do with its transformation, that a detailed account of it is unnecessary. Founded by Henry VI in 1441, with a magnificent chapel, more than considerable revenues, and far-reaching ambitions, it was for about a hundred years the leading college in Cambridge, a position which was transferred to St. John's, and which St. John's had to surrender to Trinity. But for many years it had done nothing. Composed exclusively of a small number of Eton Scholars, who took their degrees in the University without any examination, and became Fellows by an automatic process, its members had little stimulus to exertion, and it lay outside the general interests of the University. It supplied in the course of years a few bishops and judges to the State, and produced some men of letters, such as Matthews and Capel Lofft, Latham and Creasy. But those who might have done work for it as tutors and lecturers became Eton masters, and the instruction in the College was given entirely by outsiders. A great change was made by Provost Okes, in 1850, by surrendering the privilege of the College giving its own degrees, and a still greater change was made by the operation of the new statutes of 1864, by throwing the College open to non-Etonians.

When I came into residence in 1876 the College was still very small, but there were a few non-Etonians, the most distinguished being Karl Pearson and Macaulay, who is now Tutor of the College. New statutes were impending, and there was a general desire to develop the College and to make it worthy of the intentions of the founder. But there were many varieties of opinion as to what form the development of the College should take. Some wished it to remain, if not an Etonian College, at least a College socially select, different to the ordinary type of Cambridge Colleges; some wished it to be a Poll college, that is, a

college which accepted candidates for the ordinary degree, like the other colleges at Cambridge. I can certainly claim for myself that I had a definite idea of the path which the College should follow, and of the results at which it should aim, and I cannot show these better than by quoting a portion of a paper on the subject, which was circulated amongst the members of the College when our new statutes were under discussion.

Discoursing of the principle on which the new statutes should be framed, I said that we should all be agreed that a good and prosperous college cannot be called into being by legislation.

"It must be the product of slow organic growth, and the result of much work and thought on the part of the individuals to whom its destinies are entrusted. But it is quite possible for statutes unwisely drawn to retard the growth of such an institution, and for statutes drawn with extreme wisdom to strengthen the force of the better elements within our body, and to weaken that of the less desirable elements. We ought, then, in framing a body of statutes for ourselves, first to do our best to conceive what kind of a college we most desire, and are most likely to produce, and then to construct measures for its government which will at least not interfere with the attainment of this result, and will as far as possible ensure and hasten its accomplishment. I assume then, that we all wish our college to remain a college of honour men. This is the natural development of a college of scholars. The experiment as tried hitherto has been very successful. No college in the University surpasses our own in its University distinctions, I doubt if any is equal to it in the high tone and patient industry of its undergraduates. To admit poll men to the College would be to lay upon ourselves a heavy burden of disagreeable work, to commit ourselves to an unknown future, in which our present connections might be a danger rather than an assistance to us, and to deviate from the lines marked out by our previous history, the maintenance of which is the surest guarantee of stability and prosperity. I have always

fancied to myself the King's of the future as a College of about one hundred and fifty undergraduates, reading for honours in the various faculties of the University, provided with the best teaching which the University can afford, which should be given to them to a great extent at the expense of the College, enjoying the stimulus of a very cultivated and energetic society, protected from the temptations of a larger college, and directed with a careful and sympathetic attention from older men, which is at present little known in Cambridge, but which is one of the chief advantages of the sister University. A young student hesitating as to which college he should choose would prefer King's :

"1. Because it would be ready, out of its large resources, to help him in any line of study which he might adopt ;

"2. Because it would provide him with the companions most congenial to an industrious and able man ; and

"3. Because it would furnish him in its resident Fellows with a fulness of intellectual experience and encouragement which he would in vain look for elsewhere.

A college which chose for itself a task like this would be doing the most valuable work which could be expected of a place of education, however highly endowed. The parallel of the École Normale at Paris has been for many years present to my mind as a model for ourselves. This great college consists of about a hundred students, drawn by competition from the schools of France. The education, which is entirely free, is the very best which the country can supply, and it has been during the last fifty years the one bright spot in French education, the fountain and the centre of the intellectual life of France. Besides these one hundred and fifty undergraduates the College would contain the ordinary officers and an adequate tutorial staff, and in addition to them a certain number of University teachers, professors, readers or lecturers, and a considerable number of bachelor scholars. If this picture were realized we should become as fully the representative

of the best academical learning as Trinity is now, or as Christ Church was forty years ago, and no suggestion could be made that we fall short of the standard which our revenues impose upon us, and our Founder designed for us. We should then frame our statutes so as at least to make this ideal possible for ourselves, if we have the energy and the good fortune to attain to it."

No one who is acquainted with the present condition of King's College can doubt that this is a fair description of the College as it now exists, although it was written more than thirty years ago. It shows, therefore, that I had discerned the direction in which it was desirable that the College should move, whatever part I may myself have taken in controlling or starting the movement.

It is not my purpose to give a detailed account of the means by which one of the least satisfactory colleges in the University was converted into a place of education certainly unsurpassed at Cambridge and probably at Oxford, but I may indicate some of the steps which it was necessary to take in the process. One thing, however, is certain—that a new college had to be created with new principles and new practices. In the language of a distinguished Fellow of the College: "In 1876 King's was only emerging from the obscure position which it had previously occupied as an appendage to a public school. In order to develop its full efficiency a complete reorganization was needed; many traditions and restrictions, useful no doubt in their time, but now useless and indeed injurious, had to be abolished, and at the same time a new order carefully constructed and new traditions created. A double work of reform and construction was necessary." The first step was to place the government of the College in the hands of its resident Fellows. For a long time the College had been managed by the Provost and officers, who were opposed to reform, and who used every art of obstruction

to prevent change taking place. There now lie before me a number of letters written to me by W. R. Churton, who preceded Austen Leigh as tutor of the College, giving a dismal and indeed hardly credible account of the state of things existing at that time, interesting to those who care for the annals of University reform, but not creditable to the College to which they refer. At the Congregations —meetings of the whole body of Fellows by which the College was governed even in its minutest particulars—the lawyers cared for financial questions alone, by which their dividends were affected, and the whole burden of supporting the tutor in educational matters and, indeed, supplying him with funds, devolved upon the Eton masters. By the new statutes which came into force in 1882 the government of the College in educational matters and questions of daily administration was placed in the hands of a Council elected at the annual meeting, which was attended by nearly all the Fellows; but even before this it had been possible to arrange that the resident Fellows should have gradually increasing power. The next step was to ensure that the examinations held every year for Entrance Scholarships should take a high position and confer an honour similar to that which attached to a scholarship at Balliol or a major scholarship at Trinity. When the College was confined entirely to Etonians, the examinations, as I have before explained, were held at Eton, and even now it was difficult, in the face of prevailing competition, to maintain a very high standard for the Eton boys who were candidates for our Eton scholarship. Unfortunately, we did not always get the pick of the school. An Eton master, or even a Head Master, was anxious that a clever lad should add lustre to the school and to his teacher by winning a Balliol or a Trinity scholarship rather than a close scholarship at King's. I persistently urged the view that the connection

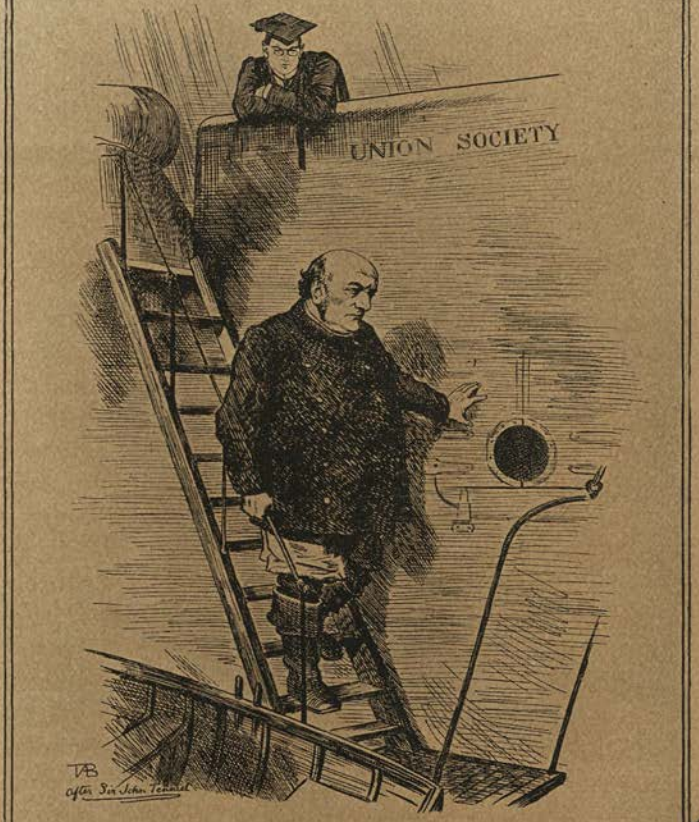
between King's and Eton was only valuable to us so long as we secured the flower of the Eton flock; that it was no advantage to award our scholarships to inferior Etonians. I therefore urged the maintenance of the very highest standard for the scholarships, which were the most valuable in the University, and I persuaded the College to establish a number of Eton exhibitions, in order to meet the case of deserving Etonians who could not gain scholarships. These efforts were only partially successful. There has always been at King's a large number of Fellows who believed that it was better for the College to secure an Etonian at almost any price than one who was not an Etonian, and I see no sign of this opinion growing weaker in our body. However, the best I could do was always to examine for scholarships, and, following the example of Balliol, to secure appreciation of the English essay as a test of merit. In course of time the gaining of an open scholarship at King's was thought to be a distinguished honour, and the estimate attaching to them gradually grew, until the present system of examination in groups was established, which has destroyed the old sentiment attaching to a distinguished College, and has rested everything on a mechanical basis. The only remedy now in our power is to attach no pecuniary value to scholarships thus gained, but to add such sums as may be considered suitable from the circumstances of the successful candidate, taking care that the sums so awarded are not divulged.

The next step was to establish a better system of electing Fellows. In the old days, as I have before remarked, a scholar became a Fellow automatically, three years from the day on which he was admitted a scholar. By the statutes of 1864 competition became compulsory, but the College was left free to ascertain the merit of the candidate in any way it pleased. This was generally done

by estimating the value of a degree in honours which the candidate had attained. So long as honours were confined to the classical and mathematical tripos there was no great difficulty in this, but with the multiplication of honour schools this method bocame almost impossible. I persuaded the College to allow candidates to write a dissertation on some academical subject of their own choice, believing that in time the dissertation would prove to be the determining element in the competition. We were strongly advised not to adopt the Trinity system of examination, which would merely tend to confuse the issue. The system which has been adopted for the election to Fellowship at King's has been very successful, and has never been seriously attacked. Candidates propose a subject for dissertation which is placed before the electors for approval, and one or two experts are nominated to read such dissertation and report upon it. The dissertations themselves and the report upon them are circulated amongst the electors. Before the day of election a paper is drawn up setting forth the success of the candidates and the academical distinctions which they have gained. There are two meetings on the day of election—one in the morning at which the merits of the candidates are discussed in turn, and one in the afternoon at which the candidates are voted for without discussion. It would probably be better if no one were considered a candidate who had not written a dissertation, but as it is our choice of Fellows is considered as good as that of any college in the University, and better than many. It must not be supposed that this change was carried without difficulty. The reforming party in the College was not large, it may be doubted whether they formed a majority of those entitled to vote. But much may be done by oratory and by other arts well known to old Parliamentary hands. At the same time, the most important decisions

were only secured by a majority of one or two. Having got a solid basis for action by a proper system of election to scholarships and by the restriction of the College to honours men, which was passed at an early period of Churton's tutorship, and although often threatened has never been reversed, we were able to go on our way. The College, as it now exists, is the product of many minds and of the activities of many men whose self-denying labour will have no reward except that which comes from the success of their efforts. All credit is due to Augustus Austen Leigh, Tutor, Dean, Vice-Provost and Provost, whose life has been written by his brother and whose name is indissolubly connected with the reform of the College. No one would desire to pluck a single leaf from that coronet of honour with which fraternal hands have adorned his memory. Much credit is due to Welldon, who during the short time he was with us thoroughly grasped, and did his best to carry into effect, the essential principles on which the success of the College should be based; and to Wedd, whose untiring efforts in raising and maintaining the classical reputation of the College proved unfortunately too much for his physical strength. Harmer and Heycock, both Fellows of the Royal Society, and distinguished names in their several departments, created our School of Science. George Prothero, the present editor of the *Quarterly Review*, succeeded Austen Leigh as tutor, and laid the foundations of our History School, I being his subordinate, and, I fear sometimes rebellious, colleague. All these names are deeply honoured by Kingsmen, who are spread all over the world. If my own exertions are dwelt upon with more detail it is not because a greater value should be attributed, but because the writer is better acquainted with them, and because they may be taken as typical of the rest.

Any one who desires to do his duty as an educational officer should live in his College rooms and be at all times accessible to the undergraduates. He should make it a rule never to shut or close his outer door, and I believe that no one who wished to communicate with me ever found my door shut. He should also do his best to make friends with all the undergraduates in the College and with as many as he can outside. In pursuance of these principles I invited undergraduates constantly to breakfast and lunch, and arranged to be "at home" to my undergraduate friends and their friends on Sunday evenings from nine to eleven. These "at homes" became rather famous in the University and were very largely attended, as for many years fifty or sixty were no uncommon numbers to be present. Tea and coffee were provided, and smoking was of course habitual, which made the attendance of ladies rather difficult. When these "at homes" first began the stricter tutors used to object to them, social gatherings on Sundays not being common thirty years ago. "What do you do at Mr. Browning's?" said a strict tutor. "We have music and singing." "Well, you don't sing hymns, do you?" was the rejoinder. I continued my practice of having very good music, classical trios, quartettes, and other pieces executed by most competent performers. Mr. Gompertz, well known in London as a first-rate violinist, was a regular attendant for several years. My experience at Eton had given me the habit of associating intimately with young people, and I thought that, as I possessed this power, it was my duty to make use of it. The undergraduates have always treated me extremely well, and, if they chaffed me and caricatured me, I knew that it was not ill meant, and that to a certain extent it might be regarded as a sign of affection. During my thirty years at Cambridge I held many offices in undergraduate clubs. I was for twenty-



DROPPING THE PILOT. MAY, 1902

logies to Sir ... ed by permission of the Editor

one years treasurer of the Cambridge Union Society, being originally proposed by Harold Cox, and when I retired in 1903 I was presented with my portrait painted by Lowes Dickinson. When Leo Maxse, who was at that time as staunch a Liberal as he is now a Tory, founded the Cambridge University Liberal Club, he asked me to be treasurer—indeed, I was to be the only "Don" belonging to the club. I was for ten years president of the Footlights Dramatic Club, an office which I always look back to with pleasure. I was at various times treasurer or president of the Swimming Club, the Musical Club, the Hockey Club, and of several other societies the names of which have slipped my memory, and the greatest satisfaction to me in holding these positions was that each of them brought me into contact with a new set of undergraduates. These intimate relations with the younger members of our society were a great pleasure to myself and I hope a benefit to others. They were a part of my deliberate purpose as a University teacher, but I am not sure that they increased my popularity amongst the older portion of our community. It has often been said that there are three cardinal sins, which a Cambridge Don may commit, which are never pardoned: to write and speak your own language with correctness and elegance, to be at all known in the external world, and to have any really intimate knowledge of the undergraduates. An official knowledge is allowed and even commended, but it must not go beyond certain conventional limits. On the other hand, I am afraid that the three indispensable qualities for a successful Don are the same as they used to be for a good monk: "Tria faciunt monachum," we are told, "de superiori bene loqui, breviarium legere taliter qualiter, sinere res vadere sicut vadunt." Similarly, a young Don who desires a prosperous career should train himself to speak well of the institutions which he first finds existing

and of the men who conduct them, should not be too eager to introduce new learning or new methods of teaching, and should avoid the perils of innovation.

For some time there were very few History students at King's; but by the energy and reputation of Mr. Prothero our numbers grew, and his efforts secured that we were the first college to place History on the same level with classics, mathematics, and science, to offer open scholarships for it, and to make it an avenue to a Fellowship. After he left the College, the school continued to increase, and as History tutor I found myself in charge of nearly forty pupils, about one-third of the whole College. It may be of interest to give an account of the manner in which this department was worked. The History Tripos was a compromise between the antiquarian and political historians into which the teachers of the subject at Cambridge were divided. Consequently the examination allowed a large number of alternatives, and a freshman, at entrance, had to make his selection between an ancient, a medieval, or a modern period, between Ancient History and Political Science, between Political Economy and Economic History—a difficult choice for a young man, who knew little about the subject, to make. I boldly took the line of urging that all my pupils should study the same subjects, in the same order; and this for three reasons: first, because the student himself was not competent to select; secondly, because I considered certain subjects of far more educational value than others; and, thirdly, because, in my opinion, the students gained enormously by studying in a mass together, and acting like a unanimous society. A "school" can only be created by uniformity of study; diversity would imply that there were a number of men studying history, but they would see little of each other, and they would not form a "school." It will be useful to give some account of the manner in which the

King's History School was organized during the last years of my tutorship. The Assistant Tutor in History was, of course, head of the school, and there were two lecturers under him, both distinguished as writers and teachers, Mr. Lowes Dickinson and Mr. Reddaway. Each student wrote an essay every week, and, as it was impossible for the Assistant Tutor to hear the essays of thirty or forty men, he generally took charge of the essays of the first year, Mr. Reddaway those of the second year, and Mr. Dickinson those of the third. It seemed to me important that if the Assistant Tutor was to exercise an intelligent care over the whole flock, he should take charge of the freshmen and get to know his pupils from the first, or he would never learn to know them at all. A History student took his intercollegiate "May" examination in his first year, and the first part of his Tripos in his second year, the subject being a special period of history, with authorities, outlines of Medieval History, Constitutional History, Economics, and Political Science. Of these five subjects I lectured to my pupils on three: the special period, which at King's was always a modern period, with its attendant authorities; the outlines of Medieval History, and Political Science; besides hearing the essays of the first year men. I therefore saw the freshmen at least four times every week, and the second year men at least twice. Besides, the Political Society met in my rooms once a week, so that I saw the flower of the third year in this very intimate connection. By these arrangements I had the opportunity of meeting nearly all my History pupils at least once a week, a course which I strongly recommend to any who find themselves in a similar position.

The work spent upon the College by so many competent labourers, full of energy and enthusiasm, was not without its effect. The College gradually grew in numbers. When I came into residence in 1876 it contained seven-

teen Eton scholars, six open scholars, and twenty-one pensioners, making a total of fifty-four. In 1882 the numbers had increased to sixty-three, and in 1888 to ninety-four. Then came a drop; but the College soon recovered itself, and in 1897 there were 130 undergraduates in the College, and in 1904, 140. The College was, about this time, limited by College vote to 150. But the intellectual distinctions gained by these comparatively small numbers were very remarkable. In March, 1894, a paper was printed giving a list of matriculations in the College from the Easter term 1880 to the Lent term 1890, with the degrees of the students and the percentage which the classes gained bear to the whole number of undergraduates entering the College clearly shown. Out of 269 students who matriculated at King's during the time indicated, 100 gained a first class in their degree examination, making 37·9 per cent. The paper also showed that similar percentages were, for the whole University, 9·9; for Trinity, 10·9; for St. John's, 14·2; for Christ's, 12·7; and for Trinity Hall, the lowest in the list, 2·1, so that King's had a well-assured pre-eminence.

If such was the progress of the College, the success of the History School was even more remarkable. At some period whilst Mr. Prothero was History Tutor, King's gained more first classes in History than all the rest of the University counted together. This was partly due to the fact that King's was the first college to recognize the importance of historical study, and to place it, with regard to Scholarships and Fellowships, on the same footing as Classics and Mathematics. It may be said with truth that History was never considered at King's as an inferior study; the Historians held their own in the College in every department of social and intellectual life, and in some periods of its history they took the lead. It was also due to the fact that the College adhered loyally to the

traditions of Seeley. I frequently assured my colleagues in the University that our supremacy in History depended not so much on the excellence of our training as on the methods which we employed, the uniformity of study amongst our undergraduates, the insistence on the importance of the speculative and modern subjects in the Tripos; in fact, the preference given to political History over antiquarian. My advice was: "If you wish to rival our success, imitate our methods." In 1906 a diagram was constructed, showing in a graphic form the first classes in History gained by the different colleges at Cambridge during the years 1875–1906 inclusive, with the following results: King's was first with forty-five first classes, Trinity second with thirty, John's third with sixteen, Jesus fourth with eight, Corpus, Downing, Queen's, Sidney, and Fitzwilliam Hall had one first class apiece. King's was, therefore, a long way ahead, notwithstanding the smallness of its numbers, there being at least three times as many History students at Trinity as there were at King's. History was the only Tripos in which King's held the first place; in classics, mathematics, and science it was easily beaten by Trinity.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS
FOREIGN TRAVEL

NEXT to the teaching of History my principal occupation at Cambridge has been the training of teachers. This subject began to interest me as soon as I became a schoolmaster. I frequently discussed it with my colleagues, and I read papers on it in the meetings of our Essay Society. In the early sixties a small club was formed amongst friends who had become schoolmasters, which has since enjoyed the cryptic title of U.U. It was at first intended to consist of twelve members, four from Eton, Harrow, and Rugby respectively, but this was not strictly adhered to. The original members were, I believe, E. E. Bowen, Edward Young, Farrar, and Watson from Harrow: Wayte, Cornish Stone and myself from Eton; Arthur Sidgwick, James Wilson, and Phillpotts from Rugby; and Fearon from Winchester. We met once a term at different schools. Certainly we were the most energetic and self-devoted set of men. In the midst of our hard work we made long journeys on Saturday afternoons, attended a crowded dinner party, listened to and discussed a paper on pædagogics till midnight, slept where we could, sometimes on a sofa or on the floor, and travelled back by Sunday trains to our work at school. These discussions confirmed the views that I already held as to

the training of teachers, which had been partly gathered from my visits to the schools of France and Italy, already described, and were occasionally expressed in my contributions to the *Journal of Education*. It was at that time an obscure periodical, of a puny and repulsive appearance, and for some years I contributed ten pounds a year to its support. It has since, under the editorship of Mr. Storr, become famous. With these tastes and the ideas resulting from such experience it is not extraordinary that, when I came up to Cambridge and found that the Head Masters of the great schools had petitioned the University to take steps for the training of teachers, I should be made Secretary of the Syndicate appointed to consider the question, an office which I held until June 1st, 1909.

The papers which have referred to the establishment and the operations of this Syndicate still exist, and would afford very interesting material for the historian of education. The University decided to take two steps: to establish lectures on the Theory, History, and Practice of Teaching, and to set up an examination in which certificates or diplomas should be granted in these three subjects. Public opinion with regard to the training of teachers has changed since 1879. At that time chief stress was laid on theoretical training, and training in the practice of teaching was considered subordinate. It was, however, pointed out that if we gave our successful candidates a purely theoretical certificate, and they proved to be incompetent teachers, the reputation of the certificate would suffer. We therefore established a practical certificate by the side of the theoretical certificate, which was not, however, compulsory, so that we might say, in the case of a holder of a certificate who was not a successful teacher, that he or she did not hold a certificate in practice. During

the last ten years opinion has come to be more in favour of practical work. It is now necessary that examinations, both in theory and practice, should be passed before a certificate can be granted. The examinations were always extensively used by women, but the male candidates were sadly deficient in numbers. The Head Masters, who had especially asked the University to undertake the scheme, and who approved of every detail of it before it was passed, took no adequate means to induce men to gain the certificate. Indeed, the numbers of men remained insignificant until the members of the Primary department of the Cambridge University Day Training College began to take the examinations instead of the Government certificate. It seems as if the training of teachers for our Public Schools is not destined to succeed in England. It is inconsistent with our ideas and our habits, and the practice of demanding athletic qualifications from Secondary schoolmasters has proved an obstacle to its adoption. The only way of compelling secondary schoolmasters to be trained is to let trained students from the Primary Training College pass freely into the Secondary schools. They will show the superiority of trained over untrained teachers, and it will end by Head Masters refusing to accept any as members of their staffs who have not been trained. The lectures established by the University in addition to the examinations have been a great success, and have enriched educational literature with many useful volumes. Dr. Fitch's lectures on the Practice of Education were written for and delivered at Cambridge. Arthur Sidgwick, H. W. Eve, Dr. Farrar, Dr. Thring, and many other distinguished educationists have occupied our tribune, and have published their lectures there delivered. My own book on the *History of Educational Theories*, which

has had a considerable sale in England and a very large sale in America, was based upon lectures delivered under the auspices of the Syndicate. Of late years these sporadic lectures have become unnecessary, in consequence of the foundation of the Cambridge Training College. Dr. Fletcher has for many years delivered a course of lectures on the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, better and more efficient than any casual lectures could be, and it has been unnecessary to revert to the former practice.

When I had been for about ten years Secretary of the Teachers' Training Syndicate, my connection with the training of teachers became more close and intimate by the establishment of the Cambridge University Day Training College, of which I was Principal or Director from its first inception. In 1884, I had presided over the education section of the Social Science Congress held in Birmingham, which proved to be the last Congress held. In that capacity I listened to an eloquent address given by Miss Hughes, afterwards Principal of the Women's Training College at Cambridge, the object of which was to show that existing Training Colleges spent their time almost exclusively in the general education of the future schoolmaster, and not in training for their profession. At this time I knew nothing about Training Colleges, and did not realize how closely I was destined to be connected with them. The deficiencies mentioned by Miss Hughes seem at the same time to have struck the Education Department, and shortly after this I received, as Secretary of the Teachers' Training Syndicate, an informal communication from Dr. Sharpe, who was then one of the most prominent officials at the office, asking me whether the University of Cambridge would co-operate in the work of raising the standard of the training of teachers by giving them a better pro-

fessional education. The Syndicate was not averse to the proposal, and after a good deal of discussion, carried on between Dr. Sharpe, Dr. J. G. Fitch, and myself, a scheme was drawn up which was passed by the Syndicate and afterwards by the University. At that time the Government certificates consisted of two parts, one academical and the other professional, for both of which the students would be prepared in the University, partly in the College to which they belonged and partly in the Training College. It was arranged that in lieu of the Government examinations of the first, second, and third year, they should pass the Previous examination or "Little Go" in their first year, the General in their second year, and the Special examination in their third. After a year's experience it was found that our students desired to take honours, so that the scheme was modified by the admission of the intercollegiate "May" examinations for the second year and the "Tripos" for the third.

The negotiations for the establishment of the College were completed in the summer of 1891, and in August of that year, during the Long Vacation, the Education Department announced that it was prepared to sanction the opening of the College. Henry Sidgwick and myself met in London and discussed whether we could venture to open the College without the final orders of the University to that effect. "Do you dare?" said Sidgwick. "I dare if you dare," I replied: "Then we both dare," rejoined Sidgwick, and the College was declared open. We began with three students, E. J. Stream, R. Delahunt, and H. G. Wilson, the first of whom is Principal of the Municipal College, Grimsby, the second Principal at Wolverhampton, and the third a sub-inspector under the Board of Education. When I resigned the Principalship, there were seventy-one students in the Primary Department of the College.

In some respects our Training College differed from all others; it was like the Oxford Training College in the fact that they both confined their members to matriculated students of the University reading for degrees, but unlike in the respect that our College united the Primary and Secondary Departments under the same head, whereas at Oxford they were under entirely different management. It was a new and fruitful enterprise to send out every year a number of well-trained and distinguished University men to be elementary schoolmasters, and incidentally our College was a most efficient machine for providing a first-rate University education for exceedingly poor men. Many of our students had not cost their parents anything for their education since they were fourteen or fifteen years of age, and it was an unspeakable pleasure to me, who had spent my boyhood and early manhood in the society of the gilded youth of England, too often unconscious and unheedful of the advantages they possessed, to be connected with men of a more virile and self-denying type. Nothing struck me more in my intercourse with these young men than their great force of character and their strong individuality. Their success in their profession has up to the present time been remarkable, and I see no reason to doubt the prediction of Mr. Yoxall and others, that after another twenty years the pupils of this College will dominate English Elementary Education. My intercourse with them was a pure delight, and it was a bitter pang to me to sever my connection with them. When the foundation of the College was being discussed, Henry Sidgwick made it a condition of his having anything to do with it that I would promise to undertake the office of Principal. I therefore regarded my continuance in the post as a sacred duty, and I held it till I resigned it, reluctantly, on June 1st, 1909.

Of the last report presented to the University on the

work of the College, signed by me as Principal, these are the concluding paragraphs :—

"The Cambridge University Day Training College was opened in October, 1891, with three students. It was founded at the request of the Board of Education to give a certain number of ex-pupil teachers a thorough University Education, culminating in a degree, and to fit them by professional instruction for their future work. It will be seen by the figures given below that these objects have been attained. Our first students left the College with a degree in June, 1893, and between this date and June, 1907—fourteen years—140 students have left the College. Of these 23 gained first classes in Triposes, making 15 per cent.; 38, second classes, making 25 per cent.; and 44, third classes, making 28 per cent.: 37 took the ordinary degree, 24 per cent.; leaving 12, or only 8 per cent., unaccounted for. So much for the academical work. As an evidence of the adequacy of their professional training, the following figures may be cited :

"Of the 140 who have passed through the College, 4 are dead. Of the remaining 136, 130, or 95·6 per cent., are doing educational work, and only 6, or 4·4 per cent., are engaged in non-educational work as clergymen or journalists, if this can be called non-educational work.

"Of the remaining 130, 119, or 87·5 per cent., are actually now doing educational work covered by the obligation imposed by the Board of Education as Teachers in Elementary Schools or Training Colleges, Inspectors or Sub-Inspectors, Directors of Education or Teachers in State-aided Grammar Schools; 9, or 6·6 per cent., are engaged in Higher Educational work, either in Secondary Schools or in the University; 2 are Teachers of Music. In other words, out of 130 men 35, or 34 per cent., are engaged in Elementary or Higher Grade Schools; 22, or 16·2 per cent., in Training Colleges or Pupil Teachers' Centres; 6, or 4·4 per cent., are engaged as Inspectors or Directors of Education.

"The statement given above refers to the years 1891–1907, the first sixteen years of the existence of the College, but the record for the year 1907–8, the seventeenth year of our existence, is still more striking.

"In the year 1907–8 19 students left the College, after a course of training for three years. Of these, all, excepting one who was impeded by illness, have taken degrees, and all but three have taken honours. Of these six have gained first classes and seven second classes, a percentage of first and second classes probably larger than that of any College at Oxford or Cambridge. On the professional side nearly all these students were awarded last Christmas the diploma of the University of Cambridge in the Theory and Practice of Education, and the College was stated by the examiners to have done better than any other Training College entering for the examination.

"It may be stated that all the students who left our College after three years' training in June, 1908, have obtained educational posts at an average stipend of £150 a year."

When the students learned at the end of the summer term 1909 that I had resigned the Principalship of the College they were much surprised and shocked, as they had seen me only a short time before taking my part in a College photograph. They immediately subscribed out of their slender means for a testimonial in the shape of an illuminated address, which was presented to me at my house at Bexhill by a deputation of students. I hope I may be excused for printing it at length, as there could be no better proof of the affectionate relationship which existed between my pupils and myself.

"The present students of the Cambridge University Day Training College, desiring to record our appreciation of your work and our regret at your departure, present this address to you, as Principal, on your retirement. We feel that recognition is due from us as the last generation of teachers, who will be able in the future to look back with reverence and affection to the world-famous name of O. B. as their friend and Principal.

"In all our work at Cambridge we have derived constant support and inspiration from your kindness and warm-hearted sympathy, and the memory of this will be the most treasured possession that we carry away from Cambridge. The College owes you a double debt as Founder and Guardian, and it is a matter of common knowledge that the astonishing progress made in numbers and achievement since our foundation is due to your wise statesmanship, untiring energy, and educational foresight."

After I left Eton my foreign tours, which had hitherto been such an interesting and important feature in my life, became naturally restricted, but I continued to go abroad whenever I could manage it, and the heavy air of Cambridge, which never suited me, made me the more anxious to escape to sunnier climes. When my mother died in 1889 she ordered all the letters which I had written to her from Cambridge, which she had carefully preserved, to be sent back to me and I may perhaps be forgiven for drawing upon them for the narrative of such parts of my Cambridge life as are worth recording. The life of a Cambridge don is of necessity monotonous, but a relation of what it was like twenty or thirty years ago may be of interest to some people. To avoid repetition, I may say that what I have placed in inverted commas is taken from the source above mentioned. Perhaps the most interesting event of the Lent term, 1878, was a dinner-party which I gave on March 7th.

"The dinner was a great success. I arranged the guests most artistically. I sat in the middle, with Mrs. Ponsonby on one side and Miss Gladstone on the other. Mrs. Cornish was opposite, with Robert Browning on her right and Sidney Colvin on her left. Prothero and Selby sat at the two ends. Joachim and Mrs. Brookfield came in

the evening, and other people as well. The concert went off with éclat. I was a steward and walked about with a wand to show people to their seats. To-day we are quiet again. I took a walk with Browning this afternoon, and am going off to dine at Trinity this minute." I may mention that Mrs. Henry Ponsonby, the wife of Colonel Ponsonby, the Queen's Private Secretary, was staying with me, and was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Baring, afterwards Lady Revelstoke. The conversation in the evening naturally turned on music, and Joachim expressed the opinion that Mozart was a greater composer than Beethoven, and doubted even whether Haydn was not also. Beethoven, he said, was a man of surpassing intellect, but tried to express by music what could not be musically expressed. In the Easter holidays I went to stay with Sir Willoughby Jones in Norfolk. "On Friday we drove over to Holkham, Lord Leicester's, where we delighted ourselves with old books, pictures, sculptures, and MSS. Lady Leicester was most charming and affable. On Saturday we drove to Raynham, Lord Townshend's, a wonderful old house, squalor side by side with magnificence. We rummaged amongst all sorts of old papers of the last 170 years and found all kinds of curious things. On Saturday we had a quiet day. Yesterday I went to the Birkbecks at Thorpe, near Norwich. This morning we lionized Norwich, and here I am at King's. Spring Rice comes here to-day and Gosselin to-morrow, when my lectures also begin."

At the close of the May term I was asked to lecture at the Royal Institution on the "History of Education," the first public lecture I had ever given. George Eliot had so strongly impressed upon my mind the necessity of keeping within the hour limit, saying that Emmanuel Deutsch had in her presence committed a serious mistake

by exceeding it, that I kept my eyes steadily upon the clock, and when the hand reached the fatal point left off with a click. It took the audience rather by surprise, but did not impair the success of the performance.

In the interval between the May term and the Long Vacation I went abroad with my friend Karl Pearson, then an undergraduate at King's, now a professor of world-wide reputation. We went through Paris to Lucerne, spent a pleasant day on the Rigi, walked up the St. Gothard to Andermatt, then on to Lugano and to my old quarters in the Villa d'Este on the Lake of Como. I said to my mother: "I am writing this from the same room which I occupied last year, and the whole place is full of the memories of that time, very pleasant memories, because the time then spent was itself enjoyable, and I have the additional joy that all our party who were there then are succeeding in their undertakings, and the nervousness which we must all have felt on entering upon a new life has now turned out the certainty of prosperity." Pearson suffered severely from the heat, and we had to go into the Engadine. I wrote: "Pearson is just as delightful a companion as I knew he would be." I spent July and August at Cambridge. St. John Brodrick, now Lord Midleton, came to stay with me. I also paid a visit to Frederick Seebohm at Cromer, and saw a good deal of my old friend George Bunsen, who had a house next door. At the beginning of September I went with Jebb to Ischl. He was writing a Primer of Greek Literature and was correcting the proof sheets, which had been previously prepared at Cambridge. I am told that he wrote the original draft straight off and that the printers could hardly keep pace with him, but at Ischl the book was nearly rewritten. Jebb worked very hard; too hard, indeed, for his health. He did not begin work till ten, but went on steadily till five or six, taking no exercise

and keeping himself up with tea. I was preparing my lectures for the October term, which occupied me for about six hours a day. I called on John Morley, who was staying there with Mr. Chamberlain. From Ischl we travelled to Vienna and thence to Berlin. After a delightful visit to Frank Money-Coutts at Stodham, I returned to Cambridge in the middle of October, and had scarcely arrived when Alfred Lyttelton, Bernard Holland, and Herbert Stephen rushed in to make arrangements for the Political Society. When the term was over I went to give a lecture at the Birmingham Literary Society, staying with the Lytteltons at Hagley. I found it a lovely place; from Clent Hill, just behind the house, you could see fourteen counties. At Birmingham I called on Father Newman, whose guest I had been some years before, and found him very cordial.

On my first visit to Newman at the Oratory, Edgbaston, I was not permitted to dine in the refectory, lest the legend which was being read at the evening meal might excite the risibility of a novice. I joined the Fathers in the parlour after dinner, where tea was served instead of wine. The conversation was most interesting and turned largely on Swiss travel. I was struck with Newman's marvellous copiousness of language and his abundant fluency, also with his use of harmless worldly slang, that he might not appear priggish or monkish. Next morning I met him in the library and had a memorable conversation with him. He showed me a large collection of Dante literature which had been left him by a departed friend; he spoke of Dante as one of the foremost of Catholic teachers. He also called my attention to a large collection of bound pamphlets which he had given to the library, and to his own works. This led to his inclusion of Thomas Aquinas amongst the greatest writers of the world, a judgment then entirely new to

me, which later study has convinced me to be true. Being attracted by a number of editions of the Vulgate, he told me that he had been commissioned by Pope Pius IX to make a new translation of that work, but had been prevented from doing so by his inability to understand the Latin, some parts of which were to him unintelligible and untranslatable. He said that he had applied to his brother Francis, formerly Professor of Latin at University College, and that he was unable to help him. On a later visit our talk was mainly about the Social Science Congress, in which I was taking part. Some years afterwards I was permitted to visit the room in which he lived, the adjoining room in which he died, and to see the last sermons he had written and the hair shirt which he wore.

On the last day of 1877 I crossed the Channel with George Curzon, to spend a few weeks in the South of France. He had been a friend although not a pupil of mine at Eton, and his friendship, I am happy to say, has continued to the present day. His great qualities, which have since been fully recognized by the world, were not then duly appreciated by either boys or masters at Eton. I, however, wrote to my mother about him at this time: "Whatever I have previously thought of his character has only been strengthened and intensified by further knowledge. A purer, brighter, or more simple spirit does not exist, and his cleverness, vivacity, and good temper make him the most charming of companions."

Curzon and myself went by way of Paris and Cannes to Mentone and San Remo, and returned by Genoa, Milan, and Turin. A curious circumstance occurred as we passed through Milan. I was extremely anxious that Curzon should see the Cathedral, but I found that it was closed till the time of our departure for the purpose of holding a funeral service in memory of Victor Emmanuel,

who had been buried at Rome about a month before. The only way was to obtain a ticket for the ceremony. Madame Sella, a very influential lady, the mother of one of my pupils, did her utmost, but all the tickets were disposed of. We determined that the best plan was to go ourselves to the Prefecture and ask for tickets. It was necessary that we should be attired in dress clothes with white gloves and tall hats, as we could not be admitted to the Cathedral in any other costume. Arriving at the Prefecture, we found some hundreds of provincial mayors issuing from the doors girt with their tricolour scarves ready to join the procession, which had already started. We could only stand and watch the scene. A band of music led the way; eventually came the Judges of the Court of Cassation in their curious costumes, followed by a number of people dressed exactly like ourselves. I suggested to Curzon that we should join them, which we did, and passing through the long gallery which bears the name of Victor Emmanuel, eventually arrived at the Cathedral. We walked in, and were asked to show our tickets; but as we had none, we made no answer, and, no special place being provided for us, we walked up to the catafalque close by the high altar. However I might have looked, my companion certainly added dignity and impressiveness to the scene. We remained undisturbed till the end, and Curzon had ample opportunity of examining the Cathedral at his leisure. We were obliged to leave early in the afternoon, but before we did so we were able to secure a newspaper giving an account of the ceremony, in which it was said that the judges of the Court of Cassation were "*seguiti da alcuni forestieri distinti*," which in a certain sense we were.

At the beginning of the Lent term I paid a visit to Oxford, where I met my old travelling companions "the mock turtles" for the first time since I parted

with them at Brieg. I also dined with the Palmerston Club, where my former pupil Lymington, now the Earl of Portsmouth, presided with great grace and dignity, with Gladstone on one side and Lord Granville on the other. The term at Cambridge was crowded with various occupations, which I duly reported to my mother. "Yesterday I went to hear William Morris, poet and paperhanger, lecture at the School of Art, and I met him at tea afterwards. He is a tremendously vigorous man, with as much go and vitality as any one I ever met. In the afternoon I played a tennis handicap with Frank Balfour and got beaten, which I did not expect. On Wednesday [it was my habit to recount my experiences backwards] Professor Seeley came to dine with me. On Tuesday I went to a ball at Girton College; I only ventured on two sets of lancers, and came away rather early. I never saw such bad dancing in my life. On Monday the ladies came to my lecture for the first time; I persuaded the College to give them permission to come to the same lectures as the men, and it has produced quite a sensation in the University. I am getting on well with my Primer for Longman's, and am at work at it whenever I have a spare moment."

On March 5, I report that I have been appointed Secretary for the Training of Teachers, an office which I held more than thirty-one years; also that Walter Pater had paid me a visit—his first introduction to Cambridge.

In London I was as much occupied as at Cambridge. I write to my mother on April 23:—

"I went down to Westminster Abbey, lunched with Farrar and attended the service. Coming home through St. James's Park I was hailed by Gosselin and Eric Barrington from the windows of the Foreign Office. They asked me up, and I went all over it, including

GEORGE N. CURZON AND OSCAR BROWNING
Milan, 1878

Lord Salisbury's room. I then met Howard Sturgis and the Duke of St. Albans, who asked me to find a tutor for his boy, then dressed and dined with the Morrises. On Saturday I worked at my Primer, and dined with Professor Seeley in the evening. On Sunday I went at ten to 'High Mass' at St. Albans. Mr. Stanton preached and Mr. Maconochie officiated. I lunched with the Lawrences at three. Nugent Banks came for a walk, and we went to the Lewes's, where we sat for an hour and a half, very agreeable; indeed, especially so. In the evening I dined with Gosselin at the St. James's Club, and went with H. Y. Thompson to the Cosmopolitan Club, where there was a small party, Lord Arthur Russell, Lord Reay, Julian Goldsmith, Sir Henry Thompson the surgeon, etc. Yesterday I met Wilfrid Burrows at the Turner Exhibition; went with him to the National Gallery and returned to the Athenæum to lunch. I dined there in the evening with Burgess the architect, and went with him to his rooms, which are furnished in true mediæval fashion. This morning I finished my Primer, and am going to write it out. I lunched with the William Grahams at 1.45. Curzon came for me at 2.44. I dine with the Waytes at 7.30. To-morrow I return to Cambridge. There, haven't I made the best use of my time?"

In August I joined the Seeley family in Scotland. We took the Free Kirk Manse at Kincraig, he having three pupils with him and I one, Clarence Collier, who was afterwards drowned when an undergraduate at Oxford. We worked hard. Seeley was finishing his *Life of Stein*, and I was writing some lectures on Italian Medieval History, which afterwards formed the foundation of a book. I wrote to my mother:—"Our day is passed as follows: We breakfast at nine, before which time I have done my best to bathe and do some work. We then work

till two; at three I do some reading with Collier, and after a cup of tea we walk out till nine, when we return to supper. This is a normal day. The country is very lovely. We have the high Cairngorm mountains full of deer just before us, and lower hills swarming with grouse and covered with the most delicious heather behind us. The Spey runs at our feet, and there are two lakes at a little distance. The air is extremely bracing, just the air to work in, as it is not stimulating and exciting, but very sustaining and restoring, and after four or five hours' work a walk along the hills sets you up completely for another bout. I have written three lectures on Italian History, and done a certain amount of preparation for my article on Goethe for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, thought out and arranged my lectures on English Literature, and done something towards the book on Political Science which I am to write with Seeley. I shall stay here till the end of September. I must give my first lecture at Norwich on October 5th. Curzon has gone to Paris with Welldon."

During our sojourn we walked up Ben Muic Dhui, with the venerable James Martineau to show us the way. My stay with Seeley confirmed his friendship with me for life, an invaluable possession, for it is not often that we make a new friend in middle age. My primer, *Modern England*, was published in the autumn, and has had a steady sale up to the present time, more than thirty years later.

In the October term, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone visited Cambridge, and I had some interesting talks with them. I remember Mr. Gladstone saying to me the first night that I met him, that the most remarkable and vivid change which he had witnessed in his own time was the gradual "brutalization of the House of Commons." Our conversation was mainly about education, and to

some extent about Eton. He attended King's College Chapel on Sunday and came to my rooms afterwards. He was followed about everywhere by a large crowd, not simply curious or enthusiastic, but reverently respectful, like nothing I have ever seen. Certainly no other man in Europe could have commanded this kind of respect. As we walked across the lawn to my rooms Mrs. Gladstone said: "Let us stop a minute, and let them have a good look at him." Gladstone was rather shocked at the splendour of my College rooms as compared with the simplicity and probably bad taste of his own day. Our conversation was too soon interrupted by the deep-toned ominous words: "Catherine, my post, my post!" His "post," which I had several opportunities of seeing, was indeed a wonderful object. I was told that it took him two hours every day to read his letters and four hours to answer them. I also spent a memorable night with Bullock Hall at Six Mile Bottom, where Tourgeniev, the Russian novelist, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewes were guests. I was deeply impressed by Tourgeniev, and it was the last time that I saw George Eliot and her husband. He died shortly afterwards, and I never met her after his death. The conversation turned upon the character of the French nation, and Tourgeniev related how he had seen a play in Paris in which a woman with young children had been deserted by her husband and left penniless. A kind friend took her as his wife, but could not marry her, because the husband was alive. He became very rich, and they lived very happily together. Twenty years afterwards, the husband, a thorough rascal, reappeared, and, finding that his wife was prosperous, determined to profit by it. He revealed himself to his daughter whom he had left an infant. The second husband came into the room and kissed the young lady as he had done for the last twenty years. The real father

hit him in the face, and said: "*Vous n'avez pas le droit de faire celà,*" upon which the whole house applauded, and Tourgeniev stood up in his box and hissed. George Eliot listened to this with breathless interest; there was so much in it which fitted her own case, that I wondered that Tourgeniev should have repeated it. The whole scene was deeply impressive.

Tourgeniev told us several stories about Victor Hugo; his sublime ignorance and his glorying in it. One day Victor Hugo said: "*Ah! Goet, Goet, j'ai lu son Wallenstein,*" upon which Tourgeniev remarked that Goethe had not written *Wallenstein*, but Schiller. Hugo said: "*Je vous assure, mon cher, que je n'ai jamais lu une ligne de ces Messieurs, mais je les connais comme si je les avais écrit.*" At another time he said: "*Pour moi, je regarde Goet comme Jesus Christ aurait regardé Messaline;*" also when Tourgeniev asked him: "*Qui est-ce Galgacus?*" who appears in the poem called *L'âne*, and is a well-known character in Tacitus, Hugo said: "*Ma foi! je n'en sais rien, mais c'est un beau nom.*" At dinner George Lewes proposed the health of Tourgeniev as the greatest novelist of the age, and he responded, proposing the health of George Eliot. "*Noctes caenaeque Deum.*" In November I went to stay with Curzon at Oxford to see how he was getting on in his University life. I found him admirably started, simple, bright, modest, popular, everything that his friends would like to see him. It was also a great pleasure to visit my old Eton pupils. When I saw the rooms of one of them strewed with the last French, German, Italian, and Spanish books, I could not help feeling sorry that the machinery which once turned out boys of this description was now for ever broken. The year closed with a delightful visit to Lady Lothian's at Blickling, which was only impaired by the fact that the house was very chilly, and that we both of us had bad colds. We sat over the fire and talked theology.

The opening of 1879 found me again at Mentone. I saw a good deal of Lord Acton, who was then living there. He was preparing to write a history of the Popes of the Reformation in German for the series of Heeren and Uckert. I also took long walks with Herbert Spencer. We had much talk about George Eliot and George Lewes, and he told me many things which I expected to find in his autobiography, but which are not there. He spoke of the reasons which brought about the separation between George Lewes and his wife and of the impossibility of a divorce, so that any marriage between him and George Eliot was out of the question so long as his wife was living. I found him a charming companion, full of interest and information about the more frivolous side of existence. Returning to Cambridge at the beginning of February, as was the custom in those days, I went on Valentine's Day, as a member of a deputation to the Government from the University Library, to urge our claim under the Copyright Act. We went to lunch with Lord John Manners at one, and did not get our business finished till four. The Prime Minister had sent up a swan from Hughenden for our entertainment, and we were most hospitably received by our host and hostess. Lightfoot was one of our number, and he excited great interest as he had just been made a bishop, and the Minister was curious to see what he looked like. I believe that we gained our point, and the University still receives a copy of each copyright book.

At the end of June I started for Pontresina, where I spent the whole of the summer. On the way I visited my friend Karl Pearson at Heidelberg and took a long walk with him in the Odenwald. We had a lovely summer in Engadine with delightful companions: Father Hicks, afterwards Bishop of Bloemfontein, the Dean of St. Paul's,

the Warden of Keble, and above all the Seeleys, whom it was my chief object to be with. Soon afterwards the Bancrofts arrived and Mr. William Graham and his family. On August 4 I reported to my mother:—

"I have just returned from a three days' holiday. I left this on Saturday morning at 4.30 with Trench, son of the Archbishop of Dublin, Mr. Wainwright and his brother-in-law. We went up the Roseg Valley and over the shoulder of the Capuchin to Sils Maria; the descent was very steep, and we had some capital glissades. I was dreadfully tired in the evening. When I had reposed myself I walked with Trench along the Silser Lake to the Maloia Hospice. The evening was perfect, and I do not think I ever saw anything more beautiful. In the morning I was up early, and we went to see the lake of Cavloccio, small, and not far from the top of the pass. We then descended to Casaccia and Promontogno. It was terribly hot. Close to Promontogno is Bondo, where stands the palace of the De Salis family. You remember Mr. de Salis, who lived at Sunningdale, and used to send us fruit for our parties. I went from there to Soglio, a village about 2,000 feet up the hill. Scartazzini, the best editor of Dante, lives there. He was out, but I saw his wife, who does not speak Italian but German. I said that it was a '*schöne Gegend*,' upon which she replied: '*Romantisch aber nicht schön*,' which seemed to me to contain a life tragedy in a nutshell. Next morning I rose at four, drove to Casaccia and walked over two passes, the Septimer and the Julier. It was terribly hot, but there was a refreshing breeze. I dined at St. Moritz with my friends, saw some private theatricals, and drove back to Pontresina in a thunderstorm, arriving at 1 a.m. very tired. The other day we gave a ball here; we had an orchestra, and I was Master of the Ceremonies. I danced every dance, including the Swedish dance."

Later I wrote:—

"We have got quite a literary and artistic circle: Edmund Yates, Arthur Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Barnby, Otto Goldschmidt, and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. I am going to-morrow with Mrs. Hugessen to see Symonds at Davos and return by the Scaletta pass. We had a ball the other night at St. Moritz, very magnificent, a cotillon with splendid supper. I danced a good deal, but I was told it was rather frivolous to do so. Jex Blake, the Head of Rugby, is here, and Ridding, the Head of Winchester. Otto Goldschmidt and Arthur Sullivan played a duet together last night. . . .

"On August 26 we gave an entertainment at the Hotel Krone in aid of the English Church Building Fund. The second part consisted of *Cox and Box*, in which Arthur Sullivan, who composed the music, acted Cox, and Arthur Cecil, Box; Joseph Barnby, Sergeant Bouncer; and Otto Goldschmidt was at the piano. . . . The play went off very well. I had the chief responsibility for the arrangements, and I received congratulations on all sides. We had a very distinguished audience of nearly four hundred; we could have sold at least double the number of tickets if we had liked to do so. As it was we gained about £74 for the Church. You will see an account of the performance in the *World*, written by me. It is very strange being in the middle of such a number of artists. Last night Tosti sang in the drawing-room, and on Saturday Arthur Cecil sang and acted there. Otto Goldschmidt is here still; so are the Grahams, and we make a little party together. The Seeleys and myself will very likely go away together; he is much better. The weather is perfectly lovely, quite exceptional; only exceptionally good instead of exceptionally bad. I have never seen such an August. Yesterday I walked up the Piz Languard between lunch and dinner for exercise. I

did it in two hours and thirty-five minutes, and to-day I feel all the better for it, but rather tired."

Our party gradually broke up, and Otto Goldschmidt became my chief companion. One afternoon he played to me three sonatas of Beethoven. On September 16th I left Pontresina in a carriage with the Seeleys; father mother, and daughter. We drove the first day to Le Prese, at the foot of the Bernina, on the lake of Poschiavo. We found that the inn was kept by Mella and his wife, who used to own the large hotel at Bellagio. Next day we went over the Aprica pass to Edolo, a lovely spot with a very bad inn; and on Thursday down the Val Camonica to Lovere with exquisite scenery. At Lovere I had with me the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, which I studied with great diligence, but found her to be a most unconscionable liar. She evidently wished to impress her fashionable friends in England that she was leading the life of a grande dame, and invented places and palaces which did not exist. I had the assistance of local antiquaries in my investigations, as I should not have trusted my own detective power. From Lovere I went to Brescia; then to Crema, from which I wrote to my mother:—

"Did you ever hear of this place? I drove here from Brescia last night in the diligence, and find myself in a capital hotel, the Pozzo Nuovo, with a landlord, Vincenzo Falcioni, who possesses a suite of rooms worthy of a palace, and a collection of pictures such as one seldom finds for sale. There is not much to see here, but to the true tourist it is worth going to a place to know that there is nothing worth seeing there. The cathedral and its campanile are at any rate very good, and all Italian towns have interest for me. I spent a delightful time at Brescia, which quite exceeded my expectations, a town of fountains and flowers. It was clean, cheerful, and full of lovely buildings and beautiful pictures. In every

Italian town we become acquainted with some great artist, and at Brescia I have learned to know Il Moretto and Romanino, whose works are, indeed, to be seen elsewhere, but it is only in this place that you can enter into their spirit. I spent four hours in the public library."

From Crema I went to Cremona, then to Lodi with the magnificent church of the Incoronata and Napoleon's bridge, and thence by Agnadello and Treviglio to Bergamo. One of my chief interests at Bergamo was the castle of Malpaga, in which Bartolommeo Colleoni lived and died. It is a typical medieval castle, quite unaltered, the dining-room decorated with frescoes said to be by Romanino, representing the visit of the King of Denmark to Colleoni. I persuaded the Arundel Society to have them copied and to publish them, and I wrote a life of Colleoni to accompany the publication, which is, I believe, the only life of that personage in the English language. The frescoes are not works of art, and have probably been repainted, but they are faithful representations of the manners and the dress of the period. I came home by Milan, Turin, and Paris.

The October term was spent in the usual hurried fashion, of which I give a specimen: "Last Sunday Montagu Butler preached a magnificent sermon at St. Mary's. He alluded very feelingly to Clerk Maxwell's death, who had been a great friend of his. After the service he came with his wife and his daughters to spend three quarters of an hour in my rooms. I never saw him so vigorous and so full of force. It is needless to say that he was extremely affectionate and cordial. I am going to stay with him on the thirteenth. On Monday I had my usual work with essays, and in the evening the Political Society met, and Jem Stephen sent a most amusing paper, very clever indeed, on the 'Object of Government.' On Wednesday, Oscar Wilde came to visit me, and we went

together to the A.D.C. Some of the actors came to supper with me afterwards. On Thursday we went together to London, where I delivered my two lectures. On Friday I walked with Henry Fawcett and had a very agreeable talk. He asked me amongst other things if I should like to go into Parliament, and I said that I should, if I could find a convenient seat which would cost nothing, but that I should not put myself out with regard to it. In the evening there was a party at Girton, where we listened to music and wandered about inspecting the young ladies' rooms. Yesterday George Curzon came unexpectedly from Oxford, and as I had a large dinner-party it was very lucky. He is as bright and pleasant as ever; he seems to be very quiet, and to be going on thoroughly well at Oxford. He, Welldon, and Edward Lyttelton are going to Greece together. I wish I could be with them."

CHAPTER XIX

THE EIGHTY CLUB, AUCKLAND CASTLE, BRET HARTE, AMMERGAU AND MÜRREN, MAJORCA, SENIOR PROCTOR, PARIS, TRICYCLE TOUR FROM CAMBRIDGE TO VENICE

THE year 1880, at which I have now arrived, naturally recalls the General Election and the Eighty Club, and leads me to give some account of my political activities. In the autumn of 1879, as I was on my way to a College meeting, Sedley Taylor and Albert Grey, the present Lord Grey, came up to me and said that they had established a kind of political committee with the view of fighting the election of 1880, the first in which the county franchise had been given to labourers. They asked me if, as I knew so many young men, I would help them to find able and vigorous speakers, and they invited me to join the committee. I naturally assented with alacrity, and it was from this small beginning that the Eighty Club has grown to its present dimensions and importance. I find in my diary that I attended a meeting of the "Grey Club" in London on Friday, January 9th, but I imagine that the official name was "Mr. Grey's Committee." William Adam, the famous Liberal Whip, was sponsor for it, and we met in a basement-room in the Devonshire Club, St. James's Street, provided, as I believe, by the generosity of Joseph Chamberlain. When the election was over and the victory won, the first intention was to

dissolve the Committee, but I strongly urged its continuance in a permanent form, the chief advocate of the other side being Alfred Lyttelton. Speaking from the University point of view, I pointed out that it would be a great benefit for young University Liberals, who had made their mark in the Union or elsewhere, to be received in political circles when they went to London, and to be made use of for political purposes. This view met with a good deal of ridicule, but by some influence or other the Committee was turned into a Club, and experience has shown that my forecast was correct. The Eighty Club has numbered among its most distinguished members many young men of the character which I have described, and the bond between it and the Universities is so close that the University Liberal Clubs at Oxford and Cambridge are affiliated to it, and the secretaries of the two clubs are ex-officio members of it. I do not know whether in consequence of what I have said I may claim to have been among the founders of the Eighty Club, but there can be no doubt that its permanent establishment was strongly urged by me in face of considerable opposition, and on the very grounds on which its existence would now be defended.[1]

The Eighty Club founded, it was necessary to give it a name, and many were the appellations proposed. The Grey Club and the Chamberlain Club were fortunately not adopted; the Gladstone Club would have been better; but one day Mr. Arnold Morley appeared as chairman of a small dinner, I think at Greenwich, and proposed the name which the Club now bears. The suggestion was not

[1] Since I wrote this I have been permitted to consult the minute books of the Eighty Club, by the courtesy of the Secretary. The earliest entry I can find runs as follows:—"Mr. Grey's Committee Attendance Book, Members and Guests, January 9, 1880—T. S. Leadam, Fitzgerald, Haldane, Alfred Lyttleton, Oscar Browning, Snagge, Moncrief, Grey, Torr, Barrett Lennard."

well received, and many objections were made to it. What did it mean? how was it to be spelt? I asked why a Club of sensible Englishmen should be called by a Greek word signifying infatuation. But these remarks were met by Mr. Morley saying that he had in his pocket sufficient proxies to outvote the whole of those present, and the proposition was somewhat reluctantly accepted. There is no doubt that the name was first spelt by two Arabic numerals preceded by a comma. Eighty Club dinners were frequent, small, sociable, and amusing. One of the most constant attendants at them was Jesse Collings. Some genius invented the plan of having a "Guest of the evening" to make an important political speech. This, of course, gave the Club a better status and greater publicity, as the speeches were sure to be fully reported in the newspapers. A memorable dinner of the kind was when Mr. Gladstone was the guest of the evening, and Mr. Asquith was in the chair, and I was not singular in the opinion that Mr. Asquith's speech was the finer of the two. A memorable epoch in the history of the Club is marked by the meeting held at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Monday, June 21st, 1886, to decide whether the Eighty Club should or should not regard Home Rule as an open question. A resolution in favour of this was proposed by Meysey Thompson and an amendment to the contrary effect by Robson. The motion was supported by a personality no less distinguished than Mr. Asquith. With much diffidence I rose to oppose him, and in faltering terms I urged that the Eighty Club was before everything else a fighting institution, that if it did not fight, the causes for its existence disappeared. I also argued that Home Rule was not a passing question of the moment, but that the principle underlying it lay at the foundation of Liberalism, and that, if we should refuse to fight on this occasion, we

might as well dissolve the association. I was opposed by Sir Henry James and supported by George Greenwood, then Secretary of the Club, but on a division we found ourselves in a minority. George Greenwood and myself stayed behind and asked those who agreed with us to give their names as members of an 1886 Committee of the '80 Club. They readily did so, and empowered us to obtain the consent of the Whips to the establishment of such a Committee. On going down to the House for this purpose, Greenwood and myself found the Whips very nervous, and we had some difficulty in obtaining their consent. It was, however, given, and it was by the 1886 Committee of the Eighty Club that the election was fought. After the election another meeting was held, and the Anti-Home Rulers left the Club. Whoever may have had the credit of the original foundation, there can be little doubt that George Greenwood and myself founded it a second time.

At the beginning of 1880 I lectured on Cavour at Newcastle, and on my way back stayed with Bishop Lightfoot at Auckland Castle. I saw, of course, the cathedral and castle of Durham, and remembered a story which Dean Wellesley once told me of his experience as chaplain to Van Mildert, the last of the Prince Bishops. There was a dispute as to whether the judges of assize stayed in the castle of right or by invitation of the Bishop, and Wellesley had orders to wait for the sound of the Judge's carriage, and the moment he heard it to rush into the courtyard, throw open the gates and welcome his lordship as a guest. Unfortunately, when the Judge arrived, about midnight, Wellesley was asleep, and he had only just time to hurry into his clothes, fly down the stairs, and announce that the Grand Entries were accorded. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, my former lecturer, was staying at the castle, and in consequence we were using the state rooms, a magnificent dining-room and a drawing-room with a

throne at the end, where the bishops used to hold levées and kiss all the ladies who were presented to them. We had service in the castle chapel, as spacious as a church, and used the Communion plate which probably belonged to the private chapel of Charles I, and was brought to Auckland by Bishop Cosin. The surrounding park was stocked with deer, and I heard with amazement that the Bishop had to pay rent for a portion of it to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. I found Lightfoot as simple as ever, with young men and young chaplains living with him, preparing for ordination.

At Easter I went to Normandy and Brittany with a King's undergraduate named Willink, starting on March 17th. Going to take tea at the Athenæum Club, I saw Lord Houghton talking to Lord Granville and Lord Selborne. Lord Granville took Lord Houghton out of the room and asked to be introduced to me. After a little conversation he invited me to dinner for that evening. I declined, because I was going abroad, but I have always regretted that I did so, for a dinner with Lord Granville in those days was an experience not to be missed. I had to content myself with the Criterion instead. Our tour occupied a fortnight. We saw Val Richer, where Guizot lived and died, heard the choir at Chartres sing "O filii et filiæ" with wonderful effect, and paid a pious visit to Chateau Gaillard, the interest and beauty of which transcend all description.

At the beginning of the May term I received a letter from Max Müller introducing Bret Harte, who came to give a lecture in the Guildhall. He dined with me in the hall, and I persuaded the Mayor of Cambridge to take the chair at the lecture. The mayor uttered some opening words: "Allow me to introduce to you." He then stopped and exchanged a few words with the lecturer, and concluded his sentence: "Mr. Bret Harte." I heard after-

wards that he had said: "What is your name?" and when he was told, remarked, "I was just going to introduce you as Mark Twain." I sat with Bret Harte in the evening, and he told me many experiences of American mayors, from whom he had suffered terrible things.

He gave me typical examples of an over-sensitive and an over-confident mayor, who had at different times presided at his lectures. The over-sensitive mayor, who had been a brave and distinguished officer in the war, asked him, as they were going to the lecture hall, "By the way, Mr. Harte, what is the title of your lecture?" He answered, "The Argonauts of '49." "Oh! of course, of course." A few minutes afterwards, "What did you say was the title of your lecture?" The same answer, upon which the mayor said, "I would rather face a battery than that audience." Again, just before they entered the room, "What is the title of your lecture?" "The Argonauts of '49." The mayor then bounced to the front of the platform and said, "Mr. Bret Harte will lecture on the Aeronauts of '49." The over-confident mayor marched on to the platform as if he was storming a battery, but instead of introducing Bret Harte, he called out in a stentorian voice, "Is Bill Stubbins in the house?" Bill Stubbins was in the house, in the very centre of the audience. "Because some one wants to speak with him at the 'Palace' bar opposite," said the mayor. It took at least a quarter of an hour to extricate Bill Stubbins from the dense throng in which he was packed, and when it was accomplished the audience had forgotten all about Bret Harte. The mayor then said in a mild and courteous manner, "Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Bret Harte; he will lecture on 'The Argonauts of '49,'" and added *sotto voce* to Bret Harte, "I can do anything with that audience."

On the same day I find recorded that I attended a lecture on Greek Art "given by a young German Ameri-

can who knows a good deal about it, and is a friend of mine." This was of course Charles Waldstein, who now enjoys a universal reputation. Also at the same time I met Stevenson, who looked like a boy, at Sidney Colvin's, and Milsand, the friend of Robert Browning, to whom he dedicated "Sordello," at Professor Adams', the most learned, the most modest, the most silent of men, excepting, perhaps, Professor Stokes.

I reported to my mother on May 23: "I think I wrote to you just as I was starting for Oxford. I stayed there with Pater, a very good friend of mine, saw Paton and Burrows who had *not* been sent down from University, and also Curzon, who was very well. In the evening I dined with the U.U., the dinner was a little dull and the discussion very long. It turned upon the possibility of writing a manual of practical education, and, it being decided that it was desirable to do so, a committee was appointed for the purpose, of whom I was one. I confess that I do not believe in it, at least in the manner in which it is proposed. On Sunday I drove to Sandford Lasher to see where poor Collier was drowned. Even now I cannot understand how it happened, there must have been gross carelessness. My plans for the holidays are gradually developing. On July 12th I start with George Curzon for Oberammergau, which we hope to reach on the 17th. He stays with me about a month. I have a good deal of work to do, but I can work abroad better than in England." In London on June 6, "I dined at the 'Athenæum' with George Grove and met Lightfoot and Benson, the two bishops. Benson told me, to my great delight, that he thought of sending his son to King's instead of Trinity, as he heard so good an account of it. At the Richter concert I met Mary Gladstone, who said, 'Are you going to the ball?' 'What ball?' I replied. 'The Grahams' ball, the first they ever gave.' I said that I had not been asked, but she

insisted that I must go and that she would announce me, so I borrowed a white tie from the waiter and went. The rooms were very pretty with Burne-Jones's, Rossetti's, and all sorts of pictures, and Miss Baring, Lady Ashburton's daughter was there, a sweet-looking girl."

After the play at Ammergau was over, Curzon and myself went by way of Hohenschwangau and Immenstadt to Zürich, Lucerne, and Mürren, where we stayed for about a fortnight. I was working hard at my *Theories of Education*, and Curzon was well occupied. One Saturday, on receiving a telegram from the Editor of the *Magazine of Art* that he wanted an article on Florence, which I had promised, to be sent him immediately, I sat down in the middle of the crowded *salon* and wrote it off without reference to books or maps, some five or six thousand words, surrounded by strummers on the piano, and players at nap and blind-man's buff, and I had the satisfaction of telling my partner in the dance that I had earned sixteen pounds that morning. I accompanied Curzon as far as Geneva, on his way to England, and returned to Mürren, where I went on with my book, but a week later I received a request from Lord Reay to attend an Educational Congress at Brussels as the representative of England. I did not hesitate to obey, and derived both pleasure and profit from the visit. The weather was terribly hot, indeed, so hot that it caused the death of some of the delegates, but I bore it well, met many distinguished people, and made many speeches in French, and only regret that I was persuaded to make the final speech in English, so that it was neither understood nor reported. I was made President of the Third Section of the Congress, concerned with *enseignement supérieur*, and was especially delighted to make the acquaintance of M. Fustel de Coulanges, the Head of the École Normale, who represented France. Our friendship continued till his death at Cannes, and

at his funeral Richard Acton carried a wreath from me, which I had asked his father, Lord Acton, to procure. Still longing for mountain air, I went from Brussels to the Rigi Scheideck and there finished my book and began my lectures for Cambridge. When I got back to England, I spent a few days with Curzon, at Kedleston, and then returned to Cambridge to take up my office of Pro-Proctor. The close of the year brought to me a terrible shock in the death of George Eliot. I had seen her at the performance of the "Agamemnon," at St. George's Hall, on December 16, and on December 22, my mother's eightieth birthday, she died. Edward Pigott, the Inspector of Plays, who was to have come to us for my mother's birthday, did not arrive till four days later, having stayed in London to comfort Mr. Cross. On the 29th I attended George Eliot's funeral, at Kensal Green, as one of the mourners. I went in the carriage with Kegan Paul and Blackwood, who told us many details about the publication of her works, and I returned with Frederic Harrison, Gurney, and Robin Benson. The crowd demonstrated at the funeral against the doctors for their apparent negligence.

The Easter Vacation of 1881 was spent in Spain and in the Balearic Islands, in company with a pupil of mine, Paul Bevan, a man of exceptional talent and charm, whose early death was a shock to many devoted friends. We travelled by Marseilles to Barcelona, and found lovely weather, blue sky and blue sea, with a delicious breeze, any number of flowers and birds, and palms preparing for Palm Sunday. Our windows looked on the Rambla, the chief thoroughfare of the town, full of people night and day. We visited Monserrat and climbed San Geronimo. We had a fine passage to Majorca, with clear moonshine. We used to bathe every morning at six, much to the horror of the inhabitants who never bathe till Midsummer

Day, and who expected to see us fall down dead on our way back from the beach. We went to a Passion service in the Cathedral, and, having accepted seats of honour just outside the choir, were obliged to remain there for four hours without our breakfast. The English Consul received us with great warmth. He was very amusing, full of quaint stories. We saw all the sights, the convent in which George Sand lived with Chopin, the palace of Miramar, and the little town of Soller, not altered since the days of the Greeks. When George Sand left the island she was anxious to sell the piano which had been sent from Paris for Chopin, but no one would buy it, because Chopin was a *poitrinaire*, until the American Consul stepped into the breach and purchased it. We saw the house in which it was, but not the piano itself. We visited Valencia on the morning of Good Friday. We were obliged to walk to our hotel and have our luggage carried, as all vehicles were stopped in the street for the convenience of the Good Friday procession. However, on Easter Eve, after ten o'clock, all the bells were ringing, fireworks were going off, and carriages driving about. We spent one afternoon exploring the ruins of the old Saguntum and returned to Barcelona by Tarragona, a most beautiful city, the Cathedral hung with gorgeous tapestry. When I arrived at Folkestone I found Lord Brabourne and the Directors of the South-Eastern Railway Company upon the pier waiting to receive Léon Say, the President of the French Senate, and other distinguished personages, who came to inspect the works of the Channel Tunnel. They insisted upon my staying with them. My luggage, which had been registered from Paris to London, was got out of the train by active porters, I bought a clean shirt, and we had a magnificent dinner, and many speeches. Next day we breakfasted at the Pavilion Hotel, inspected the tunnel, getting covered with grey chalk, and went to

lunch at the "Lord Warden," at Dover. I returned by special train to London, and the Directors promised me all sorts of privileges whenever I crossed the Channel, a promise which was religiously kept.

I spent a good part of the summer working hard at the Record Office. I was anxious to write about the foreign policy of William Pitt, and was immersed in the fascinating task of reading Foreign Office despatches. It is an exciting occupation, as you never know what the next page may reveal. This book was never, and will never be, written. I was able, however, to publish essays on various parts of the subjects, which were collected in a volume entitled *The Flight of Varennes* and other historical essays. I was also able to assist Lecky in writing his chapter upon the subject in his *History of England*, and I condensed the information I had laboriously acquired in the chaper which I contributed to the French Revolution volume of the *Cambridge Modern History*. Other parts of my work were the publication of Earl Gower's despatches from Paris by the Cambridge University Press, and of the Duke of Dorset's by the Royal Historical Society. It is now left for Dr. Holland Rose to treat the subject adequately in his forthcoming *Life of Pitt*. I went a great deal into society, and was a regular attendant at Mr. Gladstone's parties in Downing Street, my old friend Spencer Lyttelton being then his Private Secretary. At the beginning of August I went for a tour in Switzerland and Italy with my pupil Anthony Story Maskelyne, now a distinguished official in the Record Office, and before I left England Longman informed me that he had sold nearly ten thousand of my *Modern England*, and that a new edition was required of *Modern France*. My book on the *History of Educational Theories* was published in the autumn. I returned to Cambridge in September, and at the beginning of the October term

was admitted Senior Proctor. As I told my mother: "I was dressed in all kinds of extraordinary garments, given a huge volume of the University Statutes to carry in my hand with a halberd and a javelin. To-day I went for the first time to St. Mary's Church with my bands on and my 'squared hood'"; again: "A Senior Proctor's life is a very busy one, not only as to the disciplinary arrangements, but any number of University ceremonies, attending services, voting in the Senate House, meeting judges, and the like. My freshmen were rather noisy this term; a wild-beast show, too, set them in great excitement, so that my work has been heavier than usual. I was out two hours last night, and three hours the night before; we were trying to keep things clear in preparation for November 5th."

I wrote on November 6: "This has been a week of great excitement for the Senior Proctor. On Thursday he became half a Vice-Chancellor and was escorted back to his room by the silver maces, and kept in his apartment the gold seal and the gold cup and many other treasures. On Friday morning he gave a breakfast to the officials of the University, which went off very well and was numerously attended. He then went to the Senate House, admitted the new Vice-Chancellor and accompanied him to his lodge. These excitements over, came November 5th, when he felt himself responsible for the discipline of the University and had to protect the streets. Happily it was a very quiet fifth. It was market-day, and some slight disturbance two days before had made us anxious, but it went off very well."

New Year's Day, 1882, found me in Paris, investigating the foreign policy of William Pitt in the archives of the French Foreign Office. I dined with Lord Lyons on that day and met a number of old friends, including Lord Houghton, who was on his way to Egypt. Sir Charles Dilke was also present, at the head of a Com-

mission for revising the Commercial Treaty of 1867. This being found impracticable, the Commission had to leave suddenly, and I lost the opportunity of seeing Gambetta, whom Dilke had asked me to meet at breakfast. I found plenty of interest in the French despatches, which are admirably kept, much better than those in the Record Office. M. Hanotaux was especially kind to me. He was at that time *chef de cabinet* of Gambetta. He was a young man, under thirty, and sat in a room surrounded by telegraphic arrangements, which placed him, he said, pretty much in communication with the whole world. I breakfasted with M. Waddington, and received from him much information about the Congress of Berlin, in which he sat next to Bismarck. I also saw something of Albert Sorel at the Petit Luxembourg, and of Taine in the Boulevard St. Germain, and I must not omit my dear friends the Raoul-Duvals in the Rue François 1er, who treated me with exuberant hospitality, and sent their brilliant son Maurice to be my pupil at Cambridge. Sorel was Secretary of the Senate and lived in the *petits appartements* of the Petit Luxembourg, the very rooms in which the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII, habitually resided. Under the *ancien régime* there were no sufficient means of heating large rooms, so that princes and potentates used to inhabit poky little chambers in order to keep themselves warm. Taine was particularly kind to me, and I met a delightful society at his hospitable table, including M. Boutmy, the founder of the École des Sciences Politiques. Taine took great interest in the publication of the despatches of Earl Gower, which I was then contemplating, although they did not appear till 1885. Both Sorel and Taine used to send me copies of their books. I also kept up a correspondence with Taine; I sent the letters I had received from him

to his wife, and some of them have, I believe, been published in his *Memoirs*. I paid him a visit at Monthoud, on the lake of Annecy, shortly before his death. He then looked very ill. He had the habit of walking every day for two hours alone, both in the country and at Paris, which must have been very bad for him. His conversation was admirable, and the vigour with which he kept abreast with all the intellectual movements of his time reminded me of Goethe. I first met Maurice Raoul-Duval when quite a boy at the station at Angoulême, where we accidentally got into the same carriage together. This resulted in a close intimacy with his family, and I was constantly their guest at Paris. They were very wealthy, their mother being a Labouchère. Maurice, whose character was as admirable as his mind, has made some attempt to enter public life, but has not as yet done anything worthy of his abilities.

At Easter, 1882, I visited Biarritz, where I met Baron Dimsdale, Lord Strathmore, Lord Ailesbury, and other friends, and took a tour in Spain with Maurice Duval during his school holidays. We first went to Burgos and saw the cathedral and the two convents, spending two nights there. We then proceeded by a marvellously engineered railway to Bilbao, and spent the next day in exploring the river down to the mouth of the sea, and looking at the wrecks lying in the harbour. The following day we heard "La Favorita" well performed at the Opera, with a first-rate tenor who was going to sing in London. The next day we started in a carriage and drove through a beautifully wooded country to Durango and thence to Eybar. Here we found the world-renowned manufactory of damascene work, founded by Señor Zuloaga. I walked about with his little son Ignacio, who spoke excellent

English. He has now become the most celebrated living painter in Spain, and one of the best in Europe. Thence we drove to Loyola, the birthplace of St. Ignatius, and the place where he recovered from his wound. I never visited a more evil-smelling village; that any one could live there is a marvel, that any one should recover there is a miracle. We went from Loyola to San Sebastian, saw a little of the town, and reached Biarritz by train in the evening. Maurice left me here for Bordeaux and Paris. In April I was appointed examiner in Constitutional Law and History to the University of London, a post which I held for five years, having as my colleagues at different times H. B. George, Albert Dicey, and Edmund Robertson, Secretary to the Admiralty. The May term passed as usual.

I wrote on May 21: "I went to London on Thursday to a meeting of the Council of the Hellenic Society, of which I am one of the founders, and heard "Lohengrin" at the German opera in the evening. Dr. Abbott lectured here yesterday on Education, and Arthur Sidgwick on Wednesday. Max Müller has also been lecturing here on India. We had a meeting of Tripos examiners on Friday. Sir Wilfrid Lawson (Curzon's uncle) stayed with me on Tuesday, and we had a successful Local Option meeting at the Guildhall. The Seeleys leave for Italy this week; we are to meet at Pontresina. We had a performance of "The Hercules" here on Wednesday, not very good."

June 11. "What have I been doing this week? Last Sunday I dined at a feast in Trinity. On Monday I went to two garden-parties. On Tuesday to London to hear the "Meistersinger." During the week I have been examining both for the Tripos and the 'May.' King's distinguished itself in both examinations. *Floreat Collegium Regale!* Last night I dined with Sir Henry Maine at

Trinity Hall Lodge, and met a distinguished party—Lord Lytton, General Strachey, Lionel Tennyson, Frederick Myers, Jebb, and their respective wives. Lord Lytton is coming to tea this afternoon, as is also Mrs. McMichael, Curzon's sister."

August 6. "I wrote to you on Sunday last. On that day I dined in Trinity to meet, not the Judges, but the High Sheriff and the chief members of the Bar. I spent the whole day in Court in my capacity as Senior Proctor. I was not very much edified, but certainly amused. On Monday I dined with the Judges—a bad dinner and dull conversation—and yesterday I dined with the Vice-Chancellor to meet the Judges. We had a very solemn party, so that altogether I had enough of the Judges. On Wednesday I went to London to finish the Teachers' Examination, which is one step towards freedom. I have only now to write my article for the *Fortnightly*, and then shall be able to get away." This was an article on the outbreak of the war between France and England in 1793, the fruit of my researches in the London and Paris archives, which I wrote at the request of Escott, the new editor of the *Fortnightly*. It had a considerable success, and has been a standard authority on the subject, but it had necessarily to be compiled in very narrow limits, and I should have done more good to my reputation if I had carried out my original intention of publishing it as a book with *pièces justificatives*.

I wrote to my mother: "On Friday I went to Town again to attend a Council meeting of the Arundel Society, and met Sir Henry Layard there, who gave me an invitation to visit him at Venice. Yesterday we had a most impressive service in Trinity Chapel in memory of Frank Balfour. It was held at the same time as the service at Whittinghame, and contained the whole of the Burial Service, only the words: 'we now commit' were

altered to 'has been committed.' There was a large attendance. Beresford Hope, his uncle, quite broke down at one part. The music was very beautiful. The service was, I suppose, an innovation, but certainly a good one. I suppose that I shall set off on my travels some day this week."

I need scarcely explain that Frank Balfour, the brother of Arthur and Gerald Balfour, was a most distinguished man of science, and had perished by an accident in the High Alps. I remember, as if it were yesterday, Michael Foster telling me of his having gone to the Alps, adding that study was not conducive to bodily health, and of Jebb rushing up to my room one Sunday evening to bring me the news of his death.

Sir Henry Layard's invitation to Venice had altered my plans of joining the Seeleys at Pontresina, and I determined to proceed there by tricycle. My tricycle was of an old-fashioned type, with a carriage-seat, solid tyres, and a back-steering wheel moved by a handle, which was worked by the right hand. With this machine I rode 961 miles—an average of thirty miles a day—and arrived at Venice with the tyres hanging in festoons. I found that a scholar of King's, Archibald Palmer, was going to visit his step-father, who was Governor of Cyprus, and had determined to ride a bicycle to Trieste, so we arranged to go together, and my mother was greatly relieved at hearing that I was not going alone. I left Cambridge at 6 a.m. on Friday, August 11, and had several adventures before I completed my fifty miles at Colchester. Meeting a clergyman at Shudy Camps, I raised my hat to him, and he invited me to breakfast. At Castle Headingham I found the inn burned down, and absolutely nothing to eat or drink. I asked who lived at the big house, and was told Mrs. Sanford. I thought it might be a Mrs. Sanford whom I knew, and with the courage of despair walked up to the door, rang the bell, and asked for Mrs. Sanford. Luckily,

it was Mrs. Sanford, and, although I looked a most disreputable object, she said: "Oh, you've come to lunch," which I confessed was the case. The next day I rode twenty-three miles to Harwich by way of Mistley. It was one of the most fatiguing days that I experienced, and I could get no food. At Dovercourt I found the church in which my mother had been married in 1821. I was told that an aunt of my mother was still living there, and called upon her. I found a lively old woman of eighty-two years of age, with all her faculties preserved, living in a large wooden house all alone. Her eldest brother, as I have before narrated, was present at the battle between Rodney and Le Grasse in 1782, just a hundred years before my visit, and had perished with the *Ville de Paris*, which he was commanding, on the way home. She showed me all her family portraits, excepting that of Lieutenant Phillips, who was shot by court martial, and his lovely wife, which she had given to Colonel Cyprian Bridge. At Harwich, too, I found a number of family relics, and old sailors who remembered my grandfather. I went by sea to Antwerp, and found the town *en fête*. At 5 a.m. on Monday I started for Malines along a paved road, and after seeing the Cathedral, reached Brussels through Vilvorde, and was joined there by my friends, Archie Palmer and his brother, Hope Biddulph. We stayed a few days at Brussels and went to Namur by train, and then rode along the Meuse to Dinant, Givet, and Charleville, 51½ miles. From Charleville we visited the battlefield of Sedan, and saw a good deal which I could not find on a recent visit. We then rode through Givonne to Bouinoll, spinning down the steep road through the wood without breaks. I reported: "This is the place where Napoleon spent a night after he had constituted himself prisoner. He slept in the room below this in which I write. When he arrived he was in tears."

On Monday, August 21, we rode in pouring rain through the beech forests to Florenville, got soaked to the skin, and went to bed to have our things dried. However, as it cleared up in the afternoon, we continued our course to Arlon and accomplished forty-three miles. On Tuesday we rode from Arlon to Luxembourg, seventeen miles, with the wind behind us, and on the following day to Trier, 28½ miles, the roads rather hilly, but otherwise pleasant to ride. To Archie's great disgust I determined to descend the Moselle in a steamer, and reached Coblenz on August 24, having accomplished the first great division of our expedition. The next day we rode very pleasantly from Ems to Nassau, seeing Stein's "Stammschloss" on the way, and thence by way of Schwalbach and Wiesbaden to Biebrich. At Wiesbaden my machine was carefully examined by a spectacled professor, who after minute investigation pronounced the judgment that it was "*sehr praktisch.*" It would have been better if instead of climbing the mountains we had followed the left bank of the Rhine to Bingen and then the right bank to Biebrich, but in that case I should have omitted much that I desired to visit. At Biebrich, where we rested for two days, Hope Biddulph left us. I then rode forty-six miles in very bad weather from Biebrich to Weinheim on the way to Heidelberg. The road which I ought to have followed is excellent, and I should not have left it, but I wasted at least an hour in the sand morasses of the Darmstadter Wald, where I lost my way, exposed to pouring rain and the bites of mosquitoes. Next day we rode fifty-two miles through Heidelberg to Carlsruhe, and thence a short journey through Rostadt, where I revelled in the reminiscences of Napoleon and the Gesandten Mord, to Gernsbach, a very picturesque village at the edge of the Black Forest not far from Baden. September 1, continuing our journey on, we accomplished

our longest ride, nearly sixty-one miles, up the valley of the Murg to Freudenstadt, where we dined and then rode to Rottwell on the Danube. We did this in twelve hours including stoppages. Certainly the roads in the Black Forest are the best in Europe.

At Rottweil I met the members of a government Education Commission come there to inspect the schools and to grant learning certificates. I had much talk with them about the difference between German and English education, and they denied that there were any public schools in England, because the masters were appointed and dismissed by the Head Master. "*Er stellt sie*," one remarked, "*und schickt sie wieder fort.*" "*Denn sind sie nicht öffentliche Schulen.*" I was the last person in the world to deny these facts. The next day we travelled forty-two miles by Reutlingen and Stockach, an interesting place which my historical studies had long made me desirous to see. But I was not prepared for a more wonderful spectacle. On reaching the heights beyond the town, the whole chain of the Bernese Alps burst upon my view, and gazing at them was a more than life-sized crucifix. We ran quickly down to Ueberlingen and took the steamboat to Constance. Our next objective was Villach, in Carinthia, but we had considerable difficulty in reaching it, as both the weather and the roads were detestable. The road was not good to begin with, and it had been made worse by months of incessant rain and by the preparation for building a railway. Reaching Bregenz by steamboat we rode a little distance in the evening to Hohenems, and next day with abominable weather and bad roads only reached Bludenz, twenty-seven miles. It rained all night and all next morning, but in the afternoon we crawled on to Klösterle, fourteen miles. I hired a man to push my tricycle up the hilly and muddy path, and hard work we had. The following

day we began pushing again in the morning and got over the Arlberg Pass, 8000 feet high, and descending reached St. Anton through a slough of mud up to our knees. From that point we enjoyed a good road to Landeck. We then anticipated a pleasant run of fifty miles to Innsbruck, but we found the road heart-breaking from the constant presence of fresh metal. I reached Telfs at six o'clock very tired, and slept there, and rode into Innsbruck the next morning, where I joined my companion. He, riding a bicycle, and therefore worse off than myself, and not liking to ask for a bed as he knew no German, had walked nearly the whole way from Landeck to Innsbruck, which he reached at 10 p.m. After a pleasant Sunday we crossed the main chain of the Alps by the Brenner, which we found very easy riding, sleeping at Sterzing, and on the following day reached Bruneck in the Pusterthal in very bad weather. It rained all night, and the next morning the sky looked as if it would rain continuously for a week, which, as a matter of fact, it did. I determined, therefore, reluctantly to take the train to Villach, about a hundred miles, and it is fortunate that I did so, for if I had remained at Bruneck, I should never have got away. Archie Palmer contrived with great difficulty to reach Villach two days later with his bicycle, but he found the road so much broken down in several places that a tricycle could hardly have passed.

We remained ten days at Villach, a time of heavy floods and continuous rain. I wrote to my mother: "The weather is fearful, but we are getting quite used to it, and the Drave is in flood. It is a magnificent sight to see the mighty river rushing along carrying trunks of trees, logs and planks, and this morning a large number of gourds and pumpkins. I have not as yet seen any cattle or human beings."

I spent my time here in studying the Slovenian

language, one of the most beautiful of the Slavic tongues. I learned enough of it to write a letter in it to Arthur Hardinge, who was then a clerk in the Foreign Office, asking him to find out if there was in the Foreign Office any one who understood it. He said that there was no one, but that an Austrian attaché at the St. James's Club had told him that it was probably Croatian. The dislike of the Austrians to this language is very remarkable, no one to whom I spoke of it would believe that it was worth learning, or that it was anything but an unintelligible patois. At last we were able to leave, and travelled by a magnificent road across the Karawankas Alps to Tarvis, a name well known to Napoleonic students, bearing the same relation to Treviso as Berne does to Verona. From this place we made an excursion to Veldes, in Carniola, one of the loveliest places in the world, reflecting the snow-peaks of the Terglou. It was a favourite fishing-station of Sir Humphrey Davy, and is now unaccountably neglected for the inferior attractions of Norway. I took leave of Archie on the top of Predil Pass, which leads to Trieste, returned to Tarvis, and rode to Pontafel, the Austrian frontier, and next day forty-six miles to Udine, by way of Venzone and Gemona, the latter a most attractive town, with an old Lombard cathedral and a huge St. Christopher carved outside. The whole road from Villach to Udine is probably as fine in engineering and construction as any in the world, and I was told cost more than the railway.

My journey was now nearly over. After a few days at Udine, during which I visited the lovely temple at Cividale, and saw the Campanile of Aquileia from the summit of the citadel, I rode to Pordenone through Campo Formido, the real appellation of the village which gave its name to the Treaty of Campo Formio, although it was not signed there, but at Doge Manin's Villa, at

Passeriano, and from Pordenone through Conegliano to Treviso. From Treviso I was able to visit Asolo, where Pippa passed, and Browning and Catherine Cornaro lived, and the Villa of Masèr in which Paolo Veronese painted his magnificent frescoes of the four Cardinal Virtues, which I persuaded the Arundel Society to publish. From Treviso it was a short run to Mestre, where I put my tricycle in a gondola and was rowed to Venice, being hospitably received by Sir Henry Layard. My arrival created some excitement, and was celebrated by paragraphs in the newspapers. I specially remember one which began with *L'Instancabile*, "The Indefatigable," and ended with *Che tempo!* a reflection on the atrocious weather which had pursued us on both sides of the Alps. This tour was probably one of the first of many which have been taken since. I was certainly the first Englishman who crossed the Alps on a tricycle. I wrote at the time: "I have never taken a tour so thoroughly enjoyable in all respects. The whole day was spent in the open air. The traveller stops when he pleases and where he pleases. I took with me enough for a night and sent my heavy luggage (weighing 80 kilos) by train or post, and invariably found it at my hotel when I arrived. From what I saw of the bicycle I should consider a tricycle the more convenient of the two for a tour of this description. I experienced everywhere the greatest kindness and hospitality, and I hope that the example of this experiment will be followed next summer by many men and women. During the whole route neither my companion nor myself had the shadow of an accident of any kind."

There is not much to say about the October term. I wrote to my mother on October 22: "Yesterday we had a most interesting meeting for the Balfour memorial. I never heard so many good speeches in so short a space of

time, nor should I think that any young man of twenty-nine was ever so highly praised. He had certainly a very fortunate and happy career, and although his death was painful, it perhaps added to his reputation. We have elected Dr. Westcott, Regius Professor of Divinity, a Fellow of King's. I should have elected Seeley, who has, I think, been badly treated by the University, but Westcott is undoubtedly a very distinguished man." The latter half of November we did our best to get James Stuart elected member for the University, but in vain. "I have nothing to report except that I am up to my ears in electioneering. We have made a gallant fight, which has thoroughly interested the country, and we shall do better next time. It has been great fun, and has been carried out not only with vigour, but with perfect good-humour. It is delightful to see how much interested every one is in a good cause, and no trace of jealousy."

The year closed with a journey to Liverpool, to examine for the Liverpool Educational Association; an interesting but rather laborious occupation. I was hospitably entertained by Christopher Bushell, whose manners certainly entitled him to the sobriquet of Imperial Bushell, and by Alexander Balfour, both of whom have since been honoured in their native towns by the erection of statues. It produces a startling effect to meet one's friends, in England, India, or Germany, staring at you in stone or brass. These two certainly deserved the distinction thoroughly.

CHAPTER XX

THEODORE BECK, BAYREUTH, TRICYCLE TOURS, FLORENCE, THE BURNING OF SHELLEY, SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, STANDING FOR PARLIAMENT

THE Easter holidays of 1883 I spent at Cannes, chiefly in the company of Lord Acton and his circle and in that of my old friends the Grant Morrises, who had built for themselves a substantial villa close to the Hôtel Californie, where I had taken rooms. We had a very brilliant and hospitable society, which I enjoyed to the full. At the beginning of the May term Theodore Beck and myself entertained Ito, the great Japanese statesman, and Muri, the Japanese ambassador. Nothing could exceed the dignity and courtesy of Beck's behaviour in society, although he had never been at a public school. He was certainly one of the most remarkable undergraduates I ever met. He came of a Quaker family, wore long hair, and had a most beautiful Christlike face. He had been educated at a Quaker school near York, and he told me that up to the time when he left at the age of seventeen he had never heard a word from his companions which might not have been said before their sisters in a drawing-room. By such training real manliness and delicacy of character are created. He came up to Cambridge a brilliant mathematician and obtained a scholarship at Trinity, but he refused to go through the exhausting and demoralizing

routine which was expected from those who aspired to a high place in the Mathematical Tripos, and worked in his own way. The Dons were deeply offended, and I think deprived him of his scholarship. He would probably have done very well in the second part of the Tripos, and perhaps have been elected to a Fellowship; but he just missed being a wrangler and was therefore debarred from entering for the higher examination. He was asked by an Indian friend of his to find a principal for the newly founded Educational College at Aligarh in Central India and worked to do so, but quite unexpectedly his friend offered him the post, saying that he had been so deeply impressed with his character during their intercourse that he was sure that no one better could be found. Beck wrote to me for a testimonial, which I gladly supplied. He was a great success at Aligarh, and may be regarded as the founder of the College. During the earlier part of his stay there he wrote elaborate accounts of his work in its most minute particulars to his mother, which were circulated amongst his friends, and I had the privilege of reading them. I do not know if they will ever be published, but they faithfully reflect his guileless and transparent nature. He married the sister of my pupil Walter Raleigh, but died at Simla of enteric fever, being nursed by Lady Curzon with tender care. His friends look back upon their intimacy with him as one of the treasures of their lives, and couple his memory with that of J. K. Stephen, with whom he was closely connected.

In the Long Vacation I went to Bayreuth, to meet Gosselin and his wife, and heard *Parsifal* twice. I was much impressed by it, but my mature judgment ranks it as inferior to the *Meistersinger*. On August 16 a curious accident happened. I was cycling along the lake of Zug, feeling very happy and thinking how foolish all travellers were who travelled in any other way, when my machine

ran slowly but steadily back into the rock at the roadside and buckled up into a cocked hat. The change from the height of happiness to the depth of despair had the first effect of sending me into a violent fit of laughter, on the principle of the New Zealander, who, returning to his hut and finding his wife and children slaughtered at his door, burst out laughing and said, "Well, this is too ridiculous." When I recovered my senses, I felt gratitude that the tricycle had not turned to the left instead of the right and rolled down a steep slope into the lake, in which case I should probably have been killed. I pushed the machine into Arth, where I found a competent mechanic, who proceeded to repair it. I recovered it some seven weeks later and rode it forty miles to Brugg. The man who had repaired it told me that the moment he touched the buckled wheels they resumed their natural shape, so that I could have ridden the tricycle after all, but it is perhaps as well that I did not. I had a very pleasant holiday in Switzerland and Italy, and returned to Cambridge at the beginning of the term. This term was notable for the rejection of the first scheme for a Modern Language Tripos, in the institution of which I had taken an active part, and in the arrival of Prince Edward as an undergraduate. I wished the Modern Language Tripos to be an examination in which French and German were compulsory, both to be studied mainly in their classical epochs, the age of Louis XIV for French and that of Goethe and Schiller for German. The medieval forms of these two languages were not excluded from the scheme but were made subordinate. My object was to form French and German scholars, in the same sense as we form Latin and Greek scholars, but the University took a different view of "scholarship" and insisted upon an amount of pedantic education which has further prevented the Tripos from being a success. Our scheme was rejected by one vote,

the numbers being 40 against 19, our side having been so confident of victory that they had not taken the trouble to come and vote. With regard to the Prince I reported to my mother: "In the evening I dined at a great feast at Trinity. I was close to the young Prince and had plenty of opportunity of gazing at him. He is nicer-looking than his pictures and much like his mother. He has a pleasant, good-tempered face, but there is a general agreement that he is not very clever."

At the beginning of 1884 I visited Lord Auckland at his house near Doncaster to examine his family papers, which I rightly imagined would afford valuable materials for my projected work on the Foreign Policy of Pitt. I found the papers in a terrible state, but he allowed me to carry them off to Cambridge and to keep them as long as I liked. They had originally been carefully arranged, and had contained three hundred autograph letters of William Pitt. They had suffered much when in the possession of Miss Eden, the first Lord Auckland's daughter, and still more from the Editor of the *Life of Lord Auckland*, who used the originals to print from. When the book was completed he tumbled them higgledy-piggledy into their cases, and some of the most valuable he gave to Mrs. Dickinson, Lord Auckland's sister, in whose house I found them by accident. While they were in my possession I spent much time and toil in getting them into some kind of order, and Lord Auckland would have been happy to have presented them either to the University Library or to the King's College Library, in both of which they found a temporary home, if the authorities who govern these institutions had desired it. Eventually they were sold, by my intervention, to the British Museum, where they form a mine of wealth for historians.

At Easter I joined my friend Money Coutts at Milan, and travelled with him to Florence, where we spent a

considerable time. My old quarters in the Hôtel d'Italie had been impossible owing to the effects of drains upon the Arno, so that we established ourselves at the Europa. On my way back to England I stopped at Via Reggio with the view of discovering what I could about Shelley's burning. I found an Ancient Mariner who remembered it. There could be little doubt that his account was genuine, because although he knew nothing of the names of Shelley or Byron, he said that there was not much left of the body, because, after having been washed up by the sea, it had been buried in the sand for a month. I then called on Carlo Simoncino, a lawyer, living in the Via St. Antonio, whose father had arranged the burning with Byron and Trelawney as Guardia della Sanità. He told me that the party had dined together at an inn, and that being a Friday, his father had refused to eat meat. Trelawney bullied him and laughed at him, but Byron said, "No! he has respected our prejudices, let us respect his." This fixing the date of the burial on a Friday settles the discrepancy between Trelawney's account and Mrs. Shelley's with regard to the date in favour of Mrs. Shelley. The lawyer also showed me an English telescope, made by Dolland, in a mahogany case with the words: "Questo fu dato al padre mio da Lord Byron." I imagine that I could have purchased it for a Napoleon and regret that I did not do so, but I have reason to believe that the real donor of the telescope was Trelawney. From Via Reggio I proceeded to Spezzia, hoping to visit Shelley's Villa at S. Terenzo. I set out in an open boat with a very old man to look after the sail, but when we were half-way the wind changed and we were driven back by a violent storm, so that I nearly suffered the fate of Shelley, but I had great confidence in the experience of my boatman. When we returned, the men-of-war were dancing about in the harbour, and there

were crowds on the shore interested in our destiny. I ought to mention that there is a general belief along the coast that Shelley's boat was not capsized in the squall, but deliberately run down, under the impression that there was money on board.

The chief events of the May term were that Sir John Strachey gave a course of lectures on India, that a meeting was held for establishing University Settlement in East London, that Colonel Olcott attended the meeting of the Psychical Research Society in my rooms and gave some experiences of which I did not believe a single word, that we opened the new Archæological Museum, that we consecrated a new Masonic lodge, that I was appointed University Lecturer in History, a post which I still hold, and that I was invited to be President of the Education Section of the Social Science Congress to be held at Birmingham. Prince Edward was now an undergraduate at Cambridge, and I saw a good deal of him. I found him particularly agreeable, and as I had told my mother, much better looking than his portraits, which are dull and heavy. On June 4th the first stone of the new Union Buildings was laid by the wife of our Vice-Chancellor. I entertained a distinguished party at lunch afterwards, including Prince Edward, Lord Houghton, and the officers of the Oxford and Cambridge Union. Lord Houghton gave us an account of his famous visit to Oxford, with Sunderland and others, to discuss the character of Shelley's poetry. He always asserted that the Oxford Union Society had never heard of Shelley and thought that the gentleman in question must be Shenstone. But this I believe to be a calumny.

In the autumn I officiated as President of the Education Section at the Social Science Congress at Birmingham, the last Social Science Congress which we ever held. I had to deliver an address and to preside at all the meetings. I

found the work very interesting but extremely exhausting. After the Congress I went to stay with Mr. Christopher Bushell at Hinderton. We called at Eaton Hall and were shown over some of the rooms by a servant. One of the pictures he told me represented Martin Luther when he was a monk. Shortly afterwards the Duke of Westminster kindly took me through the same rooms. I found on closer inspection that the picture represented St. Thomas Aquinas, which I ought to have discovered before. When I reported to the Duke what his servant's explanation had been he was much amused and said he supposed this interpretation of the picture was for American consumption. At the beginning of the October term, Emil Sauer, then a young man of twenty-two, came to stay with me for a week. He excited great enthusiasm, and gave a concert at which Prince Edward was present. After the concert, Prince Edward said to Stanford, "Don't you wish you could play like that?" which was hardly a tactful remark. The term was saddened by Professor Fawcett's death, which was very sudden. I did not know that he was unwell till 3.30 in the afternoon, and he died at 5.30. Some of his intimate friends were not aware that he was ill till they saw his death in the paper. It came upon us with a terrible shock. I reported to my mother: "Last Monday was Fawcett's funeral. There was an enormous crowd and those present appeared to be very much impressed; but the management was very bad, only the Heads of Houses were admitted into the church, and distinguished Professors stood outside in the damp and muddy road. Luckily, I got in by special favour. The church was not nearly full. I saw and spoke to Childers, Dilke, and Shaw Lefevre, also a good many other friends."

At Easter I spent a delightful holiday at Cannes, being very much with Lord Acton and my friends the Grant Morrises. I was writing an article for the *Quarterly* on

the Foreign Policy of William Pitt, and Lord Acton was kind enough to give me much assistance. The society at Cannes in those days was pleasant beyond description; the villas were hospitably opened, and hospitality in the midst of flowers, fruit, and sunshine had a charm which it was difficult to experience elsewhere. In the May term I find the record of an interesting dinner given by Alfred Cole in London to Alfred Lyttelton on the eve of his marriage. Those present, besides the guest of the evening, were Gerald Balfour, George Curzon, J. W. Clark of Cambridge, Bernard Holland, J. E. C. Welldon, and Richmond Ritchie, all old friends. In the autumn my mother went to Eastbourne and I paid her a visit. My old pupil W. B. Duffield joined me there, and on Friday, August 14, we set out for a cycling tour in France. We travelled to Dieppe and Rouen, saw Château Gaillard, visited Gisors, Beauvais, Compiègne, Pierrefonds, Soissons, and the Castle of Coucy. Thence we went to Laon, Rheims, and Châlons, and thence to Varennes, carefully investigating the incident of the famous "Flight" and on the way seeing the battlefield of Valmy. We then proceeded to Verdun, which we found very interesting and attractive, especially as the home of the English prisoners captured there after the signing of the Peace of Amiens; we then crossed the German frontier to Metz. As both Duffield and myself were Liberal politicians we took great pains to examine the condition of France, and were much depressed and disappointed with what we saw. The country appeared to be in a state of absolute exhaustion, civil, moral, and intellectual. The old French activity and habit of early rising had disappeared; we found it difficult to obtain breakfast before eight o'clock; at one village, Les Hussoirs, women were walking about in their dressing-gowns with dishevelled hair at midday. The newspapers were frivolous and immoral. The two events which seemed to occupy

the mind of France at this time, to the exclusion of everything else, were a murder at Villemomble and the burial of Admiral Courbet, who was buried at least a dozen times. The book-shops were filled with cheap pornographic literature. Historical towns like Verdun and Beauvais were an exception, and we found in these abundant signs both of culture and erudition. Still worse was the civil war raging between the Church and the Army. Soldiers who went to church were marked men, the army was deprived of its chaplains, and services were held on Sunday to prevent soldiers from attending church. We came to the conclusion that the struggle must be fought out to the death and that the Church would probably win. Far different was our experience in Germany. At Metz the streets were full of busy people at four o'clock in the morning, the newspapers were sensible and moral, the book-shops learned and intelligent, all the soldiers, whether Catholic or Protestant, went regularly to the services of their respective churches. From Metz we went to Strassburg, and then rode in pouring rain and over very bad roads to Offenburg, and the following day up the Kinzig Valley to Rippoldsau. The journey was all uphill, but the roads were so perfect that we did not perceive it. We then proceeded to Frankfort, where we spent a delightful month, leading what I then described as an ideal life—rising at seven, working two hours, taking an early dinner and exercise in the afternoon, and attending the theatre or opera in the evening. The October term was uneventful. I find a note that my despatches of Lord Gower were published, and that Lord Salisbury and Lord Granville had written to me about them, and Oscar Wilde had stayed with me; also that James Prior, Tutor of Trinity, was initiated as Freemason in my room, and that I gave a banquet consisting of sixteen courses and sixteen wines. The performance of the Greek Play

and a visit from Oscar Wilde and his wife completed the term.

Any narrative of my life would be incomplete which did not give some account of my standing for Parliament at Norwood in 1886, in East Worcestershire in 1892, and at Liverpool in 1895. On none of these occasions was I elected. It would have been difficult for me to have carried on the duties of parliamentary life together with my Cambridge work, especially with my Radical opinions, which were unpopular in the University, and as my Cambridge work supplied my means of livelihood. Why then did I stand? For two reasons: first, because as a teacher of political history and a trainer of young men for public life, it seemed to me that I ought to know something of political struggles from the inside, and gain that practical experience of political controversy which can best be learned in a contested election; and secondly, because, in an important political debate, where some principles of the utmost moment have to be decided by the electorate, it is the duty of educated men who have clear views on the question of the day to place them before the people, not only in the constituency for which they stand, but in others. I was a convinced Home Ruler before Gladstone declared himself to be such; I have always believed in self-government, and have held that it is better that a community should be worse governed by itself than better governed by others. Also the demand for Home Rule by the representatives of Ireland seemed to me irresistible. No Liberal had a right to refuse what was asked for by 85 per cent of the representatives of the country. In these three elections Home Rule was the question most prominently before the electors, and the fact that I was almost alone at Cambridge, amongst educated men, in supporting Home Rule, appeared to me an additional reason why I should throw myself into the conflict. The

first definite invitation to be a candidate came to me at Eastbourne, where, as I have before narrated, I was staying with my mother in 1885. A deputation came down from London asking me to oppose Lord Randolph Churchill in South Paddington. I consented on one condition, that whatever language he might use against me, I should use none against him. I said that he was a friend of mine, that I admired him, and that whatever extravagance of diction he might permit himself, not a word of a personal character should pass my lips. This condition was accepted, but some one else was chosen a candidate.

In 1886, when the great question of Home Rule was before the nation, I went to the National Liberal Club, which was then in Trafalgar Square, to see if I could be of any use. I was asked by a prominent Liberal if I were willing to stand for Parliament. I said that I was not; but it was urged upon me that I must stand, and I yielded to persistence. It was at first understood that I should contest East Marylebone, but this came to nothing, and it was agreed on June 23 that I should be candidate for Norwood, where, of course, I had no chance of being elected. It was a villa constituency, represented by an amiable stockbroker, who was adored by his neighbours, and whose charities and garden parties made him their "favourite son." His munificence afterwards culminated in his presenting a public park to the district. He said to me, "I wish you to go into Parliament, but don't come here, you have not a chance. I hold them in the hollow of my hand." Referring to some papers which had been circulated by Cambridge Unionists to oppose my election and asking if he had read them, he replied, "Print! Print! I never read print, it all goes into the waste-paper basket." The contest was a sufficiently absurd one, but I did my best. The most gratifying fact was the very large subscription which was contributed

towards my expenses by the working men of the district. One of the difficulties I had was to find out where the constituency was and to ascertain its limits. It was in the shape of a dumb-bell and was confusedly mixed up with four or five other constituencies, part, I presume, of the old borough of Lambeth. There was a certain lamp-post where they all met. Some amusing incidents occurred. I was described in my posters as Oscar Browning, M.A., and two electors were overheard discussing what this meant. One said, "Who is this Browning, M.A.?" The other replied, "As far as I can make out, he is a kind of curate." When I was driving through the street in a wagonette, two portly gentlemen, with umbrellas and bags in their hands, evidently middle-aged City clerks, turned round towards me, hissed violently and sibilated the word "Poet," thinking, I suppose, that I was Robert, although how they had ever heard of him I cannot imagine. I told this to Browning, who was, or pretended to be, rather annoyed.

I was assisted in my canvass by my nephew Leonard Booth, a young Ceylon civil servant, home on leave, and by Edmund Garrett, then a Cambridge undergraduate. Garrett's work for me in Norwood was one of the most characteristic manifestations of his brilliant career. He toiled as hard for my interests as if he were the candidate himself, and he produced far more effect than I did. He was an admirable speaker, endowed with heroic courage. He faced an angry mob and cowed it in an instant. His beautiful boyish face, with its clear-cut outline, roused suburban indifference to enthusiasm. They cried out to me, "He is better than you are." Indeed, he was much better. They shouted to him, "You'll be Prime Minister some day," and they followed him in crowds as he walked about the streets. He treated the business in hand partly with boyish fun, partly with mature seriousness. Nothing

has been seen like it since the days of Alexander Hamilton. We were at that time intimate friends, having been brought together by the Cambridge Union. He was too delicate and sensitive for the work which he undertook for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and it ruined his health. I never saw him after he went to South Africa, but I heard much of him from common friends; I was privileged to speak at the meeting summoned to raise a memorial to him, and I rejoice that his life has been written by the competent pen of E. T. Cook.

In 1892 the question of Home Rule was again before the constituencies, and I felt so strongly upon the subject that I conceived it my duty to take an active part in the great contest. Mr. Schnadhorst asked me to stand for East Worcestershire, a semi-rural, semi-suburban constituency, and my committee rooms were very conveniently, in Birmingham itself. My old pupil Austen Chamberlain was already member, having been elected a short time before, on the resignation of Mr. Hastings, so that I had to unseat him; but it was understood that the contest would be determined by the strength of the alliance between the Liberal-Unionists and the Tories, which was now being put to the test for the first time. It was also understood that the fate of East Worcestershire would depend on the result of the election in Birmingham, which took place a day before. If the Home Rulers could win a single seat in Birmingham, it was not unlikely that I should be returned for the county. Certainly at the outset of the fight many Tories whom I met told me that nothing could give them greater pleasure than to see that young man beaten. My constituency consisted of thirteen polling-stations, and the chairman of my committee, Mr. Pollack, one of the most admirable men I ever met, who gave the whole of his energies to municipal work and held his own against the overbearing egotism

of Joseph Chamberlain, said that I must open my campaign by a set speech in each district. This operation, conscientiously gone through, gave me a horror of set speeches, and when I had finished them I determined to adopt a different plan. Fortunately I was a ready speaker and owing to my Cambridge training was well versed in political controversy. I resolved, therefore, in future to make all my speeches extempore. At each meeting either the chairman or myself announced that I should be ready to answer any questions submitted, either by word of mouth or in writing, and to make my speech accordingly. This gave me an immense advantage; I was sure to be speaking on a subject on which the audience desired to be informed, and I could meet interruptions by the remark that I was answering the question of Mr. So-and-so, that it was very rude to interfere with me, and that the gentleman would have ample opportunity of putting his question when I had finished my present answer. The normal length of my speeches was an hour and a half, and I scarcely delivered a speech which was not, somewhere or other, reproduced verbatim. The consequence of this method was that my speeches proved a useful political education for the people. They were more like lectures on politics than electioneering speeches. I never indulged in personalities, I never answered my opponents, and seldom mentioned their names. I was followed about from meeting to meeting by a number of Unionist voters who were really anxious to hear what I had to say about Home Rule, and who listened with respectful attention. At the very last meeting I held, the only question which I could get the audience to ask was: "What do you mean by Home Rule?" and I dealt with that question for an hour and fifty minutes. The tone of the meeting, presided over by Mr. Richard Cadbury, was very solemn, the feeling was equally enthusiastic, and

Mr. Pollack told me afterwards that, at the end of the meeting, he felt certain I should be elected.

Before I went down to Birmingham the Gladstonian candidates had been boycotted by the Unionist Press, their speeches were not reported, and no notice was taken of them. Luckily, before I left London I had been dining with some Irish Members of Parliament, and had been assured by them that the Royal Veto, which formed part of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, was to be exercised by the Sovereign on the advice of the English ministers and not on that of the Irish. Thus fortified, when the *Birmingham Post* attacked the Veto on the ground that it was illusory, I boldly withstood its utterances and declared that they were wrong. This led to a controversy on the constitutional question, which attracted much attention, and Mr. Gladstone, on being appealed to, declared in my favour. One result of this was that my speeches were reported in the *Post*, and the boycott was broken. When Lord Rosebery came to Birmingham to address a meeting of several thousands in the Town Hall and said something about the constitutional question, a working-man in the audience cried out, "Ask Oscar Browning about that." Rosebery was taken aback, as he had not seen me on the platform, but he gave me a sweet smile and turned the allusion happily.

The election afforded some amusing incidents. Just before I began the campaign I had been with Mr. Asquith at a meeting at Kensington Town Hall, where he had made the remark that the Unionist Party was like that noble animal the mule, as it had neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. I appropriated the observation and repeated it at my first public meeting, and it called down great applause. I heard afterwards that it was not Mr. Asquith's invention, but came by a circuitous route from California. A friend, who was standing for an

English borough, asked me to write his address for him and to give him a joke for his first speech. I presented him with the mule, and he sent me a telegram saying, "The mule was a great success." I am very fond of contested elections, which Arthur Balfour once told me was a morbid taste. I enjoy arguing with five hundred people at once, and nothing suits me better than a rowdy meeting. One day in the middle of June, after I had already addressed three meetings, I came to one, the care of which I had entrusted to a Cambridge pupil, and found things going against me. The meeting had been packed, and the chairman was just about to put to the vote a motion that I was not fit to represent East Worcestershire in Parliament. I divined what was the case the moment I entered the room, but I also saw that the audience was more interested at the sight of the Liberal candidate, whom they had never seen before. I therefore gave them a good opportunity of looking at me, kept my hat and overcoat on, and had a long talk with my pupil, who had just gained a first class in his Cambridge Tripos. After about five minutes' delay, I slowly divested myself of my upper garment, walked deliberately on to the platform, took a chair and sat down in the very front. The chairman then prepared to put the motion, but I rose and said I could not allow the meeting to stultify itself by rejecting a man whom they had only just seen and whom they had never heard. Let them hear what he had to say and then condemn him if they pleased. This seemed reasonable and I was allowed to speak. Seeing that the back benches were occupied by young men in flannels, with tennis rackets in their hands, I thought that if I spoke for my usual hour and a half I should weary them and they would depart. I therefore settled myself down to make a speech of these dimensions, but I had proceeded very little way when Pollack whispered to me, "We must

catch the train in ten minutes." This was a blow to my design, but I managed matters in such a way that an almost unanimous vote was given in my favour.

On another occasion the chairman was a prominent and much-respected citizen, but had spent his time in abusing Mr. Chamberlain. This embittered the meeting and irritated me, and there arose scenes of great disorder, with long-continued cries of "Candidate, Candidate!" At last the chairman sat down and I rose to speak. I knew that the audience was certain to listen to me, whatever happened, and therefore began in a whisper, apologizing for not raising my voice. The anxiety to listen to me was such that the meeting was absolutely silent, and you could have heard a pin drop. When order was restored, I resumed my ordinary tone. On another occasion a very large hall was occupied by a packed crowd of drunken men, who had been primed in a neighbouring public-house. An Irish M.P. was speaking, and there was great disturbance; indeed, some danger of the room being wrecked. A prominent supporter of mine, a very big man, went down to restore order, and placed himself next to the most conspicuous breaker of the peace. Suddenly the miscreant hit my friend violently on the nose, and he bled like a pig. Matters were getting serious, when my friend George Steevens said, "I think they would listen to you." I rose and, shouting in a stentorian voice, ordered them to get off the hot-water pipes and not to damage the hall. By vigorous efforts I restored a certain degree of order, and then remarked that the time did not seem very propitious for the pursuance of my usual practice, but if any one present had any questions to put, I should endeavour to answer them. A paper containing six carefully written questions was handed up to me, two on Home Rule, two on Temperance, and two on the disestablishment of the Welsh Church, and in a very short

time I had a mass of two or three hundred people standing round and listening eagerly to what I had to say. The next morning the Tory papers congratulated me on having probably prevented a serious calamity. Another curious incident happened at Catshill, a village of nail-makers entirely devoted to the Liberal interest. My opponent and myself were to hold meetings there on succeeding days, mine being the first. I begged my supporters as a favour not to interrupt the Unionist meeting, and if they did not desire to hear the speeches to keep away. They promised to do this, but the day was rough and they were driven by wet weather into the hall. Catshill was the place at which Mr. Jesse Collings had originally promised the labouring population three acres and a cow, and this had not been forgotten. When Jesse Collings and Austen Chamberlain, who were fighting the constituency together, rose to speak, there was a monotonous cry from the men and women together of: "Where's my bloomin' cow?" "I want my bloomin' cow!" which, like the cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" in the days of St. Paul, entirely prevented anything from being heard, and the meeting had to be given up.

When I drove round the polling-stations on the day of the election I found that the committee rooms of my opponent and myself were nearly always close together. In several, indeed I think in most places, Austen Chamberlain's clerks invited me into the rooms, protested their personal devotion to me, and declared that they would vote for me if I were not a Home Ruler. As I drove away they stood in the road and gave three cheers for Mr. Browning. Never was an election fought with better feeling on both sides. After my last meeting, when my supporters thought that I had a chance of getting in, I passed a sleepless night, thinking what I should do if I were elected, and how I should be able to combine my parliamentary

with my Cambridge work. When I found at the counting of the votes that I was beaten by a large majority, I was greatly relieved and was perfectly satisfied with my moral victory. After the election, my supporters presented me with a testimonial in the shape of an illuminated album, adorned with views of the constituency. The text was, of course, couched in flattering language. I was deeply gratified by the Tory papers of the following morning printing a long article in which they said that they agreed with every word of the address, excepting the statement that my speeches were convincing, that I was by far the best Gladstonian candidate in the Midlands, and that I had raised the tone of political controversy throughout the whole district. I cannot understand why all elections should not be conducted in a similar spirit. When I reached London and arrived at the Liberal Office in Parliament Street, I found there Arnold Morley, the President of the Association, who assured me in solemn tones that I had placed the Liberal party under a deep obligation by my campaign in the Midlands, an obligation that they certainly would not forget. I must confess that I have never had the slightest reason to infer that they have remembered it. The Liberal party is naturally the unpopular party; all Liberals are more or less unpopular, and their unpopularity is often in proportion to their activity. A party, unpopular itself, is afraid of rewarding an unpopular supporter, and, therefore, to anyone who takes up the cross of Liberal thought and action, virtue will probably be its own reward—a reward, however, not so meagre and inadequate as is usually supposed.

As I was assisted in my Norwood contest by Edmund Garrett, so I was helped in this election by one of the most brilliant young men I ever knew, George Warrington Steevens, an Oxford pendant to the Cambridge J.K.S. He was an intimate friend of Anton Bertram, who had

travelled with me in Switzerland and Italy in the year 1889, and when we returned to England he met us at Charing Cross. From that moment we became devoted friends, and up to the time of his marriage we spent as much of our spare time together as circumstances would permit. He had been educated at that marvellous seminary, the City of London School, which, directed by the genius of Abbott, has produced a larger number of distinguished men, under difficult and untoward circumstances, than any school known to the historian of education. He was an admirable Greek and Latin scholar, but that was only the foundation of his accomplishments. There was no branch of learning in which he was not thoroughly at home, and my intercourse with him continually revealed new wealth of knowledge. He told me that the subject which he really did understand was the textual criticism of Shakespeare, but this I never tested; certainly he had an ancestral claim to the distinction. I could not have fought the election without his aid; his assistance was invaluable in every direction. I published a newspaper, of which six thousand copies were distributed every week, which was edited, and to a large extent written, by George Steevens. He had deliberately chosen journalism as his profession, and it would have been well if Birmingham could have secured his talents in a permanent employment. After his degree he came to Cambridge to edit the *Cambridge Observer*, a paper founded and conducted by a number of my personal friends, certainly one of the ablest undergraduate journals which ever existed. When he left Oxford, I did my best to obtain employment for him. No Liberal paper would take him, and I had recourse to Harry Cust, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the staff of which he was placed at my request. His brilliant work on that paper is known to every journalist. He initiated not only a new concep-

tion of journalism, but a new style of English writing, never seen either before or since. I had the opportunity of offering him a journalistic post of a thousand a year, but he eventually joined the staff of the *Daily Mail*. His efforts as their correspondent in America, in India, in Egypt, in South Africa, are a portion of the literary history of England. He made a happy marriage, and seemed to have a long life of usefulness before him. I saw him for the last time in the Royal Societies Club, looking extremely handsome and in radiant health. I congratulated him on his career, and he declared that he owed it all to me, which was, of course, an exaggeration. He shortly afterwards went out to South Africa, which was to have been his last expedition, and his life was thrown away at Ladysmith. I possess a large number of his letters, and if a full account of his career were published, as it ought to be, they would afford valuable material for a considerable portion of it.

I had, at first, not intended to offer myself as a candidate for the General Election of 1895, but circumstances occurred which induced me to do so, and I wrote to the Liberal agency in that sense. Immediately afterwards I was asked to call upon Tom Ellis, the Liberal Whip, who told me that it was the strong desire of the Liberal Council in London that I should oppose Joseph Chamberlain. If he had insisted on an immediate answer I should have consented, but he unfortunately gave me time for consideration. "Distrust second thoughts," Lord Acton used to say, "they are always wrong." After consulting several friends, including Sir Charles Dilke, I came to the conclusion that I would only accept the invitation if every seat in Birmingham was to be contested by a responsible person. If a few seats were to be fought by Mr. Councillor this and Mr. Alderman that, I would not be the cat to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. This is the course which

ought to have been taken, as it was the first time that Mr. Chamberlain had come forward as an acknowledged leader of the Tory party and the thin veil of Liberal Unionism had disappeared. I asked Lord Rosebery for advice, but he refused to give it, and said that I must decide for myself. "Sumitur pro negante," I replied. "Not necessarily so," he said. I therefore declined, which I now consider a great mistake. I had no chance of success, but the contest would have been very amusing and instructive, and might have produced incidents of considerable public interest. It was decided that I should go to Birmingham, and there I found the Liberal party in a most disorganized condition. Mr. George Cadbury had undertaken to finance certain contests, but he would admit no candidate who did not satisfy his own personal proclivities. Mr. Osler was leader of the Liberal party, but he seemed to care for nothing except the success of Mr. Fulford, the brewer, in a neighbouring borough, who certainly won the election, but was unseated for bribery. I was asked to stand for Central Birmingham against rather a weak Unionist, where I might have a chance. But Mr. Osler was led away by the idea of fighting the seat with a Tory, and was in communication with Lord Charles Beresford for the purpose. It was arranged that if Lord Charles Beresford should decline to stand, as it was certain that he would, being on active service, I should take his place, and we had even agreed upon a "nay word," which was to be used for secret communication. Disgusted with the official Liberals, I went to Mr. Cadbury, who had been my chief supporter in my previous contest, and to whom I owe obligations which I can never forget; but as I was neither a teetotaller nor a Sunday-school teacher, I found little favour in his eyes. The proper course would have been to have run me for North Worcestershire, which Mr. Hingley had won in 1892 by a majority of 2000, where I

should have in all probability been returned. But Mr. Cadbury preferred an excellent friend of his, without prestige, who was, to Mr. Chamberlain's delight, beaten by a majority of 2000. I therefore left Birmingham and returned to London.

Here Mr. Hudson and myself discussed the state of affairs, and, having to find a constituency in which I could be of use, but had no chance of being elected, the West Derby division of Liverpool was decided upon. I had a very pleasant time at Liverpool. I found a firm supporter in Mr. Richard Holt, one of the most beautiful and lovable characters it has ever been my good fortune to meet with. I also owe a debt of gratitude to T. P. O'Connor, a loyal and chivalrous friend, who never forgets any one to whom he has once given his confidence. The election was peculiar, I was fighting as a ministerialist, but, as we were certain to be beaten at the polls, I should, if elected, be a member of the Opposition. I therefore said in my address, "On whichever side of the House I may sit," which was interpreted by some to mean that I had not made up my mind whether I was a Liberal or a Unionist. In other contests great importance had been attached to public speaking, and it was necessary to address several meetings on the same day. I found that at Liverpool meetings were considered of little or no importance; it was difficult to find rooms for them, and those provided were extremely inconvenient. Baron de Worms, who was staying in the same hotel as myself, had, when I arrived, not held a single meeting, and I am not sure that he held any. However, I did my best, and my morbid love of controversy with large numbers was, to some extent, gratified. The I.L.P. (the Independent Labour Party) had begun to make its appearance, and a lanky and etiolated lad of sixteen assured me of the sincerity of its support. I had the opportunity in this campaign of addressing a body of

Irishmen on Home Rule, a privilege which I highly valued, but which I never before enjoyed. It was very amusing to watch the contest, to see how those who voted for Mr. Long walked into the room with a proud and confidential air, exposing their tickets, for every one to see that they were valiant defenders of the Constitution and worthy of the esteem of their fellow-citizens. My supporters slunk in, ashamed, with their cards concealed, sometimes, I fear, showing the colours of my adversary. This social boycott of Liberal opinions is a disgrace to all elections, but is very difficult to prevent. In 1892 I found that the polling station of the district most opposed to myself was packed with rabid Tories, a phalanx through which every Liberal elector had to pass before he could vote. When I arrived I turned them all out, but it was late in the day and the mischief had been done. However, the contest was by no means a failure. I obtained a considerable number of votes, and my opponent and myself parted good friends. When, a few years later, the seat was contested by the eldest son of Mr. Richard Holt, some of the Unionist papers scoffed at my contest and spoke of me as a specially weak candidate. It would be difficult to find a stronger candidate than Mr. Holt, as far as local influence and position were concerned, yet with all these advantages and a much longer time for rousing the enthusiasm of the constituency, he received fewer votes than I did.

CONCLUSION

I MUST now bring these Memoirs to a close. Many interesting things have happened to me in the last fifteen years, many more in the period since 1885, when my detailed narrative comes to an end. I omit all mention of my visit to Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India, in 1902, and of my journey to South Africa as an official member of the British Association, in 1905. The life of a College Don is much the same from year to year; each term by itself may be exciting, but all the terms are very much alike. Indeed, it may be said that the life of an unmarried Don, resident in College, is on the whole rather dull. They spend the greater part of their time alone in their rooms. In a climate where exercise is a necessity, their principal form of it is walking and talking. Dinners in Hall are not exhilarating, and the evenings which succeed them are dreary. In my case a solitary, studious evening is invariably followed by a sleepless night. My only resource was to load myself with work. If I could ingeniously devise to have my evenings fully occupied with lecturing or other business, I got through the eight weeks of term with tolerable success. My time was spent almost entirely with the undergraduates; indeed, it seemed to me that a College teacher, who had a high conception of education and desired to live up to it, must devote himself exclusively to the young men under his charge. Education, as a science, is hardly recognized by the University, but if the University is to retain its position as the summit of the educational ladder,

it will have to be so recognized. The training of the mind, of the character of the whole man, which is the scope of all education worthy of the name, can only be effected by the closest intimacy with those who are to receive it.

An autobiography is necessarily egotistical. Having given an account of my academical activities from my own point of view, let me, before I close my narrative, give a sample of what the undergraduates thought of me at Cambridge and Oxford. My name, indeed, occupied so large a space in undergraduate literature that I had ample opportunity of seeing myself as others saw me, but I will confine myself to two utterances of the undergraduate press. In February, 1893, a paper appeared at Cambridge entitled the *K.P.*, and a large portion of it was devoted to caricatures and paragraphs which were concerned with my humble self. The first number gave me the place of honour in "Our Celebrities," with an excellent portrait and the accompanying text.

"Mr. Oscar Browning, after a brilliant career at Eton and King's, came out fourth in the first-class of the Classical Tripos of 1860. Subsequently he became a Fellow of his College; he has been styled *the* Fellow. He is the most popular man in Cambridge, even though he has been a Proctor. He is fond of music, especially 'Wagner.' His rooms are among the best—his Sunday evenings too well known to need description. He welcomes all, not as a Don, but as an undergraduate. Many clubs and societies claim him as a member, among others, the Union, the Musical Society, 'Footlights,' University Philological Society, Royal Historical Society, Athenæum, and Cosmopolitan. In politics he is *now* a Liberal. He has stood for Parliament, but the last time 'the musty old Don' was defeated by a small majority. The con-

stituency could not have known him. London lately awarded him a first prize in a beauty (?) show, in the shape of a silver box of which he is very proud. He fully deserves his popularity. He can keep a secret. Cambridge is as much to O.B. as O.B. is to Cambridge. He is treasurer of many societies. He has learnt Russian. He likes Caviare. He knows more crowned heads than any other man living. He has never lost his temper."

The publication of the *K.P.* continued till the end of 1894, but in November of that year there appeared in the *Isis*, the well-known Oxford undergraduate paper, an article entitled, "Wanted an 'O.B.' for Oxford," the production, I believe, of that eminent statesman, Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., from which I take the following extracts:—

"In some things we are bound in common honesty to confess Cambridge has the pull over us. Our river may be broader, fuller, livelier than the Cam. Our High Street may present a more beautiful spectacle than any which Cambridge can boast. The Bodleian may dwarf the Fitzwilliam, and the Park fear no rival in Fenner's. All these are subjects of legitimate pride to the various sections of which our University is composed, and we, as patriots, should be unwilling indeed to minimize their importance. But it is a serious disadvantage to Oxford that we have not an OSCAR BROWNING among us.

"Let us consider for a moment what a wonderful part he plays in the life of the sister University. To begin with, he is the Universal Treasurer—almost the Treasurer of the Universe, it must seem to Cambridge. Mr. C. N. Jackson is our best specimen of this genus, controlling as he does the finance of the football and athletic clubs. But how poor a record is this beside that which Mr. Browning can show! He 'runs' the 'Footlights,' the Union, the Swimming Club, the Musical Club,

the Liberal Club, and hosts of other minor societies, who have all (or most) of them elected him treasurer, quarrelled with him, turned him out, awakened to their folly, munched the leek, wolfed the humble pie, killed the fatted calf, and after performing these and divers other gastronomic and culinary feats have welcomed him back with open arms as the Indispensable Necessary.

"Do royal highnesses or exalted serenities visit Cambridge it is O.B. who entertains them—yet neither unawares himself, nor wishful that the world shall be unaware either. It is undoubtedly to our failure to evolve so urbane a master of ceremonies that our lack of distinguished visitors is due.

"To take another view of him. He is to all scribbling Cambridge a chronic reservoir of copy, and to all Cambridge a *père complaisant* on whom other people's anecdotal offspring can be fathered. In Oxford, alas! we have to fall back either on types such as the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors, or upon a few men of lesser merit, such as Mr. Spooner or Mr. Russell. But over yonder, just as the whist-player when in doubt plays trumps, so the humorist of the *Granta* or the *K.P.*, if gravelled for lack of matter, has recourse to Mr. Browning as an ever-fresh subject.

"There are many other instances which we might have adduced as proof, if proof were needed, of the superiority which Cambridge can claim by virtue of her possession of him. His athletic achievements, his real and undoubted talents as a writer, his power as a popular organizer and educator, and his marvellous Mahomet's coffin-like poise between two spheres as 'the don of the undergraduates and the undergraduate of the dons,' all mark him out as an extraordinary personage. Take him away from Cambridge and you would reduce that venerable institution to the condition of a picturesque but decrepit ruin. Graft

him to Oxford, and you would enrich our veins with fresh sap, and have a fair promise of the putting forth of young and vigorous branches.

"Truly, they manage some things better at Cambridge."

Let these humorous touches close the record. I hope I may be pardoned for having related the incidents of a life somewhat different from those which usually form the subject of a biography.

"CLAUDITE JAM RIVOS, PUERI, SAT PRATA BIBERUNT."

THE END

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